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REQUIRED READING FOR THE CHAUTAUQUA LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CIRCLE.

PARIS THE MAGNIFICENT.*

BY H. H. RAGAN.

I. **I**T would be difficult to conceive of two cities within a day's ride of each other more thoroughly unlike than London and Paris. You take breakfast in London; you may take late dinner the same day in Paris (provided of course you have sufficiently recovered from the effects of the channel passage). But you would think you had traveled into another world. London, built of bricks, originally dingy yellow or mud color, which the smoky atmosphere has turned to black, is somber and funereal. Paris, built of marble, or a yellowish white limestone resembling marble, is bright, gay, and sparkling. London im-

presses you as solid, substantial, immense, and intensely interesting, but perhaps the wildest imagination would scarcely call it

beautiful. Paris is much more than beautiful. It is magnificent. In London the chief interest centers in the past. You linger about the Tower, Westminster Abbey, and the Temple Church, because they carry you back many centuries along the path of history. In Paris you live wholly in the present. Somehow we never think that the gay metropolis which furnishes us with the latest fashion-plates is an ancient city. The few remaining relics of antiquity still to be discovered here seem strangely out



BAS-RELIEF FROM THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH.

of place, and it is difficult to believe in them. Everything speaks of the living present.

*The Notes on the Required Reading in THE CHAUTAUQUAN will be found following those on the books of the course, in the C. L. S. C. Department of the magazine.



THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH.

It was about the beginning of the fifteenth century that Clovis, the first of the Frankish kings, finally succeeded in driving out the Romans and making Paris the capital city of the Frankish monarchy. By the year 1789 it had grown to be a city of six hundred thousand inhabitants. In the cen-

tury which has since elapsed Paris as a part of France has turned more political somersaults, I venture to say, than any other important city on the globe. First a Bourbon monarchy, then a republic, then a directorate, then a consulate, then an empire, then the old Bourbon despotism restored, again an empire, and still again a republic. If you add to the list the two "Reigns of Terror" you will certainly be overwhelmed with admiration for a people who could manufacture such an enormous amount of history in so short a time.

You have read, perhaps, of the Englishman who, on taking apartments in Paris for a brief stay, stipulated with his landlord that a servant should knock at his door at an early hour every morning, informing him first what the state of the weather was, that he might know how to dress, and secondly what the form of government was, that he might know how to conduct himself.

And yet, in spite of the frequent changes



THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.



THE RUE ROYALE AND THE CHURCH OF THE MADELEINE.

in the government and the consequent wear and tear upon the human system, the six hundred thousand people of 1789 have grown to more than two millions at the present day.

The most important public square in Paris, and one of the handsomest in the whole world, is the Place de la Concorde. In the center rises the Obelisk of Luxor, presented by the pasha of Egypt to Louis Philippe. It is flanked on either side by a large fountain. The Place de la Concorde seems somewhat wrongly called, in view of the history of the spot. One hundred and fifty years ago it was an open field. But in 1748 the city accepted the gracious permission of Louis XV. to erect a statue to him here. The place then took his name and retained it till the new *régime*, in 1789, melted down the statue and converted it into two-cent pieces. On the 30th of May, 1770, during an exhibition of fireworks here, a panic took place and twelve

hundred people were trampled to death and two thousand more were severely injured. The occasion was the attempt of the people to express, by a grand celebration, their unbounded joy at the recent marriage of the young dauphin with the Austrian princess Marie Antoinette. On the 21st of January, 1793, they gathered here again in immense numbers to see the head of the same dauphin, now Louis XVI., chopped off by the sharp guillotine. During the next two years the spot well earned its title "Place of the Revolution," for the guillotine had not ceased its work until Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday, Élisabeth (the king's sister), Robespierre, and more than twenty-eight hundred persons had here perished by its deadly stroke.

The view in every direction from this point is imposing. To the westward rises the broad and handsome Champs-Élysées. On the north we look up the short Rue Royale to the front of the Madeleine. To



AVENUE OF THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES VIEWED FROM THE ARCH OF TRIUMPH.

the eastward lie the extensive and beautiful Gardens of the Tuileries, laid out originally by Louis XIV. as a playground for the royal princes, afterward thrown open to the whole people, and quite recently extended eastward from the portion on the farther side of the Palais des Tuileries. And to the southward, just across the Seine, is the Greek front of the Corps Législatif, otherwise known as the Palais Bourbon from the fact that it was built, or at least begun, by the dowager Duchess of Bourbon in 1722. Here the famous Council of Five Hundred sat in 1795, and here the Chamber of Deputies now holds its sessions. From its portico we may enjoy a grand view backward over the whole superb Place de la Concorde, with its obelisk, and its splashing fountains striving to do what Chateaubriand declared not all the water in the world could do—wash out the blood-stains of this fearful spot.

But starting now from the base of that Obelisk of Luxor, and walking straight northward by that short Rue Royale, we find ourselves in a moment standing just in

front of the Madeleine, which to a stranger would seem rather a Greek temple than a Christian church. Louis XV. began the building in 1764; but the Revolution put a stop to it. Napoleon, in 1806, proposed to convert it into a "temple of glory," to be dedicated in his name to the soldiers of the Great Army. But before the design could be carried out he met the Duke of Wellington one day at Waterloo, and *Napoleon* was no longer a name to conjure with. Then Louis XVIII. took up the matter, restored the design of the church, and proceeded to complete it as an expiatory offering to the royal victims of 1793. Another revolution intervened; but the work was finally completed in 1842. Four revolutions therefore occurred between the beginning and the completion of this edifice. And yet the finished building has stood here long enough to pass through two more.

If we step over the threshold we find ourselves in a large rectangular hall having a row of little chapels on either end and a round choir. The church is of massive stone, and there is not a window in it, the

light being admitted solely through little spaces in the three great domes which make up the roof. The walls and ceilings are covered with fine paintings, and the whole interior is fairly aglow with color.

From the space just in front of the Madeleine we may look down the broad Boulevard of the Madeleine and its continuation, the Boulevard Capuchine, which form a portion of the old or only boulevards erected upon the line of the old walls, destroyed in the time of Louis XIV. This magnificent boulevard, extending in a grand sweep from the Madeleine away round to the Place of the Bastille, a distance of some three miles, is nowhere less than one hundred feet wide, including the broad pavements, and is paved with asphalt, so that, in spite of the enormous tides of traffic continually surging through, it is comparatively noiseless. It is lined with trees, and as you walk or ride through it in the evening

you pass between two rows of the handsomest, the richest, the most brilliantly illuminated, and altogether the most tempting shops or stores to be found anywhere in the world.

One of the most remarkable features of Paris is the *café*. There is nothing just like it in England or America, nor, for that matter, anywhere else in the world. The peculiarity of the Parisian *café* is that the guests sit and do their eating and drinking, not within the building, but out upon the sidewalk. During the day, when the patrons are few, they keep close to the building, in the shade of the awning; but at night the chairs greatly increase in number, and push far out upon the flags and often beyond the curbstone into the roadway, and the pedestrian, as he passes along the boulevards, which for miles are thickly lined with these shades, is continually threading his way between and among the chairs and



PALACE OF THE TROCADÉRO.

tables where the Parisians, with their wives and sweethearts, are eating, sipping their light drinks, and enjoying life as apparently no other people in the world enjoy it.

Perhaps about a mile from the Madeleine we reach the New Opera House, as it is commonly called, though it bears on its front the inscription, "Académie Nationale de Musique." Of the twenty or more principal theaters of Paris, not to mention the scores of inferior places of amusement, the Opera House stands at the head. It occupies the center of an open space entirely surrounded by broad streets. The grand lane occupied by the building and this little square above it cost two million dollars, while the building itself, materials for which were brought from every corner of the globe, cost about eight millions more, making the entire expense of this place of amusement something more than ten millions of dollars. Then to properly set off the building two broad, handsome avenues were cut straight through the heart of the city, at a cost of ten millions more. The building, as you may suppose, presents a majestic and imposing appearance whenever and however you may view it.



TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

The Opera House receives a subsidy of about one hundred and sixty thousand dollars a year; that is to say, about five hundred dollars a day, from the government,



THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

and several other theaters and opera-houses in Paris are liberally aided from the public purse. You see, therefore, that every French citizen who has anything to pay taxes on is obliged to contribute to the support of the theater and the opera, even though he may have conscientious scruples against them. I am not aware, however, that any Frenchman has ever raised that objection.

Although the building is the largest opera-house building in the world, the auditorium is surpassed in seating capacity not only by several theaters in the old world but by several also in the new. It will seat about two thousand one hundred and fifty persons. But the auditors have, as a rule, more elbow-room than with us, for the house is made up very largely of boxes. Indeed it is all boxes, except the orchestra and pit and the extreme upper gallery, and each of these boxes has an antechamber nearly, if not quite, as large as the box itself. But the stage is undoubtedly the largest in the world, for it is one hundred and ninety-six feet high, one hundred and seventy-eight feet broad, and seventy-four feet deep.

From the little balconies at the back of the grand staircase, doorways pass into the *grand foyer*,¹ as it is called. It is about one hundred and eighty feet long by sixty in width and the same in height. Great mirrors at each end render the apartment interminable. The walls and ceilings are covered with fine paintings by the best modern French artists, and the whole interior is fairly ablaze with gilding and color.

Some of you perhaps may be inquiring in your minds as to the special use made of this grand apartment. It is simply the place where the audience recreates itself by promenading up and down between the acts. In Paris the entire audience deserts the theater between the acts, and goes out to take a walk. Sometimes, when there is no suitable place within the building, they go out into the street, and not upon the sidewalk but in the middle of the roadway, over the smooth asphalt pavement and under the brilliant electric lights, walking

up and down till it is time to return to the theater. Here at the Opera House the moment the curtain falls the entire audience pours into the *foyer*, and here they walk backward and forward, admiring each other, and themselves, until it is time for the curtain to rise again. If, however, there are any persons present who have failed to provide themselves with the very latest in evening dress, and who therefore do not so much enjoy the brilliant gaslight of this apartment, they will perhaps step through one of the doors on the right into what is called the *loggia*,² a covered balcony or gallery extending across the entire front of the building, where you may walk up and down before the play, or between the acts, enjoying the magnificent panorama in the street below. For one of those broad, handsome avenues which I mentioned as having been constructed to set off the Opera House—the Avenue de l'Opéra—fronts immediately before the Opera House and runs straight down through the heart of the city to the Louvre. It is one of the broadest streets in Paris, is most handsomely built, and at night is most brilliantly illuminated.

Here, as on all the streets, one of the features most noticeable to a foreigner, perhaps, is the little omnibus stations so characteristic of Paris. The Parisian omnibus system, by the way, is an excellent one when you understand it. But you usually have to be put off a bus two or three times before you appreciate its merits. In time you discover that the vehicles stop regularly at little stations, where those who understand the system obtain bits of pasteboard bearing numbers in the precise order of their application for them, entitling them in the same order to the vacant seats in the busses as they arrive. These little stations being not far apart, it is a matter of no difficulty to obtain these numbers, and when that is done the system secures, as you see, a perfect application of the rule "First come, first served." For when the bus stops, just opposite the little station, an official comes out and, standing behind it, calls off the numbers in their order, and

the would-be-passengers, as their numbers are called, take the vacant places. When all the vacancies are filled the bus drives on, and those whose numbers come next in order have, of course, the first chance at the vacancies on the filling bus.

And now let me mention another feature of this omnibus system which I think is worthy of our notice. Each omnibus and each street-car in Paris—for the street-car system is practically the same—is built to seat—not to carry, mind you, but to seat—a certain number of persons. That number is indicated upon the exterior of the vehicle, and when it is complete no more are permitted to enter under any circumstances. Our glorious American system, therefore, of riding on a strap, or of getting one foot on the back platform of the street-car and clinging to the unfortunate individual who has preceded us and has both feet on, is wholly unknown in Paris.

The Rue de Rivoli³ is one of the grandest streets in the world. For nearly half a mile it is bordered on one side by the magnificent continuous façade of the Louvre and the Tuileries, which then gives way for half a mile more to the Tuileries Gardens, while on the further side stands a line, unbroken except by the coming in of the side streets, of magnificent buildings precisely alike, whose stories above the ground floor hang completely over the pavements and form the stores of the arcades, of immense length, lined with the most brilliant shops in Paris.

Another magnificent avenue is the Champs-Élysées. It was laid out about two hundred years ago and planted with trees, whose refreshing shade soon gave it the name it bears to-day—Elysian Fields. For about half a mile in one place the broad roadway is bordered on either hand by a park five or six hundred feet wide. In this park are many little booths for the sale of light eatables, drinkables, and trifles of all sorts. There are also great numbers of little iron chairs set out for rent at the moderate rate of two cents each, and there are a score of singing *cafés*, as they are called, which at night are brilliantly illumi-

nated with thousands of variously colored lights. Strolling through the entrance, lured perhaps by the seduction of the gas-light, you see the announcement, "Admission free," and find a variety concert or a theatrical or circus performance going on in the open air, constituting a thoroughly characteristic Parisian scene. Indeed no visit to Paris would be complete without at least a glance at these singing *cafés* of the Champs-Élysées.

Beyond this park-bordered avenue the houses draw in from the street, though still leaving a broad macadamized roadway lined with broad flagged walks, and always throbbing with the happy, gay life of Paris. But away at the end of this avenue rises a magnificent triumphal arch, called the Triumphal Arch of the Star from its position at a point where twelve broad avenues come together. The first Napoleon, who was perhaps less distinguished for modesty than for military skill, proposed to perpetuate his glory by means of four triumphal arches to be erected in different quarters of Paris; but two of these were ever completed—one in the Place du Carrousel, by the emperor himself, and this one by Louis Philippe.

This Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile is the largest and most imposing triumphal arch in the world, being one hundred and sixty feet high, one hundred and forty-six feet broad, and seventy-two feet deep. Yet it is difficult to say which is the more to be admired, the arch itself or its magnificent situation. As you stand upon its summit, by simply turning around your eye sweeps the entire extent of twelve beautiful avenues, which radiate from the arch toward every corner of Paris. You can point out every important building, and your vision is limited only by the low hills dotted with suburban villages which surround the capital like a line of bulwarks. During the dark days of 1871 the Communists, who then held possession of the city, lifted heavy cannon to the top of this arch by steam power and from that point bombarded the city with fearful effect.

There is of course a good deal of fine

sculpture upon the arch—the finest no doubt to be found in four colossal groups, at least one of which, that shown on the first page of our article, will repay close inspection. It represents the triumph of Napoleon after the Russian campaign, and in effect sums up the whole meaning of this triumphal arch—the glorification of Napoleon. The nations of the earth are kneeling at his feet; Victory crowns him with laurel; Fame, with her trumpet, proclaims his deeds abroad; and History records them for the edification of posterity.

One of the most prominent objects in every general view of Paris is the enormous

gilded dome of the Hôtel des Invalides,⁴ the hospital and refuge which Napoleon used for the faithful old soldiers who had made him what he was. And under the center of that dome the great captain lies, in accordance with his latest request—that his ashes might lie on the banks of the Seine and among the French people he had loved so well. Twelve colossal figures of Victory in mourning attitudes stand about the tomb. Here also are displayed numerous battle-flags captured in his campaigns, and on the mosaic pavement of the crypt are recorded the names of his chief victories.

THE THREE CARNOTS.

BY PROFESSOR DANA CARLETON MUNRO, A.M.

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE lives of the three Carnots have an unusual interest because of their connection with the history of France for more than a century. The period of their public activity extends from the entrance of Lazare into the Legislative Assembly in 1791 to the death of Sadi in 1894. In France such a family is unique; in any country it is unusual. Our own Harrisons have been compared to the Carnots, but the comparison is hardly apposite, because the three Harrisons have not been so closely and continuously connected with the history of the United States as the three Carnots with that of France.

The French family had its origin in Burgundy. Its members did not belong to the nobility, but were of the upper middle class. We can get an excellent view of the family as a whole from the words which Lazare wrote of his father: "He watched over us all unremittingly, at home and out of doors, and even in our amusements he found an opportunity to instruct us. He made us realize the happiness arising from rectitude of conscience. He showed the advantages of labor, necessary for every one, but especially for a large family like ours, of narrow means." These same words

might have been applied to Lazare himself, to his son, or to his grandson, the president, and give us, I think, the key to an understanding of the singular position of the Carnots in French history. They became prominent through their constant labor in the service of their country, and were renowned for the rectitude of conscience which their ancestors had inculcated.

Lazare Nicholas Marguerite, "the great Carnot," was born in 1753 at Nolay. In his early school-days he showed a great aptitude for mathematics, and his father, wisely following the bent of the boy's genius, sent him to Paris to study engineering. He was then sixteen years old. Two years later he passed a brilliant examination and entered the military school at Mézières. When he was twenty he was made first lieutenant; at thirty he was a captain.

Besides giving close attention to his work as a military engineer he devoted his leisure to literary pursuits. In 1784 he took the prize offered by the Academy of Dijon for a eulogy of Vauban. Between 1787 and 1790 he wrote poetry and essays for the *Almanach des Muses*. His eulogy of Vauban and a work on machinery obtained

for him such fame that he was offered a position in the army of Frederick the Great; but he was a patriot and preferred to await in his own country the issue of the events which were already looming upon the horizon.

In his literary activity he fell under the displeasure of his immediate superiors, because of the great independence with which he attacked their views on military matters. They were unable to answer his arguments, but, taking as a pretext a duel which he fought about a love affair, succeeded in silencing him by imprisonment. For this purpose they obtained a *lettre de cachet*, and he remained in prison until his services were needed by the minister of war, who was entirely ignorant of his arrest.

In 1791 he was elected a deputy to the Legislative Assembly. He took part only occasionally in the debates; generally he was simply an able, silent worker on the committees to which he belonged. When military matters were discussed he spoke, as on those subjects he was an acknowledged authority. He and his brother, Carnot-Feulins, who was also a member of the Assembly, connected themselves with no party but preserved their independence of action throughout their public career. But Carnot did not think of himself as an Independent, but as a servant of the people, whose command he must obey in every emergency. For him, the fact that the people wished it was a sufficient reason for every action. In other words, he was, possibly better than any other man, the incarnation of the Revolution. His one object was the emancipation of the people. Like most of his countrymen he believed at first that it was possible to accomplish this without violence; later he thought it necessary to use force, and voted and acted generally with the Mountain. When the Terror had done its work he again became a Moderate, and made every effort to unite all parties for the accomplishment of the work which the Revolution had begun. If we keep his purpose in mind his acts are easily explained.

He gave his vote for the death of Louis

XVI. in the following words: "In my opinion justice and public policy demand that Louis shall die. I confess that no duty has ever weighed upon my heart more heavily than that which is now imposed upon me." On another occasion he said: "The opinions which I have brought to this Assembly are above all the love of liberty and hatred of tyrants."

When he became a member of the Committee of Public Safety he was entrusted with the charge of military affairs, and for almost twenty months he was the "organizer of victory." His energy was prodigious. He spent sixteen hours a day at his work, not taking time even to dine with his dearly beloved family. The number of letters written with his own hand which have been preserved is almost incredible. He was directing the operations of fourteen armies at once. In these armies everything was lacking: food, weapons, clothing, men, and, above all, trustworthy generals. Carnot labored to supply all the material needs, planned the marches and operations, devised new tactics, encouraged a greater use of the bayonet, advised and directed the generals. As these last and the officers as a whole were distrusted, his and their tasks were extremely difficult; he did not dare to leave much to their initiative; they did not dare to act on their own responsibility, as a defeat often meant for them condemnation to imprisonment and death.

Carnot could not keep in touch with the needs of the moment, although couriers were constantly passing between him and the various armies. So we find him advising impossible marches, and suspecting the good faith of the generals when they indicated the impossibility. Successes were not followed up, as the generals would not take the responsibility and Carnot was too far away to command. In spite of all these difficulties the campaign of 1794 was wonderfully successful, and the credit for this was due to Carnot and his assistants. For Carnot had another qualification of the able organizer—skill in selecting his subordinates.

The Assembly trusted him, and in spite

of occasional accusations he survived the fate of Robespierre, whom he had disliked, and continued to possess the confidence of his associates. This was due to his honesty and to his lovable character. Although he was concerned more or less directly in many bloody deeds ordered by the committee, and although he was associated with the Mountain, his nature was really lovable. It was the depth of his convictions and his devotion to the cause of the Revolution which led him to extreme measures. His share of the guilt has been variously estimated. H. Morse Stephens thinks that he "deserved neither more credit nor less blame than his colleagues," but to this may be opposed the common opinion that he had "saved more victims than Robespierre killed." Carnot, in his courageous defense of his associates who were accused of complicity with Robespierre, said that he had himself signed many papers unread, because of the mere physical impossibility of reading all. He asked that the members of the committee should be judged by the whole of their work, which had been successful, not by the details, which had in some cases seemed brutal.

His own share in the actions of the committee did not pass unchallenged, and on one occasion he was in imminent danger. He was saved by the cry of a member: "Will you dare to lay your hands on the man who has organized victory in the French armies?"

It is worthy of note that he retained the confidence of the Assembly better than any of his associates and was the only member of the Committee of Public Safety elected to the Directory. Here he still had charge of the military affairs, but Napoleon was now the general and Carnot's position had lost its importance. He differed constantly from Napoleon and the latter disregarded his advice. He lost ground rapidly in the Directory, as, owing to his moderation, he was suspected of reactionary principles. After the *coup d'état* of the 18th Fructidor¹ (September 4, 1797), he was forced to flee. He remained in exile until 1800, when he was recalled

by Napoleon to be minister of war. But he soon found his position untenable and resigned. He was too sincere a Republican to approve of Napoleon's course. He retired to the country and gave himself up to literary pursuits. In 1802 he was elected to the Tribunate² and he served in this position until the suppression of the office. During this time he voted against the creation of the Legion of Honor, against the consulship for life, and against the Empire.

For the next ten years he was engaged in scientific studies and took no part in public affairs; but when his country was again in danger, in 1814, he hastened to offer his services to Napoleon. As governor of Antwerp he made an heroic defense of the city. After Napoleon was exiled to Elba he went to Paris, but was coldly received by Louis XVIII. and again retired to private life.

During Napoleon's "Hundred Days" he was made minister of the interior. He had always believed that "the education of the people is the first duty of every government," and during this last period of public service he established the Society for Elementary Instruction, which is still flourishing. Napoleon had now learned to admire him and said: "I have known Carnot too late." He did not, however, take the advice of Carnot, who tried to dissuade him from the campaign which ended with Waterloo. After the fall of Napoleon Carnot became a member of the provisional government, but retired after a fortnight's services, to be proscribed almost immediately and denounced as a regicide. He fled in disguise from one place to another until he found a refuge in Magdeburg, where he died in 1823. He spent the last years of his life quietly, instructing his son. His literary activity was continuous, and some of his writings had great influence.

In summing up his character it is well to remember what Napoleon said: "Carnot is so easily deceived." Dean Stanley made the same remark of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and for the same reason. Both had a sincere love for their fellow men; both carried their indulgence of human frailty to an ex-

trema while maintaining the highest standard for their own actions. On the tomb of the "organizer of victory" the single word "Carnot" was inscribed, and it was enough. No one in that generation needed to be told that that single word described a man who had always been true to his convictions, had loved his country better than aught else, had saved it from invasion, and had done as much as any man to make the Revolution a success. But it was not generally known that he had educated a son who would devote all the years of his long life to the service of his country, and who would in turn bequeath to it a son to serve it, after he was in the grave.

Hippolyte, this son, was born in 1801, and spent his youth in exile with his father. The latter taught him to know foreign countries, and by learning their languages to enter into the lives of the natives, to study history, and to judge men and measures dispassionately. He became a scholar, a Hellenist, and an idealist. In his "Memoirs" of his father he urged his own sons to dream of great progress for humanity, and, in the sphere which should be open to them, to accomplish what they could. He advised them to engage in private professions, but added, "If your country claims you always obey its commands." This was the motto of all the Carnots. After his father's death he returned to the home of his ancestors at Nolay and began the study of law. This he soon renounced as he was unwilling to take the oath to the king which was required of all lawyers. He turned to journalism and attached himself to the followers of Saint-Simon. This was natural, as his father had held socialistic views. But the socialism of the Carnots was of the purest type, and Hippolyte broke with the Saint-Simonians when the doctrine of free love was introduced into their creed.

Besides his journalistic work he was a member of the Chamber of Deputies for several years before the Revolution of 1848. In this he took an active part, and became minister of public instruction under the new government. When Napoleon III. became emperor he retired, and although twice

elected to the legislative body refused to serve because of the necessity of taking an oath to the emperor. Finally, in 1864, he consented to overcome his scruples. In the Revolution of 1870 he was again active, and from that time until his death was constantly in the harness. In 1875 he became a senator for life, and ten years later, through seniority, became dean of the Senate.

He was an ardent believer in the French Revolution and when speaking of it he always appeared young. In his works on the subject he was very impartial, doing full justice even to the enemies of his father. His greatest service to history was in founding the society which publishes as its periodical the *Révolution Française*. After living to see his son president, he died in 1888. He was denied the happiness of seeing his father's ashes brought back to France in 1889. What he said of his father may be repeated of him: "He was able to die a septuagenarian" (in the case of Hippolyte himself, almost a nonagenarian) "without having grown old."

Sadi, the son of Hippolyte, was born in 1837. He distinguished himself early in his career by his ability as an engineer, but it was not until the Franco-Prussian War that he became prominent. In 1871 while defending the lower Seine he used all his influence against peace with Germany. Later, as a deputy to the National Assembly, he voted against the peace of Frankfurt, and was one of the hundred and seven who refused to consent to the dismemberment of France. From this time Sadi's career is involved in the history of the Assembly. He was moderate in his opinions and inclined to vote with the ministry, but he preserved his independence. He served twice as minister of public works, and once as minister of finance. In this office he was noted for his rigid honesty, especially in contrast with the scandals which darkened the latter period of the Grévy administration.

When Grévy resigned in 1887 there were four prominent candidates for the presidency; no one was strong enough to command a ma-

jority of votes. Carnot seemed an available "dark horse." He was consulted, and true to his family motto he said he was willing to be a candidate but was not willing to take one step to secure his election. There were many arguments in his favor: his moderate principles, his marked integrity, the reputation of his father, the remembrance of his grandfather. The centennial of the Revolution was to be celebrated in 1889; who could preside better than a Carnot? On the second ballot he was elected by a large majority. No party was entirely satisfied, but almost immediately every one recognized the fitness of the action, and Europe hailed it as a harbinger of peace.

After the election of Sadi, as the Senate had elected no regular officers Hippolyte, as dean, read the program of the government. In this he spoke not only for himself and the Senate, but also for his son, the president. No one doubted that he was stating the very ideas of his son. It was an impressive scene. Hippolyte was then in his eighty-seventh year, and as he spoke he looked scarcely older than his son. He died three months later, of a chill, and in

him Sadi lost the strongest support of his administration.

Possibly Sadi was not a great man, but at all events he did his duty. He was noted for his rigorous honesty, his love of work, and his quiet obstinacy in the execution of his designs. He made no radical changes, but he endeavored to bind all Republicans closely together in the service of France. He made frequent journeys throughout the country, observing its needs and endearing himself to its people. They learned with a thrill of horror that he had been struck down at Lyons by the hand of an anarchist.

In writing of the Carnots it is difficult to avoid repetitions, the three were so similar in many points. If we select the most important traits in the character of one we find these traits in the other two. The "great Carnot" was distinguished by his military skill, and by the vicissitudes of his fortunes. All three were scholars, honest gentlemen, and sincere Republicans. Each was a salutary example for his countrymen; and possibly the greatest service Sadi performed was by rising to the highest position in France by hard work and inflexible honesty.

SUNDAY READINGS.

SELECTED BY BISHOP VINCENT.

Happy is that people whose God is the Lord.
—*Ps. cxliv., 15.*

[April 4.]

THERE is in this psalm the outline sketch of an ideal people. The tuneful seer pictures a nation whose every citizen is animated by the love of God, a community in which each separate soul is governed and guided by the wisdom which is from above. Redeemed by divine grace, every man lives to the full the manifold life that is in him. There is no discord between a man's duties and his desires, no disproportion and no inequity between the functions of the flesh and those of the mind and spirit. Every man achieves and sustains a large and harmonious life. Recognizing the father-

hood of God, every man realizes and ministers to the brotherhood of man. Freedom is unrestrained by law because conditioned by love. Selfishness is banished under the gracious constraint of truth and charity. Righteousness is wedded to peace. The sunshine of plenty is unsullied by shadows of want. Progress leaves in its train no accumulation of poverty. Law is no longer an imposed coercion but an indwelling and spontaneous rule. Culture is sweetened by piety. Power yields to the loving dominance of gentleness. Religion is crowned with humanity. And upon this happy nation bountiful nature, as the minister of God, showers the blessings of abundance and content. The scene is one of

piety, security, felicity—a perfect community, founded upon the faith and fear of God, crowned with the freedom and happiness of man.

It was a bold and brilliant conception which the psalmist thus saw and sang, yet it was the simple and necessary outcome of the religion he believed. That old Hebrew religion was not the mean and shriveled faith which men mistake for it. Mean enough and cramped enough did its unworthy disciples cause it to appear in endless routine and small formalities. But at its heart the faith of Abraham and Moses and Isaiah was lofty and broad, no mere tribal prejudice, a message and a motive with recognized elements of universality.

It was a religion of central truths and ideal principles, a religion creative, suggestive, impulsive, as radical in its analysis as it was inspiring in its visions. And out of it came this conception of a divine kingdom with liberty as the handmaid of order, with redeemed individualism as the secret of social wealth and progress, with piety as the soul of peace and prosperity. Through centuries of darkness the Hebrew faith held before men the vision of this kingdom of God upon earth. By poet and sage it kept alive the dream of a renewed humanity, and sang of the new time when through peace with God men should be at peace among themselves. Noble indeed, and inspiring was that old religion; but in the same proportion was it beyond easy or swift accomplishment. Its splendid conception has never yet been realized. In no favored age or clime has this city of God emerged a veritable realized fact, luminous among the nations. But the next best thing has surely been attained: the thought of it has lived and still lives as an impulsive force in humanity. In it lies the secret of all past achievement. Out of it issues the potency of all progress to come.

[April 11.]

THIS splendid ideal, lifted up by Hebrew bard and preacher, given them by inspiration of God, naturally found its clearest expression, its most attractive unfolding, in God's

Messiah. It was the declared purpose of our Lord Jesus Christ to inaugurate upon earth this kingdom of heaven. With suggestive repetition he spoke of this kingdom, this new society or body politic. He ever looked beyond, while he looked redemptively at, the individuals who gathered around him. There is some danger of our forgetting these wider aspects of our Lord's mission, and of our degenerating his world message into a small specific and a select cult. We should properly regard it as an inadequate account of Christ to lay all emphasis on what he came to save man from, and to say nothing of what he came to save man for. But it is an equally meager statement of Christ's splendid purpose which speaks only of his relation to the individual soul, and is silent upon his relation to society and the race. It is true that Christ came to save lost men, to save each lost man singly; and inexpressibly sacred are our experiences of the personal love and lead of the Savior. But Christ came for an end beyond this. He came to constitute out of these saved men the agents of a new society, a new nation, a new humanity. His Gospel is not fulfilled in the creation of a loose aggregate of saved men, not in the birth and maintenance of a few self-contained societies of saved men.

He aims at all while he works through each. Making new men, he makes new citizens. Making new citizens, he makes new states. And out of regenerated states he achieves that new brotherhood of man which is the kingdom of God. This is the second and more glorious paradise—Jerusalem descended out of heaven—which shines radiant and beautiful in the apocalypse of John. It is the old Hebrew conception of a divine kingdom translated into the sphere of practical religion. Christ has simplified and made realizable the dream of the psalmist. It comes to us now bearing the sign-manual of the King of kings to whom all power is given. It is ours to keep before us, on which to stay our hopes, by which to guide our efforts. And no gospel is an adequate presentment of Christ which rests on a narrower basis or aims at a smaller result.

"A dream! A mere dream!" says our

practical man of the world, your clever statistician and borough-monger. Well, dream let it be called. One thing is historically demonstrated: dreams have wrought with more potency than figures in the achievements of the past. Time was when the idea of a free people governing themselves in a free community was laughed to scorn as a madman's frenzy. To-day that frenzied vision lives and breathes in our own fair land, in the growing and prosperous republic to the west of us and in more than one green isle of the sea. Is it a much bolder flight to prophesy the time when these self-governing peoples shall, in their units and so in their totals, rise above the narrow and debasing maxims of selfishness into the healthier instincts of piety and Christian brotherhood?

He came to make a new earth and a new heaven. Such, at any rate, was Christ's ideal of a new kingdom. He knew at least as accurately as some of our modern pessimists the forces of evil against which his Gospel had to contend, yet with unflinching step he moved forward to its inauguration. He believed in the conquering efficacy of truth and goodness. He foresaw the ultimate and universal dominion of grace. He did not believe in the necessity and permanence of evil, nor accept it cynically as a matter of course. Neither did he mistake the relative might of God and the devil. He saw as from a mountain top the distant beauty of a new heaven and a new earth, and he saw that the path to it lay through the slow achievement of individual conversion. But the end was clear to him and certain. The kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ. And that is our dream because it is Christ's. Here and now it is our faith and hope for England to win her to piety, to convert her citizens of every rank and class, to people her throughout with men born from above, to recast her manifold life after the pattern shown to us in the mount. The vision is lofty but the duty is plain, and to its obedience every Christian man is called as well by his patriotism as by his piety.

[April 18.]

HERE, then, we emerge into the broader outlooks and ideals of a truly national movement in religion. It is a movement to win England for Christ through the regeneration of every Englishman by the Spirit. That statement of aim and method defines exactly the significance and the scope of our free evangelical churches. It has become necessary to throw some fresh emphasis upon that point, partly as a rebuke of some among us who are more mindful of the luxury than of the responsibility of church life, and partly to correct some current fallacies as to our attitude and purpose in relation to the community.

Considered as to the final aspects of our work, we exist for the establishment of the kingdom of God upon earth; for nothing narrower or smaller do we work. As one important and immediate stage in this movement we pray and work for the nation into whose citizenship God has graciously called us. We bow before Christ as the King of kings and the Lord of nations, and first among our enthusiasms and ministries is the endeavor to present at his feet a regenerated and Christian England, the home of piety, the agent of peace. We are not, therefore, a series of self-contained communities, inclosed in sacred isolation, complacent in the sense of our separation from the interests and destiny of mankind, intent upon saving our own souls and those of our dear relations and without large faith or purpose as to the crowds outside. The hoariness of that venerable caricature does not constitute it a veracious picture. It cannot be denied that under the sway of a once powerful theology certain men and certain churches estimated themselves and their situation in a manner as irrational and self-complacent as the one just described.

Nor is it less painfully evident that within our modern religious life we meet with certain select people, claiming a special degree of spiritual superiority, and boasting of their emancipation from all ecclesiastical association, who openly deride the conception of a religious nation, who claim that Christ's people will always be few, who acquiesce

with remarkable equanimity in the alleged reprobation of the majority, and who await the return of the Lord with undisguised satisfaction at the merciful arrangement which affords them a safe place from which to view the general catastrophe. Such people always have been found within the sphere of religious profession, and it is too much to expect that in an age of numerous religious vagaries these curious people should find no place. But their attitude is happily peculiar to a few, and to men who are the avowed antagonists of all orders of church life. Our doctrine of separation from the world, our belief that the church is an association of gathered persons who can testify to the regeneration of grace, involves us neither in complacency nor in exclusiveness. It constitutes, indeed, a new and inextinguishable sense of obligation toward the unregenerate world. If we jealously guard the separate character of the church, and insist upon the maintenance of spiritual conditions of membership, it is only because Christ has taught us to find in such an institution the most effective agency for conquering and saving the world.

[April 25.]

OUR very claim, therefore, that the church is spiritually separate from the world discovers its urgency in our zeal to bring all mankind to Christ. We believe that in spiritual independence, rather than in formal association, the church of Christ will effect the conquest of the nation.

But for the nation it must work and pray; no smaller enthusiasm is counted worthy of the Lord's disciples. A church which exists for less is an inadequate church. A church-member who seeks fellowship wholly for reasons of personal culture, and not at all for purposes of organized and aggressive effort, has not yet yielded to the full incoming of Christ's spirit. It is a beautiful figure under which we speak of the church when we call it a home, and full of charm is the idea of a family living together in love and for purposes of mutual protection and discipline. But that figure only suggests one aspect, though a most important one, of church life. A church is a regiment in the army of

the living God. Christ's men are called to be soldiers. The New Testament is steeped in military symbolism, the whole purport of which is to set forth the church and the Christian as elect agencies for the conquest of the world. A church is not an end in itself; it is a means to an end lying beyond. Its very care of its members is with a view not merely of making them personally secure, but of making them instrumentally efficient as coworkers with Christ for men. A church which has Christ in the midst cannot but extend its operations to the furthest limit of Christ's sympathy and purpose. It must, in a word, set itself to winning the nation and through the nation the kingdoms of the world.

But the very character of our ideal determines for us the method of its accomplishment. If the nation is to be won for Christ it must be through the conversion of each and every citizen. A nation is not made religious by the mere constitutional recognition of religion, any more than it is made moral by act of Parliament. It is a fit and significant thing that our beloved queen should publicly recognize, in her style and title, that she is what she is by the grace of God. It is every way becoming in itself—one could wish it were always becomingly observed—that our High Courts of Parliament and of justice should open their sittings with prayer for God's wisdom and blessing. It is a dutiful and beautiful thing to witness the nation in its corporate character praying with one voice in time of need, or joining in a united thanksgiving for some signal mercy. But these recognitions and exercises do not constitute us, except in a purely formal and general way, a religious nation. Nor does even the closer identification of ecclesiastical and national affairs result in the effective sanctification of our people and their life. The Hebrew nation, in spite of all these provisions, was repeatedly denounced and punished as a community of evil-doers.

A nation is religious only when the citizens composing it are so governed by God's spirit as to regulate all their conduct, personal and collective, according to the mind of Christ. A nation can never be more

than, or other than, the sum of its units. Let our people be given up to ignorance and lust, to indifference and godlessness, and the organized corporate society they form will be the embodiment of their character. Especially will this be so in a democratic country where the governed make the governors. England will be religious only when Englishmen are converted. The road to national Christianity lies through personal regeneration. We may get, we ought to toil for, more Christian laws, fairer conditions, and better prospects for the people. We

may, through the social elevation of men, and through the cleansing of their environment, help to advance them to a higher stage of life. By the organization and impact of Christian opinion we may prevent national iniquity and promote public righteousness. All these instruments of battle and victory are within the Christian armory. But only through new men can new nations emerge, and only through the patient evangelization of our people can our country become a truly Christian land.—*Rev. Charles A. Berry.*

THE COMMERCIAL GEOGRAPHY OF EUROPE.

BY CYRUS C. ADAMS.

II.

IT would be interesting to trace the influence of Europe's mountains and plateaus upon the development of her activities. South of the capital of Russia is the low and small Valdai Plateau. It rises only a few hundred feet above the lowlands of that country and yet it has profoundly affected the distribution of waters over those wide-spreading plains. The fountainheads of one of Europe's greatest rivers and of other important streams are found there and the humble elevation really marked out the hydrographic character of the larger part of Russia. We might name Europe's plateaus, one by one, small, low, and scattered as they are, and show how impressively they have stamped themselves upon the lower lands both in their hydrographic and other phases of influence; and yet none of these plateaus can be classed even in the second rank except that which forms the larger part of Spain.

So with the mountains also. The Alpine ranges are the mother of waters flowing to northern and southern seas. About all the navigable rivers of Italy are those that come from the Alps. Their perennial snows feed the rivers and give their upper courses impetus. Their waters provide power to drive machinery where no coal is

found; and with their tunnels and tremendous highways they no longer are a barrier between North and South.

Then come the lowest elevations, the plains rising only a few scores or hundreds of feet above the sea: the plains of Russia and Hungary, the great granaries of Europe; the plains of Roumania, from which more Indian corn is exported than from any other country except the United States; the smaller plains and river valleys in all the countries, teeming with diversified industry. It has been said that climate makes character and character makes a country. Observe the striking contrasts which human character produces upon the face of nature. On the one hand are Turkey's rich plains and hill-lands near the sea, from whose abounding fruitfulness nations might be fed were not nature thwarted by bad government and a lethargic people. Population is sparse, nature's riches lie idle, and the empire stagnates. On the other hand is the great plain of northern Germany, by no means fertile, but turned to the very best account by unwearying care and ingenuity.

China and India have proved that regions almost purely agricultural may be very densely peopled; but this is not the rule in Europe. South of Germany's northern plains manufactures are, in large districts,

of greater importance than agriculture, and the population is much more dense; yet where climate and soil are favorable in a marked degree, as in Italy and in the river valleys of other countries, a comparatively dense population may depend entirely on agriculture. Dairy farmers, the main source of Denmark's wealth, are among the most prosperous landholders in the world. With a ready market for all their superior products, no wonder the population is fairly dense. It is the exceptional fertility of most of her farm lands that makes Holland, mainly agricultural and commercial as she is, one of the most densely peopled countries.

The highest density of population is found, however, where advanced agriculture is combined with great manufacturing and commercial development, as in England and Belgium. In the latter country, one of the most densely peopled states of the Caucasian race, the farmholdings supporting a family average only an acre and a quarter in size. Contrast the Iberian Peninsula with Great Britain. The vast plateau of Spain is half a desert because only scanty rainclouds ascend over most of the lofty tableland, and tillage is possible, in large areas, only by means of irrigation. With twice the area of the British Isles, the peninsula has only three fifths as great a population. Yet if Spain had better government and greater energy her people might be far more prosperous. With large mineral resources, she has few manufactures. More Spanish iron is consumed in Great Britain than in Spain.

Outside the great cities the densest population is usually grouped around the coal and iron-producing regions. Great Britain and Belgium are among the fortunate countries where the coal need only be removed next door to smelt the iron. The population of France is much more evenly distributed than that of Great Britain because France is comparatively poor in coal and iron; and her factories are more thickly grouped in the North because they are nearer there to some of these supplies. Population is more dense in the west half

of the Austro-Hungarian Empire than in the east half because the West is more largely manufacturing and the East agricultural.

The mountain regions, except in such districts as a part of southern Germany, where rich valleys, with coal and iron in the hills, at once encourage agriculture, mining, and manufactures, and also except in Switzerland, are sparsely peopled. Most of Scotland's population is grouped in the lowlands, where both her farming and her mineral resources are found. Less than a fourth of Scotland is under crops or grass. Only a twenty-fifth of Norway and an eighth of Sweden are under cultivation and both import a large part of their ordinary supplies of all sorts in exchange for their timber, fish, and a few other things.

Switzerland is one of the most densely peopled portions of Europe, partly because the Alps are a magnet drawing hundreds of thousands of tourists every year, through whom a large number of the natives gain a livelihood; partly because many of the valleys and hillsides are most carefully cultivated, while the rapid streams give power to drive machinery; partly also because, lacking coal, an unusual proportion of manufactures is still the product of hand labor, giving support to a great many people. An interesting discovery illustrating Swiss thrift and industry has just been made. In 1667 M. Gyger completed his map of the Zürich Canton, a large-scale work of remarkable merit for that time. That map has now been very carefully compared with the Swiss survey map. It is found that of the one hundred and forty-nine lakes shown by M. Gyger not less than seventy-three are missing from the maps of to-day. The causes of their disappearance have been ascertained, thus far, in fifty-four cases, in many of which it is found that the lakes were long ago drained artificially and their bottoms converted into hay-fields and meadows.

The products of the soil throughout Europe are, of course, largely determined, just as the nature of manufactures is, by local conditions. Thus wine-culture is

rigidly limited by climate and greatly affected by differences in soil. The most celebrated of the clarets of France are grown only in the basin of the Gironde, and the grape that ripens on the chalk hills of Champagne Province produces the wine of that name. Another famous wine is never at its best unless grown on the slopes of the Côte d'Or. A celebrated wine of Hungary is produced only from grapes grown on a particular range of hills. Most of the Hungarian wines are grown only on volcanic soil. Silkworm rearing requires not only a special climate but also much labor, care, and delicacy on the part of those employed, and the silk product is therefore largely confined, in Europe, to France and Italy, where the laboring class will take infinite pains and devote large time for small compensation.

The quality of wool is greatly affected by even slight climatic differences. It is remarkable that the quality of the wool of the famous Leicester and Lincoln breeds of sheep can be maintained only in two counties in England outside those in which they originated. So every part of Europe that breeds sheep has given the closest attention to the problem of producing breeds, if wool is the object, that will yield the best qualities in each particular district. When we, with our forty-two million sheep, give as much attention to breeding in relation to climate and soil as Europe and Australia have done, the best dressed among us will wear home-made cloth from home-grown wool.

Just as government may stifle natural advantages by bad laws, it may also stimulate them to unhealthful activity. Some European states have done this by the heavy bounty they pay on every pound of beet sugar their people export. The result has been too much capital invested in the industry and overproduction; and now that the mistake is seen and some governments are trying to withdraw or reduce the bounty the farmers cry that they will be ruined if the bounty is touched; and recently the German Reichstag defeated the proposal to withdraw the bounty. Thus the sugar

bounty has become a very serious economic problem.

Great cities are seldom preeminent for any particular line of manufactures. Their industries are too large and diversified for any one of them to show marked superiority over all the rest. Now and then a great industry of some city is taken from it. When ships were made of wood London was the greatest ship-building center of the world. Then iron ships came into use and London has lost her ship-building trade, which has been transferred to the Clyde, the Tyne, and the Wear, right at the sources of iron and coal supplies.

The great vessels in which most ocean commerce is now carried have severely affected the interests of some ports. Cities that once were seaports are now inland as far as any great amount of ocean traffic is concerned. The largest ships of commerce could once sail up the Avon to Bristol and the Severn to Gloucester. The far larger ships that now carry commerce cannot reach these places but are compelled to stop at Avonmouth and Cardiff. Cargoes were formerly landed as far up the Thames as London Bridge, but steamers now have to stop at the docks some miles below that point. Bremen was once one of the world's greatest commercial cities, but her waterfront is now too shallow for deep-sea vessels and her port is at Bremerhaven several miles below. Hamburg, accessible to all classes of vessels, though sixty miles from the sea, has reaped the benefit of Bremen's misfortune, which, however, has not deprived the latter city of a large carrying trade.

The making of a town or city may sometimes depend upon what seems at first a trivial circumstance. Silk-weaving is confined to towns where the streams are particularly free from impurities. Some waters are better than others for silk dyeing and this fact gives Leek, England, its pre-eminence, for its waters are among the best for dyeing purposes in Europe. Burton-on-Trent is famous for its ales. Its superior water for brewing purposes is its sole advantage. Science and common sense

saved the woolen industry of Verviers, Belgium. The inhabitants found that they could not satisfactorily scour their wool, because the water from limestone rocks, which they were using, contains so much lime in solution. They diverted to their town a stream flowing through slate and sandstone and thus obtained plenty of excellent water. Social conditions may also be profoundly affected. As the brewing industry gives work chiefly to men and boys, the male greatly outnumbers the female sex among the people of Burton-on-Trent. The reverse occurs where women have most of the opportunities in a large industrial center.

Various considerations, geographical or otherwise, have fixed the position of Europe's great cities. Those that date back to turbulent feudal days often owed their sites to the fact that they were easy of defense. Edinburgh is an example. London owes its start to the fact that long before trade was important a number of roads or paths from the north and south, circumventing the marshes, naturally converged there for the crossing of the Thames; and when trade grew, the deep tidal waters of the river, extending to London, made it a natural port and it became the chief trading station. Large towns or cities are almost always found at the head of navigation on the rivers because these are points of trans-shipment between land and water carriage. Rome on the Tiber, Florence on the Arno, and Prague on the Moldau are examples of many such places.

Cities like Berlin and Madrid owe their position to the fact that electors or kings desired a central position in their domains as the seat of their political and military power. All roads naturally led to the place of government and as trade arose they became leading centers of commerce. It was not till commerce first and then manufacturing received the enormous impetus the past one hundred and fifty years have given them that most of the natural harbors and places easily accessible to iron and coal became great centers of population.

Southampton is trying hard to reap advantage from the fact that a sand-bar obstructs the entrance of large vessels into the Mersey at Liverpool, when the tide is low; and Manchester is also seeking to enrich herself at the expense of Liverpool by means of her ship canal. Marseilles is far from the northern seats of industry in France but she is great because she is the port of the rich Rhone valley which leads to Switzerland and, by means of canals, to the Rhine. The best harbor in Italy is Genoa and it commands the largest part of the total foreign trade. Even the worst government in Europe cannot blight Constantinople, for her excellent geographical position makes her the gateway between Europe and Asia.

Within the past century a new factor has been determining the sites of great cities. This is the development of coal and iron mines and the advantage their neighborhood offers for manufacturing enterprises. It is this that in a hundred years has raised almost insignificant towns like Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, and many places on the Continent to foremost positions in point of population and activity. Gold, diamonds, or silver are always most powerful in drawing a large population to new countries; but in Europe, in recent years, coal and iron have determined the new centers of large population. The special advantage of Great Britain and Belgium is that they not only have abundant coal and iron, but the supply is not far from the seaports.

It is interesting to observe the geographical reasons for the distribution of manufacturing industries. Cotton-spinning and weaving are confined in Great Britain to a few places in the West because there is the district of cheapest coal and also a specially moist atmosphere owing to the effect of high ground upon the moisture-bearing winds fresh from the sea; and for spinning and weaving cotton a moist climate is very important. The French coal fields are so widely dispersed and comparatively unimportant that the mills and factories are distributed, not with regard to them but with a view to the convenience of obtaining

local and foreign supplies of raw material. The woolen mills, for instance, are in the North where most of the sheep are grown and where it is easiest to bring in the large amount of Argentine wool that France consumes.

Another factor which affects the quality and the quantity of products is the cost of labor. We all know that as a whole the maps that come from the German geographical establishments are the finest in the world. An English geographer, speaking of this matter, recently said: "Our cartographers are just as accomplished and skilful as those of Germany, and we can turn out maps of equal excellence. But our workers in all lines are better paid than those of Germany. It costs us more to produce maps of the same quality and our public will not pay the increased cost."

Americans are glad that we do not compete with European countries in cheapness of labor, for our higher scale of wages means more comfort and happiness to the masses of our people. Hand-weaving has been the rule until recently in Germany's textile industries and the gradual transference of this work from the home to the factory is still going on at the expense of great suffering to scores of thousands of hand-weavers; and yet these poor people have never earned from it more than the merest pittance.

England long distanced her sister nations in manufacturing because she was the first to utilize coal and iron on a large scale and to invent machinery that greatly lessened

the cost and increased the quantity of manufactured products. Other nations have been drawing up in line with her in these respects and have won some advantages over her, particularly in their scientific study of the export trade.

Europe needs markets for her immense output of manufactured goods. That is the reason for the scramble among the powers for all the African and other unappropriated territory they can get. The people will suffer for food unless they can export. None of those great manufacturing nations raise all the food they need. They must buy food with the goods they make and so they are looking everywhere for markets.

The most melancholy reflection suggested by a survey of European industrial activity is that the vast increase in her productivity has very little improved the condition of the masses. They are little if any better off than they were a hundred years ago, before coal, iron, and machinery had many fold increased the results of industry. This is a large subject upon which we cannot enter here. But the depths of poverty into which millions are plunged is in spite of the natural blessings which have been very briefly summarized here. Statecraft, swayed as it is by selfishness, jealousy, and fear, with faith in no peace that is not maintained by millions of armed men supported in idleness, is still preventing the nations from reaping the full benefit of their superior geographical position and ample natural resources.

MIRABEAU BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

BY A. M. WHEELER, LL.D.

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY IN YALE UNIVERSITY.

MIRABEAU came of a peculiar race—a race so peculiar that, unless we have some knowledge of it, he himself becomes inexplicable. He is so rooted and grounded in the ancestral soil that he cannot be taken out of it.

The family, long before he joined it, had

a reputation of its own. The saying went: "Those Mirabeaus—oh, they are all regular devils." The sons, and the daughters also, were of a very pronounced type, and there was a marked family resemblance among them. As a rule the men were strong, self-reliant, untamable natures, passionate,

morbidly sensitive as to points of honor, utterly without fear of God or man. All of them were trained for the public service, especially for the army, and all of them took a prominent part in the struggles of their time.

Two or three stand out above the rest. One of these, the grandfather of the great Mirabeau, a famous soldier in his day, the favorite of Vendôme, was a man of striking personal appearance, of ready tongue, and of immense vitality. Of his seven children he lost four, and was never seen to shed a tear.

The remaining three—the marquis, the bailiff, and the count—were abundantly able to maintain the reputation of the family. Though very different from each other, they all had certain traits in common. Together they represent most of what is worst, as well as most of what is best, in the Mirabeaus. In shaping them nature seems to have been training her hand for the final effort of creating the last and greatest of the race.

Whatever else may be said of the marquis, he was certainly one of the strangest of mortals. If his own account of himself is to be believed he must have been a terrible fellow in his youth. Much of it he spent in Paris in one of the schools which prepared young men of good family for service at court, in the army, and in the world. Here he sowed his wild oats, and here he acquired, in ways unknown to us, the enormous fund of heterogeneous information on which he drew so abundantly in his later years.

At twenty-eight, having come into possession of his ancestral estates, he left the army and married. Two motives prompted this step: he wanted an heir and he hoped by a wealthy marriage to retrieve his somewhat shattered fortune. The lady of his choice, who was neither beautiful nor good, was the daughter of a marquis of doubtful pedigree, reputed to be immensely rich. As a mere child she had been married to a man many times her own age, and now she was again disposed of as a matter of bargain and sale. Her *fiancé*

never saw her until the day the marriage contract was drawn.

The marriage, then, was a speculation—chiefly a financial one—and a bad one from every point of view. Out of it grew the bitter quarrels which brought disgrace and ruin upon the marquis and which contributed so much toward molding the character and the destiny of the young heir.

Unquestionably the marquis was a man of great intellectual ability. In fact there was something about his talent which was akin to genius. But he was queer. His head was so crammed with fads and fancies that there was no room left for common sense, and he was so self-opinionated as to think himself infallible.

He aspired to become an author so that he might spread abroad his ideas and confer happiness on the whole human race. After one or two efforts he produced a work which at once made him famous, and justly so. He called it "*L' Ami des Hommes*." The style was all his own, rugged, trenchant, involved; he himself said it was so overlaid and surcharged with ideas as to require a new system of punctuation to bring out the meaning. Portions of the book were insufferably dull; but with all the rubbish there was much that was luminous, prophetic. One is fairly startled to find here, forty years before the meeting of the States-General, many of the much-vaunted "ideas and principles of '89."

A few months later the marquis became a convert to the so-called physiocratic theory, which its advocates thought was destined to revolutionize the world. Two ideas were at the bottom of it: (1) that land and agriculture were the only source of national wealth, (2) that a land tax was the only form of revenue due from the subject to the sovereign. Into this the marquis plunged headlong as usual, and began a series of experiments on his estates which had not a little to do with the development of the heir. Next came a book on the theory of taxation, embodying the new ideas, and so antagonistic to the prevailing system that it was sure to bring the

author into trouble. A *lettre de cachet*, one of the characteristic weapons of the old régime, was launched against him. He was thrown into the tower of Vincennes, the same state prison in which he later kept his son shut up for four long years. Released after a week, he was banished to one of his country-seats some twenty leagues from Paris, with instructions not to leave it without the order of the king. He was a martyr to his principles and he gloried in the distinction which it brought. Troops of friends came out from the gay capital to greet him. He was lionized almost as much as the English Wilkes² who was shut up about the same time in a London jail. He was at the height of his fame.

It was in 1749 that the long-expected heir appeared. Four girls had preceded him and other children were to follow—thirteen in all. If we must ever keep in mind that this boy was born into the Mirabeau household it is quite as necessary to remember that he was also born into the unclean France of Louis XV. The Pompadours and Du Barrys were doing their work. The moral poison of the court spreading through the nation; the royal authority degraded in the person of the king; fierce outbreaks among the toiling millions; the country on the verge of bankruptcy; the terrible verdict of 1763 only a few years ahead—France was already swirling toward the maelstrom of the Revolution.

All sorts of legends have gathered round the cradle of the boy. We are told that even in infancy he fought his nurse and that he was ever ready to show his teeth at the "old man." Certain it is that he early gave evidence of being a genuine Mirabeau, with all the vices and all the virtues of all his ancestors rolled up within him. He was at the start a tempestuous little soul in a very unattractive body. He evidently needed the most careful handling. One can readily imagine that if he had dropped down into a real home, where there was harmony, where the moral atmosphere was sweet and pure, and where he would have been under intelligent and sympathetic guidance, all might possibly have been

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well. It was his misfortune to come into a household where the indispensable conditions of peace and happiness were lacking. Moreover there was not much hope for him in the educational system, if one may dignify it by that name, which then prevailed.

During the boy's early years the father was too much engrossed in his books and in his physiocratic experiments to give much personal attention to the training of his son. Nevertheless he felt a genuine interest in him, as is evidenced by the succession of teachers he provided for him, and by the constant allusions to him in his letters to his brother, the bailiff. The extravagant expressions of praise or blame which recur so often in these letters and which seem so brutal now are not to be taken too literally. We must remember that the marquis had a trenchant style, and in this confidential correspondence he would naturally display his passion for the *sanglante* phrase. The difficulty was that he failed to comprehend the nature of the boy. He had from time to time a confused impression that a mind of extraordinary quality and compass was unfolding before him; but he was too much of a doctrinaire to realize that any unusual treatment was either necessary or possible. His only idea was to run the boy through the regular machine, making such slight readjustments of it as might be necessary in order to bring him out a "physiocrat." To make the boy what he himself had become was the height of his ambition, and his egotism was so colossal that he could not imagine anything higher.

It is unnecessary to dwell in detail upon the fifteen years of training under the parental roof. The general result was failure. Not that the boy did not have enough of Greek and Latin and various other things; perhaps he had too much of these; but he did not get what he most needed—judicious guidance. No doubt he was a tough specimen to manage, and the best treatment might have failed. At any rate he beat out all his teachers and ultimately got the upper hand of his father.

The latter, thinking he had erred on the side of clemency, decided to subject the boy to more rigorous treatment. He was sent to Paris and entered, under the name of M. Pierre-Buffières, the school of the *abbé* Choquard, an institution established for the benefit of the black sheep and lame ducks of aristocratic families. Here for two years, under a sort of strait-jacket system, the work of development went on; and then the worthy *abbé* requested the father to withdraw the boy. He too was beaten. With this experiment the school period ends; the pedagogues had done their best. The young count now enters the third stage of his career and comes into direct contact with the outer world. As second lieutenant in the cavalry regiment of the Marquis de Lambert he spends a year in the little garrison town of Saintes, nearly half the time in the regimental prison; drinking, gambling, and a liaison leading to a bitter quarrel with his colonel fill up the rest, and at the end a grand explosion and flight—"all the deliriums at once," wrote the marquis.

An order solicited by the father from the minister of war sent the young lieutenant to the fortress of Ré,⁴ where he was to be put under a *régime* which would reduce his appetites and modify his passions. "He is now," wrote the marquis to the bailiff, "I think, safely caged. I have recommended him right warmly to the governor, D'Aulan. I have told him that he is a crank, a madman, and a habitual liar." The healing process begun at Saintes was to be continued; but it did not last long. In a few months the governor wanted to be rid of his terrible protégé and procured for him a commission in a regiment which the government was sending out to put down an insurrection in the island of Corsica. This was Mirabeau's first and last campaign; it gave him what he craved, an opportunity for action, and he closed his military career with distinguished credit.

On his return a sort of reconciliation took place with the father. The storm which had been slowly gathering in the Mirabeau household had broken at last. The marquis

had separated from his wife and established another woman in her place; the wife's mother was at the point of death; a great fortune was to be divided, and the heirs were gathered like jackals round their prey. In the disgraceful family brawl which followed, the young count, enlisted at first on his father's side, shifting later from side to side, vilifying in turn both his parents, showed a lack of affection, of filial duty, of moral principle, that was simply shocking. Here too, and still more in the management of the starving and rebellious peasantry on his father's estates, he exhibited the quality which became his chief characteristic—the wonderful influence he could exert over others. We can already discern the future tribune.

His marriage, which was now at hand, was in more senses than one the turning point in his life. Out of it came the horrible complications of the next few years. The eighteen-year-old daughter of the Marquis de Marignane was a famous beauty, much sought after as the richest heiress in all Provence. She was already pledged to another, but Mirabeau, against the wishes of his father, plunged in with characteristic audacity and won the prize. It proved to be a Pyrrhic victory.⁵ The wife had no qualities which would enable her to gain any permanent influence over her husband and steady him down to the responsibilities of life. He took it into his head to play the grand *seigneur*, and she aided and abetted him. In fifteen months they had squandered not only the liberal allowance which had come from his father but had rolled up a colossal debt. Thus the chain was forged which caused him so much misery and clogged his every step in later years. Soon creditors by the score were in pursuit of him, and he owed his escape from them to his father, who, with his consent, procured a *lettre de cachet* which placed him under the hand of the king and sheltered him in the fortress of Manosque.⁶ Two months later a decree of one of the highest courts declared him incompetent—dead in law—and so afforded him still more complete immunity. It is a very significant fact that

though he often protested against this humiliating decree he never made the slightest effort to escape from it, and it remained as an effectual barrier between him and his creditors to the end of his life.

From this point on the drama unfolds with astonishing rapidity: a disgraceful fracas resulting in a charge of assault with intent to kill; another *lettre de cachet*, procured by the father, which transfers him to the Châteaueau d'If⁷ and again saves him from the hand of justice; the infidelity of his wife; his own repeated violations of the marriage vow; a particularly vile scandal which necessitates his removal to the fortress of Joux,⁸ at the other extremity of France; as a culmination, the well-known liaison with the Marquise de Monnier and all the misery which grew out of it both for him and her; the death of his boy; the flight of the guilty pair; his trial and condemnation; the death sentence, and the hanging in effigy. "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

Mirabeau was now doubly and trebly a criminal and could be justly punished; but the punishment which was meted out to him through the wretched judicial machinery in vogue and by the vindictive hatred of the father was out of all proportion to his guilt, and a travesty of justice: a death sentence, another interposition of the king's hand, and four years of solitary confinement in the dungeon of Vincennes. Yet it was this imprisonment that saved him. If he had been free during those four years the mighty forces working blindly within him would, in all probability, have destroyed him. The tower of Vincennes was his best school, and Lenoir, its jailer, his best teacher. Here for the first time he was forced to take counsel with himself and with the deeper causes of his misery and misfortunes.

In one respect—and a most important one—the dungeon of Vincennes did thorough work. When his prison doors opened Mirabeau's political development was complete. Within those gloomy walls during those four years the old monarchy had trained up its most reckless and most vindictive foe.

With release came the task of freeing himself from the network of complications in which he was involved. He was overwhelmed with debt, in abject poverty, and still under sentence of death. By the trials at Pontarlier⁹ and Aix he hoped to "put his head again on his shoulders." The immediate object of the first trial was to compel the injured husband to take back his erring wife, and to make suitable provisions for her support; and in this, strangely enough, he succeeded, although the evidence was overwhelmingly against him. The other suit was brought to force his own wife to return to him; and in order to gain his point he, a convict under capital sentence, reads in court his wife's confession of guilt signed by her own hand! What a commentary upon the prevailing system! He lost this case before the jury, but won it before the public, and that was evidently what he wanted. In both trials his efforts were directed not so much toward the issues immediately involved as against the outrageous system of which he was the victim. His fierce and eloquent denunciations of the wrongs and of the wrong-doers made him the idol of the masses. At the close of these trials he was the most notorious, if not the most famous, man in France, and one of the best-known men in Europe.

Six years followed before the actual opening of his political career. They are filled with gropings, struggles with debt and poverty, desperate attempts to get a firmer foothold, and especially to secure some sort of recognition from men in power. Here belong the two journeys to London and Berlin, both undertaken chiefly for the sake of broadening his political horizon by personal observation. In England he saw the practical workings of a free government, presided over by a youthful statesman just from the university. He heard the speeches of Fox and Sheridan, and learned that success in politics had no special connection with either the major or the minor morals. His visit to Berlin produced the famous history of the Prussian Monarchy which he worked out in collaboration with others, and the "Secret Memoirs of the Prussian Court"

which, driven by stress of poverty, he published under circumstances that could not fail to place a stigma on his name. At Potsdam he twice met Frederic II., who was just at the close of his career. One would like to know much more than has been reported of what passed between those two—the hero of the outgoing, and the Titan of the incoming, era.

It was the gloaming of the tempest which was slowly rising over France, and whose approach he had long foreseen, that called him home from the Prussian capital. The end of the fifteen years of experiments was near. Mirabeau had felt little interest in the squabbles between the parliaments and the court; they did not touch the root of the difficulty. But when Minister Necker announced the meeting of the States-General his exultation knew no bounds. "Now," he shouted, "my day has come—the day when brains have become a power."

Turning from the men of his own order, who had practically rejected him, he offered himself as a candidate for the Assembly to the men of the Third Estate. In the electoral campaign which followed he took a leading part, by his speeches and by a liberal use of the press making his influence felt far beyond his immediate

neighborhood; and he was chosen, amid great excitement, as the first representative of the constituency of Aix.

What is he, as he stands there now, facing the problems which he has already set himself to solve? One is apt to think of him merely as a flaming popular orator, a reckless agitator, a born iconoclast. He was in fact a statesman. As has been said, his political platform was already framed. The basis of it was a national monarchy for France, with suitable guaranties and limitations. He fully realized that the old *régime* must be destroyed and he was determined to destroy it; but he saw just as clearly that a democratic republic was impossible. To reorganize the old France from top to bottom, to lead the French nation by easy grades through the transition period, to reconcile the old reigning dynasty with the new France—such was the work which he proposed to do, and he had unbounded confidence in his ability to do it.

But what guaranty was there of success? Did he not already occupy an untenable position? Might not the specter of his terrible past rise up and wreck his hopes? Was he anchored firmly enough in any direction to enable him to withstand the onrushing tide?

THE CAUSES OF INCREASED JUVENILE CRIMINALITY IN FRANCE.

BY ALFRED FOUILLÉE.

OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY OF MORAL SCIENCE.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE FRENCH "REVUE DES DEUX MONDES."

AS the progress of juvenile crime became greater during the very period in which compulsory education was spreading among the people, some have attributed the increase of demoralization to the schools. On the other hand, as the principal result of general instruction has been the universal diffusion of journals and romances, it is clear that the press must have also its share of responsibility in this question.

Since 1881, when compulsory instruction began, the number of accused persons tried

by courts of correction has risen from 210,000 to 240,000. Since 1889 the murders have passed from 156 to 189; assassinations from 195 to 218; rapes and attempts on children from 539 to 651. These latter crimes represent to-day six tenths of the cases of conviction of men, while in 1830 they only represented one tenth. The average of these crimes in France is 700 per year, while in Italy, the most noted for general criminality, it pendulates between 250 and 300. The average of infanticides in France is 180 per year;

in Italy 80. When a writer speaks of the army of crime he sometimes causes a smile; but consider the figures: 516,671 inmates of prisons per year is a veritable army.

The most lamentable side of criminal statistics is that which concerns children and young people. From 1826 to 1880, while common legal offenses had tripled among adults, the criminality of young people from sixteen to twenty-one years old had quadrupled. As to the children prosecuted, the number had doubled. In the second period, from 1880 to 1893, criminality increased much more rapidly. In ten years we see the number of criminal children increase one fourth while that of criminal adults increases only one ninth. To-day the criminality of childhood is almost double that of adults, and yet minors from seven to sixteen years old only represent 7,000,000 souls, while the adults count more than 20,000,000. In Paris more than half of the individuals arrested are under twenty-one years old and almost all have committed grave offenses.

Such are the facts. To measure their bearing we must seek to find whether the increase of criminality of all ages in France is to be explained by the natural development of civilization or whether it presents an abnormal and morbid character.

While moralists and jurists deplore the increasing number of offenses, some sociologists find in it a symptom of social progress. In our opinion this is confounding two sorts of increase of crime: first, that which is due to the public conscience becoming more delicate and considering as an offense that which before seemed indifferent, and again that which is due to universally criminal acts becoming more and more numerous. In the first case there is real progress, in the second decadence. Is it from the increasing delicacy of public conscience that murderers are punished to-day? If this sort of crimes, universally considered such, is increasing, by what subtlety will any one be able to find therein a fact of progress?

Again, men have claimed to see in the increase of criminality a sign of increasing

genius. Yet among the ancestors of criminals have been found debauchery, indolence, alcoholism, insanity, and even ignorance much more than among the ancestors of honest men; but more of genius is not found.

The more the criminality of a nation belongs to the modern stage the more do social causes predominate over climate, race, and temperament. After having studied the distribution of criminality in the five great nations of Western Europe, M. Alimena has formulated the following laws: (1) in proportion as society is more civilized, the reflective motives, such as cupidity, tend to replace as factors of crime the impulsive passions, such as anger, jealousy, love, vengeance; (2) the regions which offer the largest number of civil suits are also the ones presenting the most crimes; (3) the more a country is centralized, the more it has of urban criminality. Such are the normal laws of the evolution of criminality. But in France these laws are not sufficient to explain the present condition, especially that of juvenile crime. In the first place, instead of seeing the decrease of those crimes that are due to motives of low civilization, such as wrath, jealousy, love, and vengeance, we see the crimes of the barbarous impulses increasing, and the attempts upon persons almost equal to the attempts against property. In the second place we see criminality spreading even in the country, and this increase is not due to born criminals, it is due to criminals from profession, from opportunity, or from passion. The causes of the evil in this case are before all moral and social, and our nation may say to herself, "Thou hast willed it."

If the richest and most civilized countries are in general more fruitful in crime, as well as in cases of insanity, some exceptions have been pointed out of great significance. In Geneva and in Switzerland in proportion as civilization advances criminality diminishes to the point of becoming the smallest in Europe. A similar result is found in Belgium, due perhaps to a better government of the penitentiaries. If we are to

believe the official statistics, in all England for ten years crime has diminished twelve per cent in all its forms, and especially among children. In the last twenty years in England six prisons have been closed for lack of prisoners. No doubt this decrease is not so great as it appears. It is due first of all to the number of young delinquents confined in reformatories or industrial schools, and thus made temporarily incapable of crime. In the second place it is due to the increasing indulgence of judges. A deduction must be made from English statistics also because they are as careful to conceal their bad cases as we are to parade them before the world.

For our juvenile criminality we must search for the special causes and for appropriate remedies.

According to the statistics, the check on crime attains its culminating point from the ages of twenty-one to thirty years. It falls a little from thirty to forty years and falls rapidly from forty to fifty. It is therefore youth which is the critical age, and everything depends on good direction at the beginning. Children have been defined as little savages and also as little criminals, wilful liars, cruel, and selfish. It has been said that the child reproduces in its developments all the phases of the human race passing from barbarism to civilization. Certainly the instincts that are bad and even criminal are frequently found in children. But a good education almost always gets the better of these instincts with considerable facility. The good sentiments acquired at that age rapidly become instinctive and lasting, only no mistake must be made as to the choice of means.

John Stuart Mill tells us that his father, James, believed everything would be safe if the world knew how to read. In our day the current of ideas is changing. As the period of increasing criminality and that of compulsory education coincide, people are asking whether the school has not favored crime. To say that this is a coincidence would not be of itself a sufficient explanation. Children punished for theft or for vagabondage of course do not owe their

vices to a too earnest attendance at school. To the pure statisticians who base their argument on the coincidence between increasing criminality and compulsory education it may be answered by citing another coincidence, much more significant. The law of 1880 established freedom to retail intoxicating liquors. Since the passing of that disastrous law the consumption of alcohols has tripled, so that France has passed from the seventh rank to the first. Are we to accuse the school or the dramshop? If in 1887 the annual number of crimes by blows and wounds had already increased one third, statistics attributed that increase to the progress of alcoholism, not to education. Criminalists recognize also libertinism as the principal source of crimes and offenses in civilized nations. The increase of infanticides, of rapes and adulteries has an exact meaning. Add therefore to alcoholism debauchery, and you will have two great sources of increasing crime. Is it the school then that we must make directly responsible, or the government which tolerates the two most dangerous of vices?

According to M. Morrison, an eminent criminologist who has passed his life as a chaplain in prisons, the young criminal is in the greater number of cases, from a physical point of view, a degenerate. In most cases he is wholly or partially an orphan, and this fact proves that he has inherited a tendency to weakness from his parents, who died before their time. The blunting of the moral sense is often hereditary. Most young criminals are either children of criminals or children abandoned by immoral parents. In short, in eighty-five per cent of cases the moral conditions on the side of the parents are deplorable. Add to this the influence of economic conditions no less unfavorable. How can children without parents and without home procure regular work? The employers are little disposed to engage such laborers. And yet, with such an ancestry and in such circumstances, people accuse the schools!

In fact we do not admit that compulsory education is directly responsible for the

rising tide of juvenile crime. It remains for us to seek for the indirect effects. And first of all, if the school has not created the increasing criminality of childhood it must be granted that it has not prevented it, while in England it seems to have done so. There is, therefore, with us a defect somewhere. It is probably the predominance of the intellectual and rationalistic conception which attributes to knowledge an exaggerated rôle in moral conduct. You say, "That man has stolen because he is ignorant." No, he has stolen because his disinherited or degenerate condition has furnished him a motive, and he is ignorant because in that same condition he has not the means of education. You are confusing simultaneousness with causality. Now instruct the disinherited or degenerate children; will you have found by that means the remedy for all ills? Sometimes you will obtain happy results, sometimes not. "Science without conscience," said Rabelais, "is only the ruin of the soul." Goethe said more profoundly, "Pernicious is all that which liberalizes our mind without giving us the mastery over our character." It must be admitted that we have greatly liberalized the minds even of children; but have we sought to procure for them the mastery of which Goethe speaks? It seems not, since on all hands the strongest partisans of education after so many bright hopes are now giving signs of discouragement.

The instructor should form not memories but consciences. Instruction moralizes when it is made appropriate to the situation that the child in all probability will occupy later. But if it disgusts him with a modest occupation to excite in him ambitions that are unattainable, it increases the number of discontented and unsettled people who will become the revolutionists of to-morrow. It is moral education that must be made complete and universal, not intellectual education. All have a right to the highest morality, and as Kant said, "even to sainthood," and all have the duty of approaching toward it. But there are in the sciences, in art, in literature, regions into which we

can neither hope nor desire that all should penetrate, if there is to result therefrom a lack of adaptation of the mind to its occupation.

Whatever opinion may be held of religious dogma, we must still recognize that elementary fact of sociology that religions are a moral check of the first importance, and still more they are a spring of morality. Christianity in particular has been defined as a complete system of repression for all bad tendencies. Christianity has this particular merit by which it is contrasted with ancient religions, that it prevents the bad action of the will by opposing it in its first germ, in the desire and even in the idea.

Moral skepticism has been among children and young people the ordinary result of religious skepticism. Here again we have thought too much of intellectual instruction and not sought for social foundations for moral education at the very moment when we are emancipating and liberalizing people's minds. Descartes, wishing to doubt everything and to reconstruct the whole edifice of science, took care to make first of all a provisional morality for himself which he compared to a temporary shelter. Do you think that a shelter of this kind is useless to a people? Is there nothing to be feared from those who have been deprived of their heaven without being given anything of this earth? Anti-religious intolerance is as dire for a nation as religious intolerance. Philosophy and religion have a common ground, part of which is formed from the essential verities of all morality. Harmony is possible, it is real, upon the fundamental points; and it is the reconciliation, not the mental antagonism of the two, that the state must seek for in education.

But we do not hesitate to say that whatever the school, even at its best, shall have done for the education of children, will be barren if the press with its present liberty continues its labor of dissolution. To-day journals by the million are scattered as far as the smallest communities, and children who have learned to read will finish their education from these.

Besides its indirect suggestion the press exerts a direct one on minds that are weak or ill balanced. Maudsley has said, "Thanks to the recitals of the newspaper the example of crime becomes contagious." The idea takes possession of a weak mind like a sort of fate against which all struggle is impossible. A very great number of criminals have declared that they owed to novels and newspapers the idea of their crime and the means of carrying it out. In 1833 M. Radcliffe had the columns of the *Morning Herald* completely closed to recitals of crime and insanity. The International Congress against Immoral Literature held at Lausanne in 1893 demanded the prohibition of circumstantial accounts of crimes and executions, and of the photographs of criminals. It demanded that the court gazette should have the sole right to publish certain discussions. The same conclusion was reached by the Congress of Criminals at Geneva and by the Congress of Scholars and Philanthropists at Paris. Let us add the necessity of suppressing the spectacle of public executions to which we have owed so many crimes by sug-

gestion, and of closing to young people the doors of the courts of assize where they become familiar with crime.

The obscene or blood-curdling newspaper story is moreover in the country, as in Paris, one of the principal agents of the demoralization of the people. Criminologists are agreed in maintaining that impure literature acts with special violence upon the degenerate and thus becomes a cause of crime. But who is to blame if it is not the government that fails to prosecute regularly and persistently, and leaves the law a dead letter? Forgetting that literature forms little by little the ideal of a people, our government is the only one in the world which, under the pretext of liberty, refrains from attacking immoral publications. The free countries of America do not tolerate these written outrages of public modesty. It has been pointed out many times that it is government alone which can act in this matter effectively.

Let the education of the people, first by the school, then by the press, become better, and the general level of morality will be raised.

FRENCH COOKS AND COOKING.

BY THOMAS B. PRESTON.

IN France cooking is an art, in other countries it is a business. The French have turned the kitchen into a scientific laboratory whose professors display as great technical skill in their line as do the world-famed astronomers or masters of the higher mathematics. True to its principles of fostering everything that can conduce to the healthful life of the nation, physically as well as intellectually, the French Republic encourages the votaries of the culinary art by the patronage of their syndicates and societies as it does those of painting and sculpture, and to be a *chef* or a *cordon bleu*¹ is as much sought after by her cooks as is the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor by her politicians. The Syndicate of Cooks is one of the most numerous and influential of

the semi-official trade-unions into which the industrial world of Paris is divided.

People may sneer at judging a nation by the amount of attention it pays to its stomach; but the stomach is after all a very important part of human anatomy, and those who surround the physical necessities of our animal nature with agreeable charms that make them less coarse and brutal certainly have a claim to being considered in some degree promoters of civilization. It is a libel both upon nature and nature's God to hold that everything pleasant is wrong and that the refinements of life have no place in that great evolution that is gradually raising mankind to a higher plane, even though such refinements descend to the accessories of the table. It is in this

respect that French cooking is superior to all other cooking; it is more refined. The English feed, the Americans devour; only the French really know how to eat. Their meals, as a rule, are less heavy and solid than those of other nations, yet quite sufficient in quantity, while the great fact that distinguishes their cooking is their perfect comprehension of the part played by seasoning. Like the Gallic wit which flavors their literature, their thorough knowledge of seasoning gives zest to their cooking.

Yet it must not be supposed that French cooking is complex. The best cooking is the simplest; by which I do not mean that it is always the most easily done. It really takes more art and more study to do good simple cooking than it does to create elaborate dishes. Poor cooks often disguise their ignorance by a great display and a profusion of incongruous substances put into their dishes. The most masterful *chefs* are those who devote themselves to simplicity and avoid all attempt at culinary gymnastics. These men always have an assistant to prepare the *fond de cuisine*² and help them generally.

Historically there was a gradual development in French cooking and a corresponding improvement in table manners from the dawn of the Middle Ages, when knights and ladies used to eat with their fingers half-cooked food dumped into a hollow in the center of the table, down to the first quarter of the present century, when all the refinements of the arts were called in to grace the banquets of the rich and powerful. In these days of democracy the equalizing tendency wrought by modern mechanics and education has perhaps caused a decline in some of the more exquisite and delicate methods employed by the famous *chefs* of the Revolution and the Napoleonic eras, but it has considerably raised the average level of French cooking. Thus the nation is better nourished, but the unique feasts of the heads of state and of the farmers-general³ of the last century are no longer possible.

To the single dish hollowed out in the middle of the table from which the entire

household helped themselves with their fingers succeeded individual dishes scooped out in the thick wooden board for the different members of the family, and old tables thus fashioned may be seen in Normandy to this day. The development and the cheapening of the manufacture of earthenware, china, porcelain, and glassware gradually transformed and beautified the table. Forks and spoons were imported from Italy in the Middle Ages. Table-cloths and napkins were introduced later. The attractions of flowers were added in the seventeenth century and menu cards in the eighteenth. To-day the refinements of decoration are carried to the furniture, the lights, the wood-work, the wall-paper, and every accessory of the dining-room, which must not only be in harmony with each other but as far as possible with the livery of the servants and the toilets of the ladies. Sometimes these details are ridiculously exaggerated, so that they become no longer attractive; but this is more apt to be the case with imitators abroad and with foreign residents in Paris than with the French themselves. In respect of artistic decoration the climax has not yet been quite reached, but in the matter of the cooking itself the best judges are agreed that there has been some decline in the past half century.

Really fine cookery began about the middle of the seventeenth century, in the reign of Louis XIV., when the extravagances of the *Grand Monarque* and his mistresses and courtiers in administering to their own luxuries developed an entire commerce in everything conducive to the pleasures of the table and made it one of the most important industries of the kingdom. The grand *seigneurs* of the realm did not despise the mysteries of the kitchen and became amateur cooks, amusing themselves by inventing new and delicate dishes. Masters of the art arose, who, like the masters always in all other branches, took an interest in their profession far above pecuniary considerations, and have left names that will be handed down in history as long as those of the warriors who slaughtered their fellow beings or the saints who prayed for them.

Then lived Vattel, whose sensitiveness and love for his art were so great that he committed suicide out of chagrin because some fresh fish did not arrive in time for a banquet to Louis XIV. given at Chantilly by the Prince de Condé. Vattel was the latter's *maitre d'hôtel*,⁴ and had already been disappointed on the night before his death because some roasts were not satisfactory. The next day, when the fish failed to come, he went to his room and, placing his sword against the door, repeatedly threw himself upon it, skewering himself on the third attempt. Just then the fish arrived, too late to save Vattel's life, but giving point to an interesting anecdote. In the next century Louis XV. himself was an amateur cook of no mean pretensions. The wealthy farmers-general of the realm became patrons of the art and gave entertainments such as had not been seen since the days of Lucullus.⁵

Then came the great Revolution, stirring to the depths French political, social, and religious life, and even effecting a new departure in French cookery. The nobles who had lived on the fat of the land were guillotined or emigrated to other countries. Their cooks, thus thrown out of employment and unadapted to new walks of life, preserved their profession by devoting themselves to their new masters—the people. Thus the era of the famous French restaurants began, and the Revolution, which opened to all the people the intellectual blessings of education and greater freedom, made more accessible to them the science of making and eating healthful food.

Beauvilliers was one of the pioneers of these *chefs* of the ruined nobility, establishing as early as 1782 a restaurant which for fifteen years was the most famous and at the same time the most expensive in Paris. It should be remembered that the Reign of Terror and the guillotine proved to be by no means incompatible with feasting and good cheer. As to the expense of such banquets, public and private, in those days the people were better able to bear it than ever before or since, for, as Carlyle picturesquely puts it, the guillotine was coining money. The

vast treasures hoarded for centuries by the nobles and the clergy were confiscated and put in circulation, becoming gradually distributed throughout the nation.

Beauvilliers' example was quickly followed by many others. The names of Leda, Naudet, Robert, Edon, Méot, Véry, Roze, and Legacque occur to me out of a score of celebrated Parisian *restaurateurs*⁶ of the *cuisine classique*, which lasted well down into the first quarter of the present century. It was they who made popular the flavoring of dishes cooked in their own essential juices, whether of meat, fish, or fowl. Part of the food, or a similar portion, would be used to extract the essence, making a decoction containing the inherent perfume and flavor with which to serve the dish. This is the theory of "classical sauces" which is occasionally applied to-day in the best Paris restaurants, especially in the serving of shell-fish and fowl.

About this period lived a man who was one of the most remarkable epicures of modern times and who has preserved for us in his book, "*Physiologie du Goût*," hints and recipes for making many famous dishes. Brillat-Savarin⁷—who was born at Belley—found himself in 1793, at the age of thirty-eight, mayor of his native town. Proscribed by the Revolution, he fled first to Switzerland and then to America, where he earned a living for two years by teaching French and playing in the orchestra of a New York theater. He returned to France in 1796, practised law, and on the fall of the Republic became a member of the *Cour de Cassation*.⁹ He died of pneumonia in 1826, leaving behind a reputation which will last as long as men eat and a very useful book containing not only the theory of cooking and practical directions for the kitchen, adapted to those of moderate means as well as the wealthy, but also many suggestions about healthful living which are profitable to the general reader.

He was a philosopher in his own line and left behind many maxims known even to those who are ignorant of his name; such, for instance, as "The destiny of nations depends on the manner in which they

nourish themselves," or "The discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of the human race than the discovery of a star." His work is far more than an ordinary cook-book, giving reasons for the use of certain foods or for the proper style in which they should be prepared which are sound, hygienic, and conducive to a long life. Living at a time when elaborate feasting was still the rule, he did not forget that the true basis of healthful cooking is simplicity. He relates with gusto a plain dinner which he enjoyed at the house of a friend near Hartford, Connecticut, the principal components of which were old cider and a wild turkey which he himself had shot while hunting in the morning.

After the days of Brillat-Savarin French cooking suffered a sensible decline. Still there were great masters of the art like Loyer and Drouhat, Léchard and Bernard, Tortez and Carême, Magny, who founded the restaurant that bore his name in the Rue Contrescarpe, whose cooking is so much praised by George Sand, Got, the chief *pâtissier*¹⁰ of Napoleon III., Amédée Bain, Queen Christina's *chef de bouche*,¹¹ Charles and Léon Canivet, Charles and Alexandre Lavigne, and the brothers Gouffé, one of whom, Jules, wrote the best standard cook-book in France to-day—"Le Livre de Cuisine." His brother Alphonse was *chef de bouche* to Queen Victoria and his brother Hippolyte performed the same duties for Count André Schouvaloff for about a quarter of a century. Jules Gouffé's book is divided into two parts, the first for ordinary households and the second for *la grande cuisine* of the very wealthy or for some great banquet.

Nearly all the great *restaurateurs* of Paris to-day are the direct successors of the celebrated cooks whose names I have recorded. Some restaurants are very expensive, like the Grand Véfour at the Palais Royal or Cubat's on the Champs-Élysées. The Maison Chevet at the Palais Royal is one of the best caterer's shops in Paris, but is not a restaurant. One of the best restaurants, where French cooking can be tasted in its perfection without paying a king's

ransom for the privilege, is the Boeuf à la Mode in the Rue de Valois. Further up on the boulevards between the Madeleine and the Place de la République are a number of excellent restaurants, but rather noisy, especially at night. The more fashionable *cafés* enter into this category, and are moreover very expensive. A quiet and select restaurant is Marguery's on the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle; it is famous for its fried soles. Among other places where good cooking is to be found are Bignon's on the Avenue de l'Opéra, Vian's in the Rue Daunou, Voisin's in the Rue St. Honoré, Le Doyen in the Champs-Élysées, the Pavillon d'Armenonville in the Bois de Boulogne, the Café Foyot near the Luxembourg, and Mignon's on the Boulevard St. Germain.

The tendency in all the French restaurants of the present day is to prepare meals for their chance customers who may happen in at any time of the day. Meals are eaten in a greater hurry than formerly, even in France, where it used to be the habit during the fiercest revolutionary and communistic struggles when the time of *déjeuner*¹² came for each side to stop fighting for an hour or so and devote themselves to the midday meal. The hurry and anxiety of modern life is slowly destroying whatever was distinctive in French cooking, which cannot be properly done in haste or when food is required in very large quantities. The development of club life is partly responsible for this, and the latter is only another sign of the deep-lying social problems which confront modern existence at every step. Men in fashionable society dine more frequently at the club than they do at their own homes. Fewer people marry than formerly, home life is decreasing, and club life increasing. Hence the last refuge of the Parisian *chef* is at the fashionable club-houses, which are now counted by the score and most of which set very good tables.

There is a *commission de la table* in most of the clubs, charged with the duty of looking after the kitchen and its details of expenses. To induce the clubmen to serve

on these committees their members are allowed free meals as a perquisite. Some of the clubs spend immense amounts on their tables. The Jockey Club's table, for instance, costs five million francs a year over and above the dues of its members. The price of a dinner here to regular members is only six francs. The only club in Paris that makes anything out of its table is said to be the Cercle de l'Union Artistique et Littéraire. Another club where there is a very good table is the Cercle de la Rue Royale. The Cercle Militaire often gives elaborate banquets to distinguished foreign visitors. The habit of having ladies dine at clubs has not found much favor in Paris. It was tried once by the Marquis de Massa but proved a failure. The Cercle Agricole,¹⁸ more commonly known as the "Pommes de Terre," has the best reputation for good cooking outside the private families. The best cooking in France is still to be found in some of the old families, like that of the Marquis de Jaucourt. Madame Bischoffsheim also has an excellent table.

Another sign of decadence in French cooking is the increasing absence of menu cards. Formerly no repast was without them. They served a very useful purpose, founded in reason, the idea being that the guest should not be taken by surprise at the unexpected arrival of a dish to which he would have liked to pay greater attention had he not already satisfied his hunger with something that had been served previously. It enables him to distribute his gastronomic forces properly over the meal. There should therefore be at least one menu card for every two guests. These cards were formerly very elaborate, decorated with etchings and water colors, and many Parisian artists of talent, such as Henri Boulet, Gray, Mesplès, and Henri Guérard devoted themselves to their preparation. Now these cards are replaced in most restaurants by the *carte du jour*,¹⁹ and in private dinners are almost always lacking.

Like most other professions in Paris the cooks have their trade-unions or syndi-

cates for mutual protection and benefit. They have a number of societies, organized for the same objects, in each special branch of cooking. The Société des Chefs de Cuisine has a membership of eighteen hundred to two thousand. The Chambre Syndicale des Pâtisseries and the Société de Secours Mutuels des Cuisiniers de Paris,¹⁵ which was founded in 1840, have about two thousand members. The Société des Ouvriers-Pâtisseries-Cuisiniers de Paris finds situations gratis for all cooks, pastry-cooks, confectioners of ice-cream and fancy cake, and for girls to tend shop and take orders. In addition it sells molds, tins, cooking utensils, and apparatus for the kitchen. These societies are all confined to males. The wages of a *chef* vary from five hundred or even one thousand francs a month to one hundred and fifty or two hundred.

Many well-informed persons, who really know what their palates and stomachs deserve to be treated to, prefer women cooks—the traditional *cuisinières du curé*,¹⁶ who rightly abhor all such things as prepared sauces. These female cooks strive to become experts in their profession and are then known as *cordons bleus*, a somewhat indefinite title which does not imply any decoration or diploma but simply that the possessors are first-rate *cuisinières*. A free cooking school for young women exists in the Galerie d'Orleans at the Palais Royal and a weekly journal is published called *La Cuisinière Cordon Bleu*. The women cooks, however, are not organized into syndicates and societies as the men are. Every year an "*exposition du concours culinaire*"¹⁷ is given under government auspices.

The literature on the subject is extensive but not of a very high grade. French cook-books abound but their quality is poor, and of histories of French cooking there are none. After all, hints rather than recipes are most needed, for a good cook must be his or her own teacher, and, as Louis XV. said: "The art of cooking cannot be learned out of a book any more than the art of swimming or the art of painting."

(End of Required Reading for April.)

THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN TROWBRIDGE, S.D.

OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

DURING a visit to Europe last summer I was interested in ascertaining what progress had been made in the perfection of motor carriages. It was a common sight in Paris to see such carriages running apparently with great ease over the smooth pavements; in Geneva too and in the suburbs of London I saw motor carriages carrying two passengers ascend moderate hills without difficulty.

In France during the summer there were numerous competitive trials of the different types of automobile carriages, and there was an exhibition of such carriages at the Crystal Palace in London. One saw there motor carriages propelled by steam-engines burning coal, coke, or liquid fuel. There were kerosene engines and naphtha engines, similar in general plan to the engines we have become accustomed to on naphtha launches; and these engines were suitably coupled to the axles of the carriages, which were of many forms, some resembling low phaetons and others like the large bath carriages one sees at English watering places. In the petroleum and naphtha engines the power is derived from the explosion of the hydrocarbon vapor in suitable cylinders. This exploding vapor takes the place of steam in such cylinders and drives the piston. There were also storage battery motor carriages. In the latter a number of storage batteries having been charged by a dynamo machine provide an electric current which drives an electric motor geared properly to the axles of the carriage.

The carriages together with the motors vary in weight from six hundred pounds to fifteen hundred pounds. An ordinary one-horse *coupé* weighs about nine hundred pounds, and a one-horse light buggy weighs about four hundred pounds. The cost of the motor carriages varies, but in general one must spend fifteen hundred dollars on

one—and make up his mind to encounter expensive repairs.

The subject of motor carriages appeared to interest Europeans much more than Americans, and I noticed with surprise a certain apathy of American capitalists who were interested in the bicycle manufacture and who were examining the subject of motor carriages. It was shown conclusively that various types of motors could be made which could develop abundant power to propel an ordinary carriage over fairly good roads, and one would suppose that the prominent bicycle manufacturers would quickly adapt their manufactories for the production of this much-desired rival of the bicycle. It would seem as if American inventors and business men especially would not be slow to produce a machine for which there is such a popular desire.

This apathy must be due to a lack of confidence in the success of motor carriages. It has been shown conclusively that it is not difficult to propel an ordinary carriage over fairly good roads without the aid of horses, either by the aid of steam or by the use of the vapor of kerosene or by electricity. The machinery too is durable and the motors are not difficult to manage after a little experience. Certainly if the time taken to obtain skill in riding a bicycle were devoted to understanding and obtaining control of the mechanism of an automobile carriage a person of average intelligence could become an adept in the management of such a carriage.

There are at present important practical objections to every form of automobile carriage. In the case of the motor in which steam is employed the cloud of condensed steam, especially in cold weather, is very objectionable. There is also the smoke, which however can be lessened by the use of coke. Above all there is the noise of the engine;

and in order to obtain efficiency there is need of a large condensing surface for the engine. When we turn to the kerosene and petroleum engines in general we find that they emit a very bad odor, and there seems to be no way at present of disposing of these bad-smelling products of combustion. It would be perfectly intolerable to have our city streets filled with automobile carriages run by petroleum motors. Moreover these petroleum engines must be kept running all the time that the carriage is in service, for the engine must be ready to start the carriage on the instant. In the case of naphtha launches this is not the case. The boat gets under way gradually.

The odors we have referred to would be very offensive on hot summer days, and would make our heated towns still more unbearable. The electrical motor carriage, however, emits no steam or bad-smelling products of combustion. It is perfectly safe for there is nothing to explode. Why should it not come into general use? One remembers the luxurious electric launches at the World's Fair in Chicago and the imagination readily pictures the extension of this method of propelling motors to the case of automobile carriages.

The chief objections to the electrical motor carriage are its expense and its weight. The storage cells occupy a large space in the carriage and deteriorate fast under the delivery of the strong current which is necessary for running the motor. A company has been formed in London to run the omnibuses by means of storage batteries, and great hopes are entertained of ultimate success. On level, well-made roads and with vehicles provided with rubber tires it is possible that the electric motor carriage may come into prominence. The consensus of the best engineering opinion, however, is against the extension of this method of propelling carriages on the ordinary street.

When we reflect, however, that the bicycle has been made a practical horseless carriage by the invention of ball bearings and rubber tires we look with great hope to the invention of an automobile carriage in which the man engine will be replaced by a small

steam-engine run by some species of liquid fuel. A friend, an ardent bicyclist, to whom I communicated my researches on motor carriages shortly after my return from Europe said that what he looked for was a motor which could be attached to an ordinary bicycle and which might serve to help one in ascending steep hills. I told him that in France I saw an automobile carriage so arranged that two men could pedal the carriage up hills and thus help the motor.

Few of us reflect how important good roads are for the successful employment of motor carriages. It is estimated that it requires eight times more power to propel a carriage on a smooth macadam road than on rails, and the electric railroads have shown that there is a great saving in having solid and well-laid rails. In the case of a light vehicle like the bicycle we are painfully conscious of rough roads after the first month of enthusiasm is past. It has been found by connecting an ordinary spring balance to the handle bar of one bicycle with a rider and drawing the bicycle after another that the draw-bar pull, so called, is four pounds on a smooth road and as high as six pounds on mud roads. On ordinary hills this pull is increased to twelve or sixteen pounds, and in traveling at the rate of ten miles an hour the bicyclist exerts a pressure of forty-seven pounds on the treadle on smooth roads and seventy-one pounds on mud roads, and he exerts about one tenth of a horse-power per minute in the latter case.

The economy of power, therefore, on good roads is very great; and it is no wonder that there are leagues of bicyclists formed to urge upon the proper authorities the improvement of roads. It has even been suggested that the gift of bicycles to the board of aldermen in many cities would be a worthy charity and productive of real good. A bicyclist immediately becomes interested in road-making.

The problem of good roads assumes still greater importance when one considers the practicability of motor carriages; and I firmly believe that the moment that a really practical motor carriage is put on the market we shall see a great improvement

in our roads. The bicycle has had an influence in this direction, but the motor carriage will be far more influential for it will be used to transport merchandise as well as for purposes of pleasure. With good level roads we learn from our experience with the bicycle that a motor of less than a horse-power is sufficient to propel a light carriage. Now steam-engines weighing less than a man have been made which will develop a horse-power. An additional weight, however, must be carried in the shape of boilers, condensers, and fuel.

I have said that the principal objection to the steam motor carriage arises from the clouds of steam in cool weather, and from the cinders, sparks, and smoke. There is little danger, however, from explosion in this form of motor carriage, for the engineer's experience in the use of steam is very large, and its idiosyncrasies are better understood than any other source of power. In the case of petroleum and naphtha engines our experience is not so large. The latter form of engines are similar in general plan to what is known as the gas engine. In the latter the power is derived from the explosion of a mixture of gas and air which drives the pistons in the cylinders to and fro and performs the same function as the expansion of steam in the steam-engine. The mixture of gas and air, of the vapor of kerosene or naphtha with air, is exploded automatically by an electric spark from a battery. In the case of a steam motor carriage the boiler might explode, and in the petroleum motor or spirit motor carriage there might be an explosion of the liquid fuel. The danger from explosion, however, has been reduced to a minimum.

The chief objection to the petroleum motor carriage arises from the waste products of the combustion and from the odors which result from these waste products. If compressed air is used as a source of power we should get rid of bad odors, but we should have a disagreeable noise arising from the hissing of the air. With the storage battery motor carriage we find ourselves perfectly contented until we estimate

the cost. There are no odors and very little noise. It is not necessary to keep the motor running while the carriage is at rest as it is with the petroleum motor. The carriage is started or stopped by simply moving a switch and any one can learn to use the mechanism.

The larger number of motor carriages are at present run by petroleum or naphtha, and if the future lies in the employment of such motor carriages we must look forward to seeing a certain amount of mechanical engineering taught even in schools for young ladies. The use of the bicycle has already developed a certain knowledge of mechanics among women. Before its introduction few women could use a wrench or knew the mysteries of cog-wheels, washers, and lubricants; now it is not an uncommon sight to see a woman taking her bicycle to pieces and putting it together with the skill which once belonged only to man. The objection that is sometimes urged against motor carriages that they will require the services of a skilled engineer instead of a coachman is not a very strong one when one considers what a change in practical education has been wrought by the introduction of the bicycle.

The automobile carriage has more promoters in France than in England. Perhaps a new source of income is foreseen in the popular use of such carriages, for the French economist is very sagacious. It is estimated that three hundred and twenty-two thousand bicycles were used in France in 1896, and the government tax on them amounted to the sum of \$650,000. The use of the motor carriage would undoubtedly swell the income of the republic. In England, however, the motor carriage has to struggle against strong conservatism. A new burden on the common roads is very much feared; and the Englishman is not ready to contemplate the disappearance of horses and the substitution of machines for them.

The taxes imposed on motor carriages in England are relatively high, and amount to £2, 2 s. a year on a motor carriage of less than a ton in weight and to £4, 4 s. on

motor carriages exceeding two tons in weight. These rates are high in comparison with the taxes on ordinary vehicles; for instance, a one-horse carriage is taxed 15 s. a year and a two-horse carriage £2, 2 s. a year. In America I believe that the assessors have not had the task of estimating what tax a motor carriage should pay. The bicycle has thus far escaped a taxation which could be readily levied without danger of being evaded, and the motor carriage would be still more in evidence, and the assessors are evidently joining mentally in the popular desire for the appearance of a really practical motor carriage.

It has been proposed in France by a true follower of Jules Verne that the sun should be made to drive a motor carriage. His plan is another example of the modern ways of regarding the sun. In the early days of the world's history men worshiped that luminary; now they not only have ceased to worship him but have dethroned him and have endeavored to make him their slave. It is the dream of inventors to compel the sun to do all the work of the world, not only by means of the energy he has stored up in the shape of coal, but also by means of the rays which emanate daily from his dazzling orb. This Frenchman has proposed a form of motor carriage in which water is converted into steam by means of the sun's rays, which are to be focused by suitable burning-glasses upon a boiler. On a hot day the spectacle would then be presented of the sudden appearance of numbers of motor carriages driven by the sun and cooling the passengers by their rapid motion through the air. The chief practical objection to this imaginative form of motor carriage is in regard to the size of it. The arrangement of mirrors or lenses

to concentrate the rays of the sun on the boiler would be enormous, and the resistance it would offer to the air would effectually prevent its movement.

The opinion at the present time of those best fitted to judge of the future of the motor carriage is as follows: Steam will probably be used and it will be generated by means of liquid fuel. It will be necessary to invent suitable air-condensers to obviate the clouds of steam, and to provide means of disposing of the smoke and cinders. This opinion is based upon the soundness of our knowledge of the properties of steam and upon its steadiness of action under definite conditions. It is not believed by the chief authorities that the practical motor carriage can be made very light; and it is not thought, for instance, that a light motor can be made which would be a serviceable attachment for an ordinary bicycle to assist the rider to mount hills or even to take part in the propulsion over level, smooth roads. Such motors undoubtedly can be made, but they are not fitted for every-day use. In the first days of the popularity of the bicycle hundreds of ingenious inventions were made for increasing the range of the machine. The tendency was to make all the parts as light as possible. Longer experience has shown that complicated mechanism does not stand the wear and tear of daily use. The modern machine has been shorn of many so-called improvements, and its weight has begun to increase, for it has been found that machines weighing less than twenty pounds are not serviceable on common roads. The motor carriage of the future will probably imitate the bicycle in its rubber tires and ball bearings; it will have a very respectable weight, and it will require a smooth road.

THE SON OF A TORY.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

BEING THE EXPERIENCES OF WILTON AUBREY IN THE MOHAWK VALLEY AND ELSEWHERE, DURING THE SUMMER OF 1777,
NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME EDITED FROM PRIVATE PAPERS.

CHAPTER VII.

WITH THE ADVANCE.

LATE in the afternoon of the 26th of July my father's body was laid to rest under the shade of the great linden tree. St. Leger read the burial service from the church prayer-book, and a military salute was fired in honor of the dead. My father's old comrade remained behind with me after the others had withdrawn, and then, when we had stood some time in silence, he put his arm through mine and led me gently away.

My father's death seemed to touch St. Leger deeply, and his consideration for me quite won my heart. How one appreciates a little kindness at such a time!

A place was provided for me within the fort, and all my effects brought thither, so that I did not again return to the scene of the previous night's agony and loss.

As I was retiring St. Leger came to my room.

"I know this spot will have nothing but bitter memories for you," he said, "and it has occurred to me that perhaps you would be glad to turn your back upon it at the earliest opportunity. I am sure it would be well for you if you are willing to do so."

Wondering what he had in mind, I answered that I would leave that very instant were such a thing possible.

"I am sending Lieutenant Bird forward with a detachment of the King's Regiment and a number of Indians, as a reconnoitering party, on the morrow," St. Leger went on. "You have already been over the route they are to traverse, and might be of assistance to the lieutenant. What say you, will you go?"

"How can I thank you for giving me the chance?" I cried.

"Don't think of that," said he. "I am

serving myself as well as you. One of your former companions shall accompany you; then if Lieutenant Bird wishes to communicate with me there will be trustworthy messengers. Whom do you prefer?"

"A Dutchman named Schroepel, who is in Captain McDonald's company of the 'Greens.' He knows the country as a priest his breviary."

"Good! He shall be seen at once. The expedition will start at seven"; and with a warm pressure of the hand he left me.

Action—something that would take me out of myself, would cause me to forget a little my troubles and sorrows—this was what I longed for, and this providentially had been offered me. So resolutely had I banished from my mind the possibility of serving the patriot cause, it did not occur to me that night, nor indeed until some time afterward, that there was now no sacred duty that bound me to the side of the king.

When I strode down to the river-landing the next morning, after a mournful revery at my father's grave, I found thirty soldiers and twice as many Indians in readiness to embark. St. Leger and Sir John Johnson were superintending in person the departure of the force. One *bateau* and several small boats had been assigned to the troops, while the Indians were to follow in their canoes. Lieutenant Bird, who had command of the expedition, proved to be an agreeable, wide-awake young officer, but little older than myself, for whom I at once conceived a liking. The lieutenant, Schroepel, and myself were to lead in one of the small boats, and we got under way with military promptness.

St. Leger evinced at parting the same kindness he had shown me on the previous day, and assured me that when I rejoined the main force the position he had promised me should be mine.

Schroepel was our pilot and guide. He and Lieutenant Bird speedily fell into an animated conversation, so that most of the morning I was left to my own sad thoughts, though occasionally the warm-hearted Dutchman would endeavor to divert and cheer me. After we had accomplished the portage at Oswego Falls the Indians began to be troublesome. Some of the chiefs wished to pitch camp for the night, although there were several hours of daylight left, and it required a deal of persuasion to prevail upon them to move forward. This was the first of many trying experiences with our savage allies. On the following morning all efforts to hasten them were vain, and we pushed on as far as Three Rivers without them. When, after much delay, they finally joined us, we discovered the reason of their dilatoriness. While we had been in camp several of their number, under the cover of darkness, had returned toward Oswego, and, meeting a commissary division that had been sent forward to the lower landing at the Oswego Falls portage, had stolen six quarters of beef from the army stores. Now feast they would, in spite of all Lieutenant Bird could say. A party of Senecas appeared at this juncture, and they proved as obdurate as the Mississagas, so we left them to gorge themselves, and turned up the Oneida River toward Oneida Lake.

Schroepel had worked himself into a violent passion over the behavior of the savages, and sputtered and stormed in Dutch, much to the lieutenant's amusement, though the latter was no less angry at their obstinacy. We followed the serpentine windings of the river until toward sunset, when we paused for the night among some large willows. At six in the morning no Indians had appeared, accordingly we continued on our way unescorted. By ten o'clock the heat was intense. Not a breath of air moved, a burning haze hung over the water, and the men had to change oars frequently to avoid sunstroke. Nor was there shade to afford temporary relief. The river-banks were low, and wooded near the stream only with willow and elder thickets.

I was sitting at the stern of the boat, talk-

ing with Schroepel, shading my face from the sun with a large lily-pad I had plucked from the water.

"Look!" he said suddenly, gripping my arm, "but don't turn your head—there to the right where there's an opening in the thicket. Don't you see that tall grass move? There's a redskin hidden in it. I saw his scalp-lock a second ago."

I did as he bade me, and presently, just before we drew abreast of the spot, I beheld the face of an Indian cautiously raised above the grass. The eyes of all the others in the boat were fixed upon a bend in the river which we were approaching. We were in mid-stream, yet by Schroepel and myself the Indian's features were readily distinguished.

"I know that fellow," the Dutchman said; "he's an Oneida half-breed named Spencer, a Whig spy I'll wager a wig!"

With that he caught up a musket that was resting against the seat in front of us, jerked it to his shoulder, and fired. The movement was one of incredible rapidity, yet the concealed redskin was quicker, for just before Schroepel pulled the trigger there was a wavering of the long grass and a bending of the adjacent bushes.

"I gave him a scare, anyhow," laughed my companion.

Scarcely had he spoken when a tongue of flame leaped from the thicket not ten feet from the spot where we had seen the savage, and the man just in front of us dropped his oar with a cry of pain. He had been shot through the forearm.

"That bullet was meant for me," said Schroepel coolly.

Half a dozen soldiers seized their guns and poured a volley into the thicket.

Suddenly Schroepel stood up and ran his eye along the shore.

"The redskin's on an island!" he exclaimed. "Pull, and we may catch him! There's no danger from his gun, for he's taken to his heels."

Lieutenant Bird shouted to the sergeant in the next boat, bidding him watch the main channel, while our oarsmen for the first time that morning made our craft cut swiftly

through the water. Rounding a marshy point, we swept into a stagnant arm of the stream, half choked by lily-pads.

"Faster! faster!" shouted Schroepel, who was standing, gun in hand, in the stern.

The men bent to their work, the sweat streaming in great drops from their faces; yet our progress was slow, for the pads and eel-grass grew thicker.

"There he is!" cried the man at the bow, as we passed a projection in the island shore. And sure enough there the Indian was, within fifteen feet of the bank of the mainland, holding his gun above his head as he swam. He saw us and realized his danger just in time, for as he sank beneath the water Schroepel's bullet threw up a shower of spray a few inches beyond the spot where he disappeared. We watched for his reappearance in vain.

"He's caught in the eel-grass and will drown," said I.

"No such good luck, I fear," laughed Schroepel. "There is little grass over yonder where he sank. The fellow can dive like a duck, and by this he's safe as a weasel under the bank somewhere."

Lieutenant Bird was scanning the shore. There were certainly places of concealment in abundance beneath the overhanging sod and roots.

"It's futile to search for such a slippery rascal," he said; "we may as well seek the main stream again."

This was the first occurrence since our departure from Oswego that really roused me from my apathy, and after we had regained the river proper I found myself cherishing a feeling of relief, nay, even one of pleasure, that the Oneida had escaped. I was sorry for the wounded soldier, however, and there being no one in the boat who could more skilfully care for him, I did what I could to make his wound comfortable.

So oppressive had the heat now become that when we discovered an inlet half girdled by a group of willows we pulled into it, though not without some misgivings, and, finding no traces of the presence of an enemy, here rested until the afternoon had well worn away. We were now quite near

Fort Brewerton. On consultation with Schroepel and myself, however, Lieutenant Bird decided to advance during the night as far as Nine Mile Point. Here, before we struck camp the following morning, a part of the Indians overtook us, and accompanied us to the mouth of Wood Creek. But it was not until the dawn of another day, the 1st of August, that all of our troublesome allies appeared.

That night Lieutenant Bird called a council of the chiefs, at which Schroepel and myself were present.

"Brothers," the lieutenant said to them, "I am commanded by the white chief to advance upon Fort Stanwix. In order that the fort may be fully surrounded, and our enemies receive no aid from without after our arrival, it is my wish that we march forward together. We have already delayed too long. We have loitered by the way, but now we must be swift to move. You have not forgotten the promises the Great Father beyond the sea has made to you. These promises will be kept, but the Great Father and the white chief who commands us all expect that you will keep your promises as well."

This speech was received by most of the savages with nods and grunts of approval, and a number of them signified their willingness to start forward on the morrow.

Finally a fierce old Seneca, who went by the name of Commodore Bradley, rose and said:

"Brothers, when we left Oswego the young white chief agreed to give ear to our advice. It is not bravery to march out from a secure shelter into an open space, and up to the mouth of great guns. It is the act of a fool. Moreover night is the time for the trail. No enemy can aim true in the dark."

"The ugly old idiot!" said Schroepel in an undertone. "Does he think we want him to storm Fort Stanwix in broad daylight?"

The words of the Seneca produced a marked impression on the other chiefs, and it required much explanation before the lieutenant could satisfy them that he wished to proceed only as far as the edge of the

wood that surrounded the fort. At last most of them agreed that they would co-operate with the troops and march at dawn.

As I lay upon my army blanket, with no roof save the rustling leaves, for the first time it came to me that my position was different from what it had been when my father was living. It may appear strange that this had not occurred to me before, but looking back to this period, now that years have elapsed, I realize that the shock of my father's death must have dulled and blurred my power of thought.

Whom had I to consider save myself and Margaret?—this was the question I asked myself now. St. Leger? He had indeed been kind to me, but was it not solely for my father's sake? How long would his present attitude continue? Had not Sir John Johnson, in my absence, already prejudiced him against me? If the baronet had not yet done so would he not seize upon the first opportunity? and then, with St. Leger's favor withdrawn, what had I to hope for? Clearly my only chance of perfect security lay in escaping into the Continental lines—in joining the cause with which my heart had been from the outset. But how was my escape to be effected? The solution to this query baffled me.

I lay long, pondering upon the matter, gazing with wide-open eyes at the sparkling points of light visible through the rifts in the swaying branches; but the stars gave me no inspiration. On all other subjects I should have consulted Schroepel unhesitatingly, and no doubt profited by his rough but shrewd advice. To approach him concerning what I had in mind would, however, as I well realized, be the sheerest folly, for he had the reputation of being one of the staunchest Tories in the Mohawk Valley.

It would perhaps have been madness to risk finding my way overland to Fort Stanwix by paths wholly unknown, yet had I had a companion willing to venture it with me how gladly would I have made the attempt!

The night wore on. I heard the murmur of the sentries' voices as they relieved one another, and at last fell into a light slumber from which I was frequently roused by the

stir of some one of the soldiers about me. At dawn the Indians again failed us. Commodore Bradley had, for some reason, played upon their fears, and not more than half a dozen were willing to accompany the troops. Schroepel swore fiercely, but previous experience had turned Lieutenant Bird into something of a stoic, and he bore this crowning disappointment admirably.

"I must send word to Colonel St. Leger," he said. "I fear I should have done so before. Brant and Claus and Sir John are the only ones who can manage these cursed savages. Aubrey, I shall have to ask you and Schroepel to carry my message for me."

I went with Schroepel to the creek, where he selected a canoe. Presently the lieutenant joined us, and gave his hastily written missive into my keeping.

"We shall make for Nine Mile Point," said Schroepel, taking up the paddle. "The army should have reached there by this time."

He gave the light craft a vigorous shove from the bank, dipped the blade deep, and we went swiftly skimming down the stream toward the lake.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FORT IS ENCOMPASSED.

I HAD become familiar with canoeing during my residence at the settlement, but never before had I seen such a display of skill as was shown by Schroepel that morning. Our little boat seemed a thing of life, and darted forward as if it had wings.

As we approached Nine Mile Point the sunlight glinted on something white.

"They are there," I said to Schroepel. "I can see their tents."

"Umph!" growled he, "they're halting long enough to get the tents out, are they?"

"Probably only for a few of the officers," I answered, as we soon discovered to be the case.

Several soldiers and Indians came to the beach to greet us.

"Take me to the colonel," I said to a sergeant who, as I saw by his uniform, belonged to St. Leger's regiment.

The commander was just rising, and came to the door of his tent half dressed. He greeted me a trifle brusquely, as though he was vexed at being disturbed before he had made his toilet. I noticed that his hand shook when he took Lieutenant Bird's letter, and his eyes were bloodshot as though he had been free with his liquor the night before. He cursed roundly when he had scanned the written page, and told the sergeant to send Captain Brant to him at once.

"And, sergeant," he called after the soldier, who had turned to go, "give Mr. Aubrey and the man who came with him some breakfast. Most of the officers have breakfasted," he said in explanation to me, "and Sir John and I are to discuss plans over our coffee."

It mattered little to me how, or with whom, I ate, so long as there was some sort of a meal forthcoming. I had had opportunity for only a hasty bite at Wood Creek, and the canoe ride in the fresh morning air had made me ravenously hungry. While Schroepel and I were devouring what the sergeant provided, an orderly appeared and handed Schroepel a letter.

"You are to bear this to Lieutenant Bird as soon as possible," he said, and then, addressing me, "The colonel desires you to remain, Mr. Aubrey."

I would much have preferred to accompany Schroepel, for I had not been greatly pleased with the reception given me by St. Leger. There was, however, no other way but to accede to his wishes with the best grace I could summon. I saw my companion depart, and presently witnessed the embarkation of a large number of Indians under Brant's command.

It was ten o'clock before I again had word with St. Leger. I was talking with Colonel Claus when he observed me.

"Ah! Aubrey," he said, "I wondered where you were. We shall all be moving within an hour. If you had been on hand last night I should have let you try your skill at your new duties. Come with me, and you shall see the proclamation Lieutenant Hamilton has drawn up under my direction."

I followed him to his tent, which two soldiers were engaged in taking down.

"This," he said, taking a paper from a leather case, "will, I flatter myself, bring the garrison at Fort Stanwix to terms."

I ran my eye down the long, closely written sheet in which the uprising of the colonies was characterized as an "unnatural rebellion," and those engaged in it were accused of "persecution and torture unprecedented in the inquisitions of the Romish Church." It was St. Leger's intention, so the manifesto stated, to "hold forth security, not depredation, to the country." In case, however, "the frenzy of hostility" remained, it was his declared purpose to execute "the vengeance of the state against the wilful outcasts."

Though his manner toward me was now kindly, my estimate of the man was vastly lessened after reading the pompous proclamation. The statement that he intended to "hold forth security, not depredation, to the country," with Brant and his savage horde as allies, struck me as being a sublime travesty on fact.

Could I, at St. Leger's dictation, pen such a document? I doubted my patience and composure were I put to so trying a test.

"I fear I shall prove but a poor substitute for your present secretary," I said. "I could never, save with your assistance, produce so telling a manifesto as this."

"My assistance you shall have," he replied, evidently pleased at the implied compliment to his powers of expression.

I was honored with a place in the *bateau* with St. Leger, Sir John Johnson, and Colonel Claus. The baronet rarely addressed me, yet there was nothing in his treatment of me, nor had there been since my father's death, to indicate that he cherished any resentment toward me, or that he deemed me an object of suspicion. I knew the nature of the man too well, however, to be lulled by his unruffled exterior into a feeling of false security.

We reached the mouth of Wood Creek by the middle of the afternoon. Lieutenant Bird and his troop, together with the In-

dians under Brant, had gone on ahead to invest the fort that evening. It was decided that the main force should hasten forward as soon as practicable, so that a grand display might be made before the fortifications the next morning. Wood Creek had been rendered impassable. The channel must be cleared and a temporary road cut for transporting the artillery, but it seemed best to delay these operations until after the army was permanently encamped.

Wearisome indeed was that night's march. Stumbling over roots and into bog holes, tripping in the tough wire-grass, footsore, lame, we at last threw ourselves down wherever the ground was firm, near the Wood Creek extremity of the carrying-place.

Every one was glad to be stirring at dawn. There was no grumbling at the cold breakfast, so excited were all over the prospect of encompassing the enemy. It was a perfect Sabbath morning, cloudless and cool. Did it seem to any one, I wondered, that it was God's work we were bent upon?

As early as practicable the line of march was formed. The regulars donned for the occasion their bright new uniforms, which had not been taken from the packs since they left Buck Island. Five Indian columns constituted the advance, then came a detachment of the "Greens," then the main body of the army, with Indians on both flanks, and finally the rear-guard, which was made up of the "Greens" and the Rangers.

The command "Forward!" was passed along the line. The flags were unfurled, the bugles sounded, the drums struck up, and amid wild shouts from the Indians we moved toward the fort, following the route of the carrying-place.

I had been given an officer's coat for the occasion, and assigned a position in the ranks beside Lieutenant Hamilton, who appeared to resent my presence. He treated me with the superior, supercilious air adopted by some army men toward civilians. It occurred to me that possibly he might be disturbed because St. Leger had made me his secretary, so I remarked that the position was not one of my own seeking, and that it was not my wish to supplant any one. I re-

ceived so rude a reply that I regretted my effort to be friendly, and thereafter was wholly silent.

As we emerged into the cleared space on the west of the fort we saw that the whole garrison had assembled on the ramparts to view our approach.

"A brave set they look!" cried Lieutenant Hamilton with a sneer, and indeed the air of the Continentals did appear to be that of stupefaction and wonder. I learned later that they were merely intent upon counting our numbers.

An emissary bearing a flag of truce and a copy of St. Leger's proclamation was at once dispatched to the fort. No reply whatever being vouchsafed, active preparations for a siege were immediately begun. St. Leger selected the Wood Creek extremity of the carrying-place as his supply station. This was guarded by a company of the King's Regiment. On a ridge to the northeast of the fort the commander established his own headquarters, and, near by, men were ordered to throw up earthworks so that everything should be in readiness to mount the guns as soon as they should arrive. Sir John Johnson and his command encamped close to the boat-landing on the Mohawk. The Indians were stationed at intervals in the woods, thus making the investment complete.

During the day St. Leger employed me to carry several messages, and I became familiar with the ground around the fort. The first shades of twilight had fallen, and I was lying on the brow of the slope where our camp was pitched, gazing at the fortification not far distant and wishing I were within its walls, when I heard footsteps behind me. Glancing back, I saw St. Leger close at hand.

"Aubrey," he said, "I want you to go to Sir John's camp and tell the Baronet to post some of the savages beyond the river. A reinforcement with provisions arrived last evening just before Lieutenant Bird reached the scene, and I desire to take every precaution to prevent further aid from entering the fort. He may have issued orders to the Indians already, but I want to make sure."

Bidding me hasten, the colonel turned and left me. Here was the very opportunity I had longed for, and my heart beat fast at the thought. As I lay looking at the fort it had occurred to me that could I steal from camp unobserved and descend the slope I might possibly cross the low, marshy ground intervening, under cover of the reeds and elders and swamp-rose bushes, get within hailing distance of the sally-port, make myself known as a friend, and thus gain the shelter and safety I desired. There was danger, in the dim light, of being mistaken for a lurking Indian, and being fired at by one of the sentinels, but this risk I was willing to run.

Now that I had a commission from the commander I rose without hesitation, slipped down the declivity, and entered the tangle below. The route I was taking was the most direct one to the baronet's camp, though by no means the easiest. Commonly a detour was made to the west of the fort, an open path on high ground.

A small stream which had its source in some springs to the east of our camp ran close to the base of the ridge. Crossing this I followed its general trend, since before emptying into the river it passed within a few rods of the sally-port. I picked my way without much difficulty over the uneven ground, for the weather had been dry and only the deepest bog holes contained water. Coming at length to an opening in the thicket, I was forced to crawl on hands and knees to gain another cover where I might proceed in a crouching posture. I was now within range of the fort, and, in spite of the uncertain light, thought it wise to exercise the greatest caution. I was congratulating myself on the progress I was making, when, on putting back a thick screen of swamp-laurel, I found myself face to face with an Indian who was squatting upon his haunches in a grassy plot perhaps twelve feet in circumference where no shrubs were growing. He had evidently crept into his present place of concealment in the hope of getting a shot at one of the fort sentries.

I recognized the savage the moment I put my eyes on him. There was no mis-

taking that malicious mouth. It was the very Indian whom Schroepel and I had left bound in the wilderness. It was not at all strange I had not encountered him before, as he was but one of the thousand who were with the army. It was most strange and most unfortunate, however, that I should encounter him now.

He did not know me at once, for the shadow cast by the branches about my face added to the fast-thickening twilight shades. But as he continued to gaze at me a look of recognition passed over his ugly countenance. He put aside the rifle which lay across his knees, and drew his scalping knife. A swift chill went over me, for I was unarmed. It had not occurred to me that I should have occasion to use my pistols, and gun or sword would, I knew, be only an encumbrance.

There was no doubt that the savage meant mischief. The treatment he had received at the hands of Schroepel and myself had been anything but tender, and I was sufficiently well acquainted with Indian nature to realize that revenge would be his first thought.

Still holding back the branches, and keeping my eyes upon the Indian, I dropped upon one knee and ran the fingers of my disengaged hand, the right, over the ground. They came in contact (and I have always maintained that it was providential) with a gnarled root, at which I gave a quick tug. The earth was soft, and the root, a fragment of some long-dead tree, hardened through continuous contact with the water, was dislodged by my sudden effort. The savage saw my movement, but could not solve the meaning of it. I believe, however, that he fancied I was drawing a weapon, for he cast his knife at me so swiftly that I had barely time to duck my head. The knife was intended for my throat, but only damaged my hat and cut a furrow in my scalp just below my crown.

Maddened by the sting of pain, I did not wait for a renewal of the attack, but met my enemy half way as he was coming upon me with his tomahawk. My blow was a true one, and as deadly as it was true. The

knotted root, almost as heavy and hard as a stone, struck the savage upon the forehead between the eyes, and crushed his skull as though it had been an egg-shell. Backward he fell in a heap, his weapon flying to one side, one dull moan of agony escaping his lips.

Unthinkingly I staggered to my feet, my head and shoulders in full view above the bushes. I was not observed for an instant, then "crack" rang a musket, and the bullet sang by me with waspish viciousness. As I dropped to the ground several others cut the twigs about me, and I crept away from the spot toward the river with all haste, satisfied that any further effort to gain entrance to the fort that night would be futile.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BARONET SHOWS HIS HAND.

HATLESS, and smeared with blood from the wound on my head, I finally reached the baronet's camp just as dusk was deepening into night. A sorry spectacle I must have been when I presented myself to Sir John and Colonel Claus, who were reclining before a small camp-fire which had been built to drive away the swarming gnats.

"Whom have we here?" cried the baronet in a peremptory tone.

I explained my errand and the cause of my plight in as few words as possible, stating in regard to my encounter with the Indian no more than the fact that I had been attacked by a savage.

"The redskin must have taken you for one of the enemy," said the colonel.

"The fellow doubtless belonged to the band I stationed beyond the river," commented the baronet, indicating that he had forestalled St. Leger's wish.

As I was withdrawing Sir John called after me:

"Perhaps we would better provide you with an escort, Mr. Aubrey, you seem to be so easily mistaken for a rebel."

"Thank you," I said stiffly, "I think I have proven that I can protect myself."

Still without a covering for my head, I strode swiftly away into the darkness. I

fancied I heard Colonel Claus say something in remonstrance to Sir John, and cast a look back to see if the two had moved. The baronet had risen, and was apparently giving orders to a soldier who was facing him. I could not distinguish the man's face, but I saw that it was not the colonel.

As I drew nearer the fort, my path leading me in that direction, there burst from the woods on all sides a wild chorus of whoops and yells. I will not deny that I was much startled, and it was with far from a feeling of perfect security that I continued on my way. The noise ceased almost as suddenly as it had broken forth, only to ring out again a moment or two later. Pausing to listen to the second outburst, I fancied I caught the sound of footfalls behind me, and crouched down in a little hollow to see if my suspicions were correct. Presently a soldier came slinking along, and halted not ten yards distant, peering about him into the darkness. I crept toward him, and was within a dozen feet of him before he saw me.

"Give my compliments to Sir John Johnson," I said, "and assure him that his solicitude for my safety is quite unnecessary."

The man stammered some foolish excuse, and I left him standing there abashed and chagrined.

Preparations for the siege progressed briskly the following day. The battery on the ridge was ready for the guns, and Sir John had thrown up a redoubt near the river. The Indians posted themselves in every conceivable place of concealment within rifle shot of the fort, and succeeded in picking off several men who were at work strengthening the ramparts. Night came, and still there was no opportunity for carrying out my cherished plan of escape.

On the morning of the 5th a part of the guns arrived, and were put in place. A few ineffective shells were fired, and then St. Leger decided to wait until the whole battery was in working order. I had been entirely unoccupied that morning, as I had been a greater part of the day previous, and sat down to dinner with the younger officers of St. Leger's and the King's Regiment, to whose mess I had been assigned.

moody and uncommunicative. I began to think I was destined to be a hanger-on in the besieger's camp for an indefinite period, since it was clear that, contrary to St. Leger's expectation, the siege was likely to draw itself out for weeks. Indeed I much doubted, as I had from the first, if it ever proved successful. The garrison certainly seemed bent on resisting to the last, and it was impossible to see how St. Leger could force the Continentals to capitulate.

Most of the officers whose mess I shared treated me with consideration, if not courtesy. Lieutenant Hamilton was the only one whose manner was unfriendly, and his studied rudeness both puzzled and annoyed me. As I took my place at the rough table where we were served, I saw from the expression of his face that he was more than usually sour-tempered, and for the first time, owing doubtless to my own disquieted mood, I found myself resenting his attitude toward me. Hitherto I had simply ignored it.

The conversation, whether by intention or chance I know not, turned upon the Tories and the assistance they had already rendered, and were likely to render, the king's cause.

Most of the officers, citing Sir John Johnson, Colonel Claus, and Colonel Butler as examples, were generous in praise of the exalt of these leaders and their followers.

"Granted!" cried Lieutenant Hamilton. "We have with us a zealous body of allies, but what I maintain is that these men are loyal exceptions. The main body of so-called Tories in the colonies are cowards."

"Folly! Hamilton, you don't know what you are saying!" exclaimed Lieutenant Hare. "Look at the New Yorkers!"

"They'd all turn coats quickly enough if our troops weren't in possession of the city," asserted the other. "Then take the interior of the country—this Mohawk Valley for example, where we are to march presently. Why don't these brave gentlemen there bestir themselves?"

"They need a Sir John to lead them, I suppose," some one suggested.

"Yes, and very careful they are not to make a move while the leader is still a few

miles distant," sneered the lieutenant. "The fact of the matter is," he continued, looking straight at me, "I have yet to meet a civilian who would fight unless he were driven to it. Your ordinary citizen has nothing in his veins but milk and water."

The insult was so unexpected and so fully unprovoked that I was too astonished to attempt a reply. Two or three of the officers glanced at me a little curiously, but I am sure it did not occur to them that Lieutenant Hamilton had any intention of deliberately affronting me. There was an awkward silence of a few seconds, then the lieutenant went on mockingly:

"Why, the sight of gun or sword is enough to turn the swarthiest civilian as pale as the commander's new secretary yonder."

If my face had worn a noticeable pallor (a thing natural with me when perturbed or down-spirited) it certainly changed hue, and that swiftly, at these words.

"Perhaps the common citizen does love peace and dread war," I said, "but he at least knows how to be a gentleman, something that one officer in his Majesty's service has forgotten, if, indeed, he ever had any conception of a gentleman's qualities."

That the man had any purpose in provoking me to a quarrel did not enter my head, or I had made a violent effort to restrain myself, and had not spoken as I did. Several officers started to their feet as though to interpose between us. Lieutenant Hamilton, however, much to my astonishment, took my retort coolly enough.

"I'll prick your skin for that, my simple secretary," he said.

"I'm quite willing that you should try," I replied, and just then Lieutenant Bird walked in upon us.

He was the only one of those present who had evinced for me any real friendliness, so I naturally turned to him.

"A little difference of opinion to settle, Bird, that's all," called Lieutenant Hamilton to him with a laugh, as I asked him to be my second.

He drew me aside, and listened with knitted brow to my account of what had happened.

"Hamilton's a quarrelsome fellow," he said, when I had finished, "but I don't understand this. He certainly can't have been drinking at this hour of the day. Have you ever done anything to provoke his enmity?"

"Nothing, unless it be that he is angry because I am acting as St. Leger's secretary."

"Ah! that may be it, though I remember he used to swear that he hated the part of a scribe—work, I have heard him say, fit only for a common clerk."

"However that may be," I answered, "this meeting cannot be avoided."

"Not if he will apologize?"

"He'll not do that."

"Certainly it isn't like him."

"But, my dear fellow," cried Bird suddenly, an unpleasant thought coming into his mind, "Hamilton's a skilful swordsman, and you——"

He stopped and looked at me in doubt.

"Are a novice, were you going to say?"

He nodded.

"It can't be helped," I said, not choosing to tell him I was by no means ignorant of sword-play.

Lieutenant Hare in behalf of Hamilton now approached, and after a few moments' consultation with Lieutenant Bird (an apology, as my second had surmised, being out of the question) it was arranged that the meeting should take place in half an hour in a little clearing in the woodland to the rear of the camp.

Though I had no fear as to the outcome of the encounter, being fully confident of my ability to give a good account of myself (my father had long ago told me I was a very apt pupil), I retired to my tent and penned a few lines to Margaret, in case the worst by any chance should happen. This missive, with brief instructions in regard to its delivery should aught serious befall me, I gave into the hands of Lieutenant Bird as we repaired together to the place of meeting.

It chanced that none of those engaged in the affair, either principals or seconds, were on duty before three o'clock, so there seemed to be small likelihood of an interruption.

The spot selected for the encounter was

well shaded, and there was little choice of position. Lieutenant Hamilton and I saluted each other formally, and then our blades crossed. As my grip tightened on the hilt of the good weapon with which my second had supplied me, and I heard the ring of the steel, my mind went back to the time when, in the little garden adjoining our old home in New York, I had first faced my father, and listened to and profited by his instruction. Many were the bouts we had had there in my youthful days; and later, at the settlement, when my father no longer felt equal to the exercise, David and I (for David had once been a trooper in a German cavalry regiment) had frequently tried conclusions, with my father standing by as umpire and critic.

It had been several months since I had had sword in hand, yet my wrist was no less supple than of old, and my arm, owing to much tugging at oars, a shade harder than it was wont to be.

To give my antagonist the impression that my knowledge of the use of the sword was slight, I followed the clumsier German play used by David, and I saw a smile of scorn and triumph flicker about the lieutenant's lips as I, with apparent difficulty, parried one of his vicious thrusts, for he lost no time in making a vigorous attack. I have no doubt that both onlookers expected to see me spitted after a few passes, and the lieutenant, judging from his manner, was quite as confident as they.

My opponent was a good swordsman, and he was tricky. I discovered this fact very shortly, and the prick he promised to give me I certainly got, though it was but a scratch upon the left arm. He now pressed me closely, evidently intending to end the contest then and there; but I did not for once lose my coolness, and as I parried some of his most dexterous thrusts I saw the expression of his face begin to change. He was no longer the confident bully. He was surprised, nay, I think amazed.

It had been my intention from the first, if fortune were with me in the fight, to let him feel the point of my sword somewhere not in a vital part, and then disarm him. I knew

the last would be a crowning humiliation, and as for killing him, such a thought had never entered my head, though I am sure he had, on his side, no such compunction.

With a suddenness that confused my antagonist, I changed my tactics, and had him presently quite at my mercy, for a sort of nervous fear mixed with wonder had taken possession of him. One moment the point of my weapon bit deep into the fleshy part of his left shoulder, and the next his sword was flying through the air, while a terrible oath fell from his lips.

Then, while the little clearing yet resounded with the clash of our weapons, St. Leger, Sir John Johnson, and half a dozen others burst upon the scene. So intent had our seconds been upon the combat that they had not heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and we, the combatants, would not have been aware of it had ten thousand men been marching down upon us.

"What did I tell you, colonel?" cried Sir John with a wave of his hand toward where Lieutenant Hamilton and I were standing.

I saw by his expression that St. Leger was violently angry, and it came to me now in a flash that I had been the victim of a plot deliberately laid by the baronet to ruin me. Whichever way the duel turned out I

would be disgraced in St. Leger's eyes. Lieutenant Hamilton, jealous of my preference, had been a willing tool.

"Mr. Aubrey," said St. Leger sternly, "you may consider yourself under arrest."

"What is the charge against me?" I demanded.

"You stand here facing one of my officers, with your sword in hand, and ask such a question?" thundered the commander.

"I was not the cause of the quarrel. Question any of those present when it took place if you do not believe me," I said.

Lieutenant Bird was about to speak when Sir John Johnson signed to him to be silent.

"The young man has a smooth tongue," said the baronet to St. Leger.

"And he has a sharp sword," I cried, quite beyond myself with passion, "that could teach you a lesson as it has your protégé, Sir John Johnson."

"Silence!" shouted St. Leger. "Another word and you shall be court-martialed."

This brought me to my senses. I gave up my sword, and submitted to be led away to the camp, where I was assigned to a small tent not in use, and a guard stationed at the door. Here I spent the afternoon, with no companion save my own thoughts.

(To be continued.)

LOST—A THOUGHT.

BY G. M. HOWARD.

I HAD a thought—a thing so slight
It vanished ere I grasped it quite.
Whence hath it gone? Ah, welladay!
Can learned doctors tell me, pray?
Or whence it came? That too as well
I would that wisest sage might tell.

As lightning parts the cloud in twain,
And heralds thus the coming rain,
So with my thought; both swift and bright,
It promised much—now lost to sight!
I've searched to-day and yesterday;
It still eludes, is still astray.

KING GEORGE I. OF GREECE.

I wonder if some greater mind
 This truant thought may one day find!
 May quickly seize and hold and use
 That which to me elusive proves;
 To me a tantalizing hint,
 To him, perhaps, a golden mint.

Perchance 'tis this that draws the line
 Where large souls o'er the lesser shine.
 The master mind hath power to see
 These flashes from Infinity;
 Aye, more than that—to also free
 The mighty truth, concealed from me.

And yet, withal, 'twas but a thought—
 A thing you'd almost count for nought.
 Yet thoughts ere this have conquered kings!
 Have given steam and lightning wings!
 Have sped the arrow speech, to smite
 To death the wrong—to guard the right.

But as I thus my loss proclaim,
 Back to that silence whence it came
 Hath fled this vexing, ghostlike thing,
 Where mystic shadows veiling cling;
 Nor seer nor sage can tell me when
 I'll find that wandering thought again.

KING GEORGE I. OF GREECE.

BY PRESIDENT WILLIAM E. WATERS.

OF WELLS COLLEGE.

THOUGH the little kingdom of the Greeks covers not many more square miles of surface than the state of West Virginia, and is the smallest among the petty states of Southeastern Europe, it fills at this moment a very conspicuous place in the eyes of the entire civilized world. For at least the last five years there has not been what may be called a true cessation of all kinds of hostilities between Turks and Greeks on the island of Crete; while Armenians have been harried and butchered in another part of the Turkish Empire, here in Crete the flames of war smoldering since 1868 have now broken out with greater virulence, as though to show the sultan that Armenian outrage means Greek resentment—resentment not only born of sympathy

with these other hapless victims of Turkish cruelty, but meant as a warning that the spirit of 1821 and of 1884 has not died out of the Greek heart.

King George I. was born December 24, 1845, and is now in his fifty-second year. His father is the same Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, present king of Denmark, who is father of Princess Alexandra, wife of the Prince of Wales, and is father of the dowager Empress of Russia (mother of the present czar). King George is therefore uncle of the present czar, his sister's son. Previous to his acceptance of the kingship over the Greeks he was named Prince Wilhelm. He was elected "King of the Hellenes" by the National Assembly at Athens, March 18 (which is the 30th in our

calendar), 1863. Being at that time under age he accepted the crown through his father, June 4, 1863. The National Assembly, however, promptly declared him of age, June 27, and he landed in Greece in November of the same year.

The queen of the Greeks is Olga, whom King George married October 27, 1867. She is the daughter of Grand-duke Constantine of Russia, who was a brother of that grandfather of the reigning czar who lost his life in consequence of an explosion of dynamite in 1881. Both the king and the queen of the Greeks are therefore nearly enough related to the Czar of Russia to make them objects of his care and interest.

Six children have blessed the marriage of King George and Queen Olga. The eldest is Prince Constantinos, Duke of Sparta, who is heir-apparent, and was born August 2, 1868. October 28, 1889, he was married to Princess Sophia of Prussia, sister to the reigning Emperor of Germany. It is alleged that the ill humor with which the emperor viewed the possible surrender of Crete to Greece has been in large part due to the willingness of his sister, Princess Sophia, to renounce her Lutheran faith and accept the sacraments of the Greek Catholic Church, the national church of Greece and of course of her husband. Whether this explains the ill humor of Emperor William or not, it throws a side light upon the extreme conservatism of the Greek Church, which would have been very loth to contemplate the certainty of having in the near future a queen of the Lutheran faith. The second son of King Georgios I. is Prince Georgios, who was born June 24, 1869. It is he who is so popular throughout Europe and is the particularly dear friend of the czar, his own first cousin, whose life Prince George saved during the travels of the czar in Japan a few years ago, on the occasion of a furious assault made upon the august person of the czar by a demented Japanese policeman.

The married life of the royal pair has been a most happy one in all particulars, and the breath of scandal has never been heard in their connection. Though they are of different faiths or religions, since the king has

availed himself of the courtesy of his people in adhering to the religion in which he was educated, in their home life they are of one purpose and heart. The king is, himself, a man of interesting personal appearance, of full, manly stature, and of the strictly Scandinavian type of complexion. His bearing marks more than anything else the dignified and finely bred gentleman; he is not oblivious to the fact that he is a king, and yet he is not so pervaded with a consciousness of it as to offend that strong sense of democratic equality as characteristic of the modern Greek as it was of our people in the days of Jacksonian democracy.

Over the entrance to the railway station in Athens where one takes the train for the Piræus is a motto that shows well how democratic is the genius of the Greek. Translated it reads: "Long live the people; long live the king." The people comes first, the king next. It is in a large degree just this spirit of equality which accounts for the fact that almost all of the newspapers of Athens are in opposition to the administration, whoever the prime-minister may be. The king, however, thoroughly understands and appreciates this spirit. It is fortunate that he came from a small kingdom and a constitutional monarchy. It was the failure of the Bavarian king Otho, the predecessor of King George, to understand it that made him an impossibility and caused his banishment from Greece.

The writer recalls that on his way to Greece in 1892 he was obliged to spend a week in quarantine off Corfu, and that one day he saw a fine vessel come into the harbor. It was the vessel which bore King George on his return from his summer visit to his father and mother in Denmark. He had gone to Europe; for Greece looks upon a visit to any other part of Europe as a trip abroad as truly as we do when we cross the Atlantic. The king remained in quarantine like ourselves, in submission to the laws and regulations of the nation regarding such matters, and as he was to go around southern Greece he did not arrive in Athens until after we did. To any one familiar with the Greeks of to-day there is apparent a marked

restlessness under authority; they yearn for democratic manners and institutions. There is for this reason every necessity that royalty should exercise the greatest tact in every display of its functions; therefore even the proper submission to the regulations just alluded to is no small matter.

It is equally necessary to exercise the utmost simplicity both in social and domestic life. When their children were small the King and Queen of Greece went out walking with them, it is said, as any citizens might have walked out with their children. The king loved to walk about the streets alone, speaking in a free and friendly manner to those whom he met. It used to please a certain lady in Athens of the writer's acquaintance, and please her very profoundly, that when he met her the king always asked about her "little lame boy, Demetrius." It may be of no particular value to narrate such things; yet they are suggestive.

The queen's kindly spirit is shown in her work for the poor and her sympathy with them. She is the patroness of the Evangelismos hospital in Athens (not very far from the American School) which she and her daughters visit in person, taking flowers and books and reading to the sick people. Then she is also one of the patronesses and promoters of the Ergasterion, which is a sort of exchange for the work—the needlework and embroidery—of women. Here, too, young women are taught fine sewing, and provided with a dinner of soup and bread for one or two *lepta*.

The family life of the reigning household both at Athens and at Deceleia is said to be exceptionally happy. A story is told, well illustrating the extent to which democratic feeling has taken hold even of the king's sons, to the effect that as the children were playing together one day they got to talking about what they were to do when they grew up, and the crown prince said to his brother, "Oh, George, you be king when you are grown up; I don't want to." Neither did Prince George want to be king, and both decided that it was a disagreeable fate. Now one has been at the head of the Greek fleet, and the other has been sent in command of

the land forces to Larissa. I recall well that one day when I was walking along the Odos Amalias, or Amelia Street, with my wife we saw the crown prince and crown princess also out promenading on the street; and what a tall, fine-looking fellow he was!—blond, and very large, erect, and in uniform.

The queen and the children belong to the Greek Catholic Church, and go to the Metropolitan, which is the name of the Greek cathedral. King George, on the other hand, can very often be seen at the English church; for, as has been said, he is not a member of the Greek Church. He is in fact extremely tolerant in his own attitude toward all religions and all nationalities. There is no doubt that he has sought by every possible means to understand the people over whom he reigns, and to adapt himself to them. The success with which he has done this is shown certainly in the fact that he has controlled—and controlled with popularity too—a people as fickle as the Greeks of Pericles' day and restive under authority. The empty promises which Turkey has made to institute reforms in Cretan affairs have roused the resentful spirit of Panhellenism. This has been a fortunate blow struck at that national spirit of fickleness. For the moment Greece experiences a sense of broad patriotism, which was the despair of Demosthenes. Throughout the little kingdom the feeling pervading the best minds seems to be one of regret over the pettiness and the folly of party jealousy and contention, and a glad welcoming of this broader public spirit that appreciates affairs of national honor and importance.

Several of the better newspapers of Athens are cited as having expressed themselves to this effect during this present imbroglio. One may be sure that the king did not take his decisive step in sending a fleet to Crete without realizing and counting upon the fact that he had a national Hellenic state of mind to give him generous backing. He is quoted as saying, at the time when he despatched his first troops to the Thessalian frontier, that he had two, and only two, choices before him: either to take this step, since the Greek temper forced it upon him,

or to abdicate his crown, since the same Greek temper was sure to force him to that step if he did not take the other. In one of his statements made about the middle of last month to the powers in justification of his procedure he says that he had made every effort to call the favorable attention of Europe to the situation in Crete, but with the exception of the mixed *gendarmerie* and the so-called reforms nothing had resulted. And then he adds, what I think are highly significant words: "My patience became exhausted, and I decided to annex the island of Crete, which, soul and body, is Greek. This decision will provoke, perhaps, the powers to adopt coercive measures against me; but the whole of Hellenism is with me. I have ordered my army not to abandon the island under any circumstances. Crete will be administratively organized as soon as possible."

A word in conclusion as to the Cretan situation. That the crisis has been created by the insincerity of the Porte in its reform movements in Crete is plain enough. Still this might have led simply to a quarrel between the Porte and its Cretan subjects, were not the Greeks and the rest of Christian Europe, with memories of Armenia, in sympathy with the insurgents in Crete. To the modern Greek this island seems part of the organic whole of his fatherland; and as he would fight for Hellas to-day with the spirit of his forefathers at Marathon or at Salamis, so is he ready to fight for the emancipation of his Cretan brethren, if need be. The Greeks have not forgotten their own successful efforts for independence from Turkey; they are mindful of the shocking Cretan revolt of 1866 and 1868; and these memories have decided them in rendering a helping hand.

It is however a matter of the greatest difficulty to say what the effective outcome of this outburst will be; perhaps intermingled with all the purer elements of this patriotism there may be some chauvinism that is bent more on a "scientific frontier" to the Greek Kingdom than on liberating oppressed fellow Christians; or there may be some rank jingoism that shouts for war but

might be the first to faint before the smell of burnt powder. There is not much of Anglo-Saxon stamina in Hellenic excitement. Still there is absolutely no doubt that the Greeks would fight valiantly for the annexation of Crete and all the blessings to the Cretans that would follow in the train of such a desirable act. But if Greece would fight the Turk in Crete, she must not be blind to the fact that the Turk will fight her upon the Thessalian frontier; and there is no enlightened individual who does not know that that might mean the total obliteration of European Greece. For as a plain matter of fact the little kingdom cannot stand up before a number of engagements with the armies of Turkey; besides the Turk is a patriot himself also, and he is terrible when it comes to demonstrating his proposition that there is "no Christian so good as a dead Christian."

I have been among the number of those who have been angered by the action of the powers in handling this new problem. It seems to me, however, to be a wise act to order the Greek soldiers at once out of Crete, whatever the ultimate fate of the island may be; for that is the only means by which the Turk may be brought to calm down and Greece be saved from an invasion. The cabinets of England and Russia will recognize this truth, however antagonistic to each other they may at heart be. King George recognizes it also. He was wise in the hour of Hellenic passion in not letting it outrun his own zeal; he knew it would cost him his crown to attempt to stem it; he knew too that it would in the end be stemmed, and that by the united action of the powers. He passed through an experience similar to this some ten years ago, when Greek enthusiasm suffered itself to be blockaded within its nation's harbor, the Piræus, and could not get out upon the war-path. Furthermore, Greece could not maintain a royal establishment if she offended the powers by her stubbornness in Crete; for, though it may not be widely known, England, Russia, and France each contribute annually five thousand pounds for the support of the royal establishment in Athens.

This combined action of the powers is in reality a kind of arbitration between nations for the sake of the peace of Europe. We have lately been very much exercised over the possibilities of a definite system of arbitration between our country and England for similar beneficent ends. Why call either ourselves or the powers of Europe cowards if peaceful methods are being sought out

for the solution of inflammatory questions? Arbitration between the tricky Slav and the mercantile Anglo-Saxon is admittedly of rare difficulty. How terrible the bloody struggle between them might be! Neither seeks war; great thanks therefore if this little soreness between Greece and Turkey can be reduced at once, to the advantage of the greater peace and security of all Europe.

THE WAYFARERS.

BY ROBERT GILBERT WELSH.

WITH steps that would be constant
 We strive, as on we fare,
 To make our toiling worship,
 To make our resting prayer;
 Reluctant at hard places
 To wince with tightened lips—
 Who knows what rocky Patmos
 Holds our apocalypse?

THE STORM CENTER OF EUROPE.

BY W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

THE "Sick Man" of Europe has been a chronic invalid for more than a century. At times his illness has become acute, as during the Greek revolt of 1821, the Crimean War of 1853-55, the Turko-Russian War of 1877-78, and at the present crisis, when the war clouds seem to gather more darkly about the storm center of Europe.

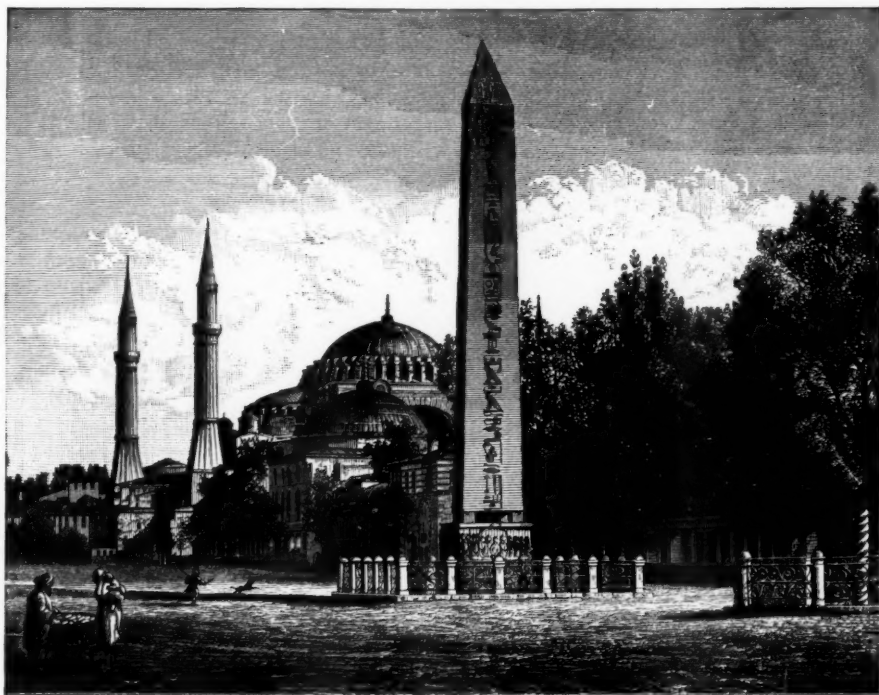
The present decrepitude of the Ottoman Empire can give no idea of its strength in the fiery zeal of its youth, or of the apprehensions which it caused throughout the West. For two hundred years the tide of battle ebbed and flowed across the great Hungarian plain, between the Vienna and Belgrade; and

Germany became in the sixteenth century, as Spain had been in the eighth, the bulwark of Christendom. A new crusade was waged by the Christian powers, not to wrest the Holy Sepulcher from the power of the Turks, but to prevent the subversion of the Christian faith in its very strongholds. The corsair fleets of the Turks swept the Mediterranean, and the terrible Janisaries were the scourge of Central Europe.

It is strange that the power which was long the standing menace of the other nations of Europe should now exist only by the sufferance or jealousy of those very nations. Yet feeble and decrepit as is Turkey, no country excites such regard.



ABDUL HAMID II.
 Sultan of Turkey.



THE HIPPODROME, WITH OBELISK, CONSTANTINOPLE.

The interest thickens around the "Sick Man's" couch. He holds the key of empire in his trembling grasp. Into whose hands shall it pass when it falls from his? This is the question of the day—the Gordian knot, whose intricacy, insoluble by any diplomatic skill, may possibly yield only to the keen edge of the sword.

The receding tide of Ottoman oppression has left of a once great Turkish Empire but a meager territory under its control. Nearly the whole of Hungary and even the capital of Austria were in its power early in the sixteenth century (1529). Only at the close of the seventeenth century did Hungary become independent (1699). The Crimea, Odessa, Moldavia, Besarabia, Transylvania, and Greece successively threw off the Ottoman yoke. The last great shrinkage of the Turkish Empire resulted from the Russo-Turkish War, when Roumania, Bosnia, Serbia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, Bulgaria, and eastern Roumelia, through a baptism

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of blood, won a dear-bought liberty in 1878.

The utter collapse of the Ottoman power when it last measured swords with Russia was a surprise to many. But its causes are not far to seek. The civil and military administration were completely honeycombed and worm-eaten by corruption and fraud. The revenue wrung by extortion from the horny hands of peasants and the loans raised in the bourses of Paris and London were lavished on seraglio palaces and barbaric pomps. The ruling classes were enervated and debased by polygamous sensuality. With empty exchequer, repudiated debt, and bankrupt credit, small wonder that the rotten structure at length collapsed. The Turks fought with valor, it is true, and clung to Plevna as a bulldog clings to a bone. But even a stag will fight when turned to bay, and why should not the stern fatalist, who believes death by the sword to be the gate to paradise?

Even the valor of the Turks is more sav-

age than that of any nation in Europe, or indeed in the world. After a battle hideous bashi-bazouks, like human hyenas, prowled over the plain, butchering the wounded and robbing the dead. Even their own wounded the Turks deliberately neglected. Provision for their succor there was almost none. A dead soldier costs nothing, a wounded one costs much, and so they were deliberately left to die.

As in the case of the Byzantine Empire which they destroyed, the cup of the Ottomans' iniquity is full. Their rule in the fairest realms of nature has been a blasting and a curse. Misgovernment and oppression and ignorance prevail. Once populous cities, abounding in luxury and wealth, are heaps of ruins. Great rivers once the highways of commerce now roll through a scene of desolation.

The tinkling bells of the armed and wandering caravan alone disturb the solitude of the cradle-lands of empire. In Asia Minor and Armenia, under Ottoman rule, a blight seems to rest upon the fairest lands on earth. The glory of the Seven Churches of Asia has departed; the candlesticks are removed out of their places, and thick darkness has settled upon the land. The beautiful myths of Homer and the sublime Gospel of Christ are alike forgotten, and the Turkish mosque has superseded both pagan fane and Christian temple.

In Europe, Turkey has never been anything but an armed camp. By their terrible Janissaries, and their successors, the Circassians, the Turks have terrorized over a fourfold Christian population. Their polygamy and fatalistic creed prevent their assimilating to the civilization of Europe. The sooner they leave it, "bag and baggage," the better for the downtrodden

Christian races who so long have groaned beneath their oppression.

Should the existing concert of the great powers fail to preserve peace, those classic shores which from the times of the Argonauts and the Trojan War have echoed the world's debate will again be shaken by a struggle of Titans, surpassing aught that Xerxes or Alexander, Belisarius or Chosroes, Moslem or crusader ever witnessed.

Constanti-

nople at present is in a state of fearful disorganization. It has at all times a polyglot population of Turks, Armenians, Greeks, Jews, Levantines of many kinds. Quite recently the turbulent Kurds have been flocking to the capital to dispose of their ill-gotten gains or to spend them in profligate pleasures. These furnish tinder for a most disastrous explosion.

The Turkish Empire is infected with an ineradicable taint—that of barbaric and ruthless cruelty. From the days of Mohammed its government has been one of terror—the



TURKISH FAMILY CARRIAGE.

stern rule of the sword. "The Turk is simply an aboriginal savage encamped on the ruins of civilization which he destroyed."

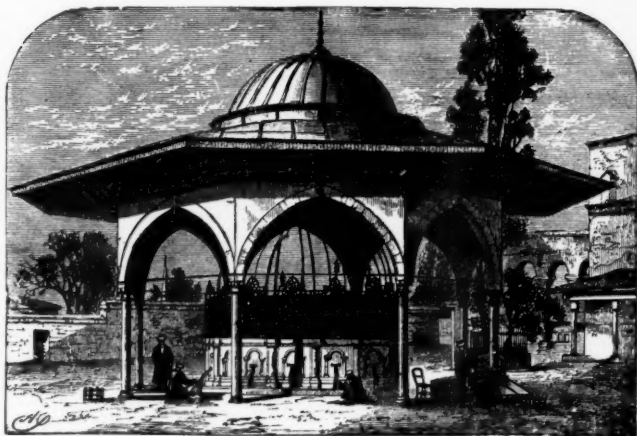
Abdul-Hamid, the present sultan, is neither very much better nor very much worse than his predecessors. Brought up in the seclusion and sensualities of the seraglio, his early years were spent in riotous excesses. The then reigning sultan, Abdul-Aziz, lavished on harem favorites and costly palaces the resources of the empire and brought the nation to the verge of bankruptcy.

The oriental profusion of barbaric pearl and gold of the bankrupt sultan, as narrated by Lady Brassey, who had a special *entrée* to the palace, was amazing. He lavished upon the empress of the French over £100,000 in presents; but when the beautiful Eugenie deigned to kiss the cheek of his slave-born mother (to whom his father took a fancy as she was carrying wood to a bath) the withered old crone was scandalized at the insult, retired to bed, was bled profusely,

fasted, and took several Turkish baths to remove the pollution of contact with the infidel *giaour*. The palace where the empress lodged was shut up, and part of it demolished, to avert the "evil eye" consequent on her visit and subsequent misfortunes.

The mere caprice of the insane tyrant—for insane he certainly was—must be indulged at whatever cost. His little son, who was nominally admiral of the navy, was found crying one day because he could not see from his nursery his flag hoisted on his own particular ironclad. So at a cost of £100,000 the staging of a new bridge

across the Bosphorus was demolished, and the whole city put to inconvenience for months, that the huge sea-kraken might be shown as a toy to a whimpering child. The sultan was treated with the most abject servility by his viziers, who dared not stand erect in his presence, but bent almost double; and



FOUNTAIN OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.



MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.

all others addressed him but in monosyllables, and with their foreheads almost touching the floor. The bearer of bad news ran the risk of beheading; so the despot knew little of what was going on in his empire, and had not even heard of the famine in Asia Minor. His favorite amusement was slicing the heads off turkeys, kept for that purpose — as a substitute for Turks, presumably.



TURKISH WOMEN OF RANK.

One mania was a dread of fire. He had acres of houses pulled down, and an enormous palace built in which not a particle of wood was employed—even the flat candlesticks had to be surrounded by a saucer of water. He had two of the sultanas bowstrung for transgressing his rule, and he beat and trampled on an officer's wife for the same offense. One night he escaped from the palace in his nightgown, and was with difficulty brought back. He lived in continual fear of poison, but still ate, eleven times a day, an enormous meal selected from ninety-four dishes, always prepared for his choice. He made a common soldier a colonel because he gave him some goslings which he fancied; and gave a foremast sailor

command of an ironclad because he had a pretty cat which had the good fortune to amuse his High Mightiness. He had eight hundred horses and seven hundred women assigned him, and the former were often the better cared for. In one of the grandest tombs of the royal cemetery a favorite—not wife, but horse—was buried. For a supposed plot against his tyranny six hundred women of the imperial harem were bowstrung and sunk in sacks in the Bosphorus

by this monster—more brutal than even Caligula or Nero. He took a fancy to the yacht *Sunbeam*, and its owner feared that he would have to sell it, or slip his cables by night, or imperil the neck of some unfortunate minister by refusing to part with it. When this insane despot opened his own veins in his gorgeous summer palace the world was well relieved of an intolerable incubus.

Murad, his successor, went mad, and Abdul-Hamid was called to the rocking throne in 1876. The responsibilities of power seem to have converted him from an idle profligate to a hard-working sovereign, the most conspicuous embodiment in Europe of despotic rule.

The saying of Louis XIV., "L'état c'est moi," a mere hyperbole in his case, is a sober verity in that of the sultan. The minute details of government are passed under his notice. The appointment or discharge of petty officers, the hearing of petitions, the righting of wrongs, or more frequently the leaving of them unrighted, are all his personal care. For the monstrous abuses of his long reign he should be held personally responsible, except in so far as it is physically impossible for any man to administer such a demoralized empire of forty million people.

A recent writer thus describes the physical appearance of the "Shadow of God on Earth," as he is modestly designated:



STREET CAKE-VENDER, CONSTANTINOPLE.

The sultan is the most wretched, pinched-up little sovereign I ever saw. A most unhappy looking man, of dark complexion, with a look of absolute terror in his large eastern eyes. People say he is nervous, and no wonder, considering the fate of his predecessor. All I can say is that his eyes haunted me for days, as of one gazing at some unknown horror. So emaciated and unnatural is his appearance that were he a European we should pronounce him in a swift decline. How all the fabled state of the oriental potentate palls before such a lesson in royal misery! The poorest beggar in his realm is happier than he.

It is through the jealousies of the great powers rather than through the statesmanship of its sultan that the empire has not long since gone to pieces. The barbaric profusion of wealth in the palace contrasts strongly with the poverty of the nation and starvation of the army. During much of his reign Turkish soldiers were housed like cattle, clothed like paupers, fed like convicts, and paid—well, not paid at all for months at a time.

The stolid fatalism of the Turk is perhaps a substitute for courage. When the passes of the Balkans were forced and the Russian troops swept up to the very gates of Stamboul, the sultan refused to take flight to Brousa on the Asiatic shore; and when the conquering Russians demanded the surrender of his fleet he declared that he would see it blown up with himself on board the flagship before he would surrender. But little good his costly fleet of ironclads has done himself or the empire. It has literally rusted into ruin for lack of repairs. At the opening of the Kiel Canal, when all the navies of Europe were represented, only one Turkish ironclad was able to venture so far.

There is intense jealousy between the different races and creeds which make up the very mixed population of Constantinople. The Jews, Greeks, Italians, and Maltese surpass in keenness, not to say cunning, the more stolid Turk. The Armenians are said to surpass all these in business push and enterprise. To their credit be it said that the Turks are generally true to the precepts of Islam in abjuring drink, while the Galata suburb is full of drinking and gambling saloons and worse.



PIGEON MOSQUE, CONSTANTINOPLE.

Certainly there is ample need for guardships in the Bosphorus, for in the jealousies of race and creed slumber volcanic elements of one of the most tremendous convulsions of modern times. The country seems not yet ripe for representative institutions; assuredly the Turks, Kurds, and Armenians would have very lively debates.

On a steamboat on the Bosphorus I made the acquaintance of a very intelligent Turkish gentleman, a physician, who gave an account of the attempt to establish constitutional government in Constantinople. A parliament was convened at the very time that the treaty of Constantinople was signed. It consisted of two houses—an appointed senate and an elected lower house. When the cannon was fired at the opening of this parliament the Turkish commissioner, who at the time was negotiating the treaty with the great powers, said: "There, gentlemen, is the beginning of constitutional government in Turkey." But the parliament soon began to ask inconvenient questions, and to use the ex-

pressive language of my Turkish friend, who felt the force of good strong English slang, "they were incontinently fired out and never allowed in again."

The sultan, we are told, lives in constant dread of assassination and subsists chiefly on hard-boiled eggs, into which he conceives it is impossible to introduce poison. Spies swarm everywhere. Even the victorious Osman



STREET SCENE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.



GENOESE TOWER,
GALATA.

Pasha, the hero of Plevna, he placed under arrest on a groundless suspicion. His sworn advisers he cannot trust, hence the frequent and sudden changes of ministry. The press censorship is the most rigid in Europe, or in the world. Even the plays of Shakespeare, the Bible, the standard histories, and the current newspapers are mutilated or excluded by the jealous and childish censors. Yet the sultan or his advisers possess enough of shrewd cunning to play off the jealousies of the powers one against the other.

The Sublime Porte should be sternly held to account for the atrocious massacres of Armenia. It is the settled policy of Turkey to crush, if she cannot exterminate, her Christian population. The massacres of Crete, of Scio, of Mount Lebanon and Damascus, of Bulgaria, and the exceed-

ing bitter cry of Armenia are all demonstrations of this diabolical policy. It is not war, it is murder—most foul, reckless, and ruthless murder.

The condition of Armenia appeals with strongest claim for the sympathy and succor of the civilized world. One of the oldest countries of the world, it has had a most tragic history. In the fourth century the golden-mouthed Chrysostom writes of the religious persecution of the Armenian Christians by the savage Kurds of that day in language that will apply with equal force to the atrocities perpetrated in the same land on the Armenians of to-day:

Like ferocious beasts the Kurds fell upon the unhappy inhabitants of Armenia and devoured them. Hundreds of men, women, and children have been massacred; others have been frozen to death. The towns and villages are desolated; everywhere you see blood; everywhere you hear the groans of the dying, the shouts of the victors, and the sobs and tears of the vanquished.

At one time Armenia numbered at least twenty-five millions of people, but now not



A TYPICAL TURK.

more than five millions remain in their native land, and unless God in his providence interferes these are threatened with absolute extermination.

To the United States of America, almost exclusively, the Christian missions in the



VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE FROM SERASKIER TOWER.

Turkish Empire owe their origin and success. Robert College at Constantinople, founded by an American merchant and manned by American professors, has done more to mold the rising nationalities of Servia, Bosnia, Bulgaria, and Roumelia than any other influence. In conjunction with the American college at Beyrout, in Syria, it is furnishing the men of light and leading, the future statesmen, editors, physicians, preachers, and teachers of the Christian communities of Asia Minor and of South-eastern Europe. The American missions throughout these lands of the Orient exert a more potent influence than all the fleets and armies of the great powers of Europe.

But now a new turn is given to Turkish affairs and public attention is diverted from Armenia by the revolt of the Christians in Crete and the movement of King George of Greece to bring them aid. This island,

promised reforms and in installing the Christian governor agreed upon, determined to gain its rights by force of arms. The uprising naturally appealed to the sympathies of the Greeks since Crete geographically belongs to Greece and three fourths of the Cretans are Greek by race, language, and religion.

What the effect of King George's *coup d'état* will be it is impossible to foretell. If, as it is rumored, he has Russia's secret support he has little to fear from the intervention of the powers. In case of war between Turkey and Greece, while Turkey on land would have the advantage of vastly superior numbers she might have to reckon with uprisings throughout all her European provinces, and the weakness of her fleet is conceded. However the matter is adjusted no settlement can reasonably hope to be final which does not provide for the ultimate annexation of the island by Greece.



SERAGLIO POINT, CONSTANTINOPLE.

MINING-CAMPS OF THE WEST.

BY SAM DAVIS.

THE mining era of that section of country which lies between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean was born in the middle of the century, and its history up to the present time is a library of romance into which the writers of later years will delve for generations to come. Wipe out the mining record of those never-to-be-forgotten years and there would be little left of the West, and it may be added with equal truthfulness that the American Union could not boast of its present progress and prosperity.

The few years preceding the discovery of gold at Sutter's mill, in California, in 1847 were years of poverty and forced economy to the people of the United States. The men who toiled in the fields and workshops received but small compensation for their labor, and the women of the middle class seldom got beyond the homespun.

The rush of fortune-seekers to the Pacific slope marked an epoch in the history of the country, and the succeeding twenty years, during which the mining-camps of the West poured their hundreds of millions of gold into circulation, witnessed an improvement in business in which all shared alike.

The subsequent discovery of the great Comstock Lode, the largest silver-bearing vein in the world, resulted in the addition of more than six hundred millions to the wealth of the country, and the bullion dug from the side of Mount Davidson saved the credit of the government in the darkest hour of the Civil War and stayed the advancing tide of rebellion which threatened to engulf the Union.

San Francisco will go down to history as the first great mining-camp of the West. Although no gold was ever dug there it grew up almost in a day to be the chief city of the golden state. It was the haven of rest for the Argonauts who had breasted the tempests that beat about the Horn and

the swarm of adventurers who had crossed the sea from Australia, and the hardy pioneers who had fought their way through the Indians of the plains dreamed only of ending their journey amid the welcoming tents and shake-roofed cabins of San Francisco. This was in 1849.

For some years previous San Francisco had been known to seamen as the best harbor existing between the bleak shores of Alaska and the rocky coast of Patagonia. For many generations the Jesuit fathers had established their missions along the coast and were holding the cross of their faith up to the native Indians and the Mexican and Spanish population which had straggled into the country from Mexico and the isthmus. In this land of eternal sunshine, where every breath of air was an encouragement to somnolence, these people led a half dreamy existence. The discovery of gold at Sutter's mill touched the land with the wand of greed and speculation, and with a rush came in a restless horde of money-seekers from every corner of the civilized world.

In 1849 the rush was at its height; the population of San Francisco increased at the rate of thousands per week, and the most fabulous prices ruled for everything. Houses built of the flimsiest material commanded rentals equal to those of stone structures on Broadway, New York. Men who had goods lying upon the wharves paid as high as a hundred dollars per dray-load to move them to their places of business. Artisans of all kinds named their own figures for wages. Potatoes were a dollar each at restaurants, and at that price given only to special customers. Mining-camps sprang up everywhere throughout the state, but principally along the Sacramento, Feather, and Yuba Rivers, and in the vicinity of Placerville, Oroville, Marysville, and Yuba City. These were the principal

centers of supply, where the gold-seekers brought in their gold-dust and got their provisions. There were thousands of minor camps scattered along the river bars and clustering ravines. These little hamlets went by such names as "Poker Flat," "Ripsnort," "Shirt-tail Cañon," "Dead Man's Gulch," "Jackass Hill," etc.

The wealth found by these hunters must have turned some of them nearly crazy. Think of men who had toiled on the stubborn soil of New England farms for six dollars a month picking up a hundred dollars a day in golden nuggets in the gulches of the mountains! It is on record that a miner lifted up one panful of dirt from the Feather River that netted him six hundred and eighty dollars. Two men spent a week building riffles and sluice-boxes near Bidwell's Bar, and having finished everything to their satisfaction put in one day shoveling gravel and then rolled up in their blankets for a good night's sleep. At midnight one of them awoke and could not resist the desire to inspect the riffles. As he held the lantern over them the sight made him catch his breath, and a few moments later he roused his partner with, "Wake up, Bill, the riffles are choked with gold!" The night had but half waned, yet the gold had filled the riffles and was escaping.

Six men who had been scouring the mountains for gold came into a ravine at sundown, and tethering their mules went to sleep upon the ground. In the morning they found they had been resting upon beds of gold, and spent the day in loading their pack mules with the auriferous accumulation of centuries. These are but samples of cases of what was called in those days "fool's luck"; and while some men were stumbling upon fortunes by the merest accident others after a year's unrelenting search for the precious metal were as poor as when they began. Every ounce of the golden dust, whether it came by toil or was acquired by good luck, ultimately found its way into the swirl whose vortex was San Francisco, with its gambling hells, theaters, dance halls, liquor saloons, and palaces of

iniquity. It was no uncommon thing for a miner to gamble away ten thousand dollars in one week, at the end of which time he would shoulder his pick, remarking, "There's plenty more in the hills."

In the actual mining-camps honesty was universally regarded as the best policy. The miners never thought of locking doors, and property rights were respected. Occasionally a thief found his way into the camp, but his discovery meant a lynching bee or a lot of avenging lead shot into his body. In San Francisco the case was different: a cosmopolitan assortment of roughs, thieves, murderers, and adventurers gathered from every clime, the very cream, or scum—call it as you will—of the world's law-breakers. The frequency of murder and ballot-stuffing finally aroused the law-abiding element, and the formation of a vigilance committee, headed by William T. Coleman, brought order out of chaos by hanging the offender publicly in the plaza. The criminal element which had snapped its fingers at the courts of justice cowed like a beaten hound before the vigilance committee. This was in the days of wooden buildings and canvas tents, with occasionally a more pretentious business house. Since then the wealth dug from the streams and gulches of California and the mining-camps of Nevada has transformed the early Mecca of the gold-hunter into a city of palaces.

Every brick and every stone in those barbaric palaces came originally from the wealth earned a generation or two back in the mining-camps of California.

On the western slope of Mount Davidson, in Storey County, Nevada, one sees to-day the decaying town of Virginia City, a place which at one time was the greatest silver-mining camp in the United States. Since 1860 this immense silver fissure has produced over six hundred millions. The romance of California gold-mining needed a sequel, and that sequel began to be written when the Gresh brothers of Philadelphia discovered that there was silver in the croppings of Mount Davidson.

As early as 1864 miners from Placerville,

California, were working their way up the cañon and finding a little gold here and there, but their finds were not sufficiently large to excite much interest in the diggings. In 1857 E. Allen Grosh and Hosea B. Grosh, sons of Rev. A. B. Grosh, a Unitarian clergyman of Philadelphia, were working on what is now known as the Comstock. They were men of some scientific attainments, being chemists, assayers, and metallurgists. They were the first to discover that the black sulphurets discarded by the gold-miners were rich in silver. McCloud, a young man they had taken with them, was awakened one night by whisperings in the cabin. He watched them while they supposed he was asleep and saw them examining the contents of a long glass. From his description they were evidently completing the first silver assay ever made upon the Comstock. What a subject this scene would make for the painter's brush!—the interior of a miner's cabin at night; the faces of the two men lit by the ruddy glow of the cupel furnace, their eager gaze fixed upon the bottom of the glass where the silver was clouding the acid solution.

On the result of that assay the future of thousands hung. Out of that glass sprang the fortunes of the millionaires of Nevada, along with four United States senators, together with a landslide of misery and bankruptcy carrying the luckless votaries of mammon to the foot of the hill. Out of that little glass came a giant more powerful and relentless than the awful shape that sprang from the jar in the Arabian story, and this giant still lives to make or mar the destinies of coming generations.

The men who made the assay are both dead. The grave of one is in Nevada and that of the other in California, and neither they nor their descendants ever realized a dollar from their discovery. They staked off claims and prepared to go to Philadelphia to interest capital in their venture; meanwhile Hosea ran a pick into his foot and died of lockjaw on the 2d of September. The spot where he was buried was marked by a few boulders, but on June 27, 1865, Hon. Schuyler Colfax, who was *en route*

to California overland, participated in the erection of a marble slab over the grave and delivered an oration. About two hundred people took part in the ceremonies. On November 1 Allen, the remaining brother, took young McCloud and started across the mountains for Mud Springs by the way of Georgetown. They crossed the mountains by way of Lake Tahoe, then called Lake Bigler, and after being in a succession of heavy snow-storms finally reached Last Chance, in Placer County, where Grosh died from the effects of the privations he had suffered and McCloud was obliged to have his feet amputated. In the spring Henry Comstock, a roustabout who was left to take care of their cabin, learning of the death of Allen Grosh, jumped all his mining claims and started business on his own hook. He soon acquired a habit of appropriating everything in sight, in the way of mining locations, and thus the ledge came to be named after him.

Soon after this the rush began from all parts of the coast, and the yield of pay dirt increased from five dollars a day to twenty dollars per man. Shanties, log huts, and canvas tents were the beginning of Gold Hill, where the Belcher, Crown Point, Imperial, and Yellow Jacket are now situated. The first quartz mill erected in Gold Hill netted one thousand dollars a day to the owner. Virginia City soon sprang into existence a little way to the north, and the sinking of shafts on the croppings of the ledge began. The early miners supposed that the croppings pitched to the west into Mount Davidson, but afterward found that the ledge bent under and pitched to the east. The ledge had originally lain parallel with the east slope of the mountain, but a convulsion of nature which had resulted in a slide had turned the croppings up from their original position. When the first shafts sunk on the croppings were abandoned and deeper ones sunk lower down the hill the great ore deposits in Mexican, Ophir, California, Con Virginia, Belcher, Gould and Curry, Hale and Norcross, and Savage were discovered.

It was William Ralston, president of the

Bank of California, who first estimated the possibilities of the Comstock. He sent William Sharon to Virginia City, after the town was well under way, to establish an agency of the Bank of California. Having great confidence in Sharon's abilities he gave him *carte blanche* and unlimited backing. Sharon was a born gambler and speculator and was possessed of a nerve that never quailed. He lent vast sums of money to mining enterprises upon the mere prospect of a chance development in the mine. After the first small ore bodies were encountered the workings went into barren ground, and the miners exhausted their original profits in sinking through formations which yielded no returns. It was then that Sharon threw the bank's money into the breach, taking shares in the locations as security. It is said that he had lent eleven million dollars in this manner when Ralston sent for him to return to San Francisco.

Being taken to task by Ralston for making reckless use of the bank's money he coolly informed his superior that it would take millions more to carry out his plans for the development of the Comstock. After the interview he returned to Virginia City with millions more at his command to invest as his judgment dictated. In a few months the tide of fortune turned. The shafts went into rich ore, and as strike after strike was reported the price of Comstock shares bounded upward, and a mad whirl of speculation followed such as will probably never again be witnessed in the United States.

From that time on San Francisco became the Monte Carlo of the coast and the Comstock the roulette wheel around whose whirl millions were lost and won. Sharon was by common acclaim crowned King of the Comstock, and with the mines of Virginia City and the stock market of Pine Street, San Francisco, beneath his control his power over the finances of the Pacific coast was absolute. With the diamond drill which could be run hundreds of feet ahead of the drifts he knew months ahead of any one else when a bonanza would be reached. The diamond drill, intended by its inventor

to aid the miner in his explorations, became the curse of the industry, and in the hands of the unscrupulous speculator it was the key which opened the treasure vaults of the Comstock. By its use millions were taken from the public and dumped into the coffers of the bank ring.

Ophir was Sharon's favorite mine to be worked for speculative purposes and its fluctuations sometimes ranged from one hundred to three hundred dollars a week per share. Whether it rose or fell Sharon always reaped its harvest. After the ore bodies in Ophir, Crown Point, Norcross, Belcher, and Savage gave signs of exhaustion there was a lull in business on the big ledge, and the Comstock threatened to become a deserted mining-camp. The output of ore dwindled to such an extent that many people abandoned houses, which could only be sold for firewood, and a pall of desolation hung over the city; but during this time the most remarkable miner of them all was burrowing like a mole from the Gould and Curry, and running a long tunnel through the Best and Belcher to the great bonanza which in 1875 set the world agog.

The stock of Con Virginia and California had been kicking around in old trunks, at one time being as low as fifteen cents a share. The mole who had burrowed into the great ore body was James G. Fair, superintendent of the Gould and Curry. He took Flood and O'Brien and Mackay into his confidence and they furnished the money to buy up stock and secure control of the mine. The news of the discovery, when made public, was followed by a speculative frenzy in San Francisco. Bonanza stocks went to over six hundred dollars a share, and for years paid two hundred dollars dividends per month. Out of a single shaft eight feet square for years was hoisted enough ore to pay over a million dollars dividends monthly.

Flood had frequently indulged in the threat that he would make Sharon "pack his blankets over the Geiger grade," and Sharon hearing of this remark retorted by saying he would "make Flood go back to selling bit whiskey over a bar."

It did not take long for the millions of the

Bonanza firm to virtually dethrone Sharon and drive him from the Comstock. Their next move was to wreck the Bank of California, and the Bank of Nevada reigned in its stead. On the 26th of August, 1875, the Bank of California, which the day before was reckoned as the soundest financial institution of the coast, closed its doors—liabilities fourteen million dollars, assets seven million dollars. The credit of the whole coast reeled under the blow which was dealt it that day. Flood gained access to the bank with a gallon of whiskey and some glasses to start a bar on the bank counter, saying that he would fulfil Sharon's predictions by returning to his old calling, but Mackay dragged him away by main force and thwarted his design. Mackay alone survives of this quartet of millionaires whose fortunes sprang from the Virginia mining-camp. He was always an honored and respected man, and fortune did not change his simple habits and sterling traits of character.

Fair was the Mephistopheles of the firm. Soon after the bonanza was discovered Fred Smith, a mining superintendent who knew of its existence, was charged by Fair with betraying the secret. Soon after he was beaten with brass knuckles by a prize-fighter named Cossar and died of his injuries. Fair was charged with instigating Cossar, who before he died made a written acknowledgment that Fair had paid him to kill Smith. Twenty years after Smith's son, having collected a mass of evidence relative to his father's death, placed it in the hands of San Francisco attorneys, who prepared to bring suit against Fair for the killing of Smith, fixing the damages at a quarter of a million. On the day that the complaint was drawn up and ready to file Fair died.

On January 2, 1875, the Comstock Lode was selling for a valuation of one hundred million dollars. On January 2, 1897, it was selling at less than two million dollars; a year hence it may touch the one hundred million dollar mark again. Things equally strange have happened on the Comstock.

The mining-camp now known as Leadville was called Gold Gulch in 1858, and

was, like Virginia City, originally a gold placer claim. The placers having been nearly worked out the place went into decay and was on the eve of being abandoned, when one day a Cornish miner named Richards found some heavy material in his sluice-boxes which he recognized as carbonate of lead. Other miners had found the same substance and had thrown it aside with many imprecations, because it hampered the operations of gold saving. Gold Gulch was really dead when this discovery was made, so they nominally buried the town and rechristened it Leadville. The lead mines proved uncommonly rich; the output ran into the millions, and the city with its costly buildings and modern architecture soon boasted of forty thousand inhabitants. Leadville was the first, and I believe the only camp, where the mining laws of the United States have been set aside and local laws established in their place.

The rule governing mining in Leadville is known as the "vertical location." Under the United States mining law a mining location is a parallelogram fifteen hundred feet long by six hundred feet wide. This marks the apex of the vein on the surface. The end lines bound the extent of ownership in that direction, but if the vein runs under ground diagonally beyond the side lines the miner can follow his workings as far as he can trace a connected ledge. In Leadville the surface location marks the boundaries at any depth, and the workings cannot extend beyond them.

Aspen is another Colorado camp that has made a wonderful growth with its mineral output, and has become noted throughout the West.

Butte City, Montana, has become famous for its rapid development and yield of gold, silver, and copper.

Cripple Creek, Colorado, is a camp of recent growth. The original discoverer of Cripple Creek was obliged to flee the country to escape lynching. He attempted to sell some claims, and the would-be purchasers got an idea that he had "salted" them. They decided to hang him, but getting an inkling of their intentions he fled in the

night. The claims he abandoned are now worth millions of dollars. The ledges of Cripple Creek are rich in gold, and the veins at the surface are small and numerous, with the direction not well defined. This is not considered a "likely" formation by miners, but the immense yield of these mines has belied the predictions of the experts.

A formation with nearly the same geological characteristics is found in the Pine Nut group in Douglas County, Nevada, where gold ore was found which assayed sixty-three thousand dollars to the ton. Ten miles beyond this was recently discovered what is known as the "Buckeye placers," which are several miles in extent and are beyond question the richest placers ever discovered on the Pacific coast.

In California hydraulic mining, where immense gravel banks are washed down by streams of water thrown against their sides by tremendous pressure, a yield of thirteen cents to the cubic yard makes the work a dividend-paying proposition. The only water obtainable at the Buckeye placers is a small lake fed by springs which is exhausted in a few days, yet last summer a run resulted in a yield of four dollars in coarse gold per cubic yard. Miners working with a pan have made twenty dollars per day, and occasionally find nuggets worth over one hundred dollars. The problem of bringing water from a long distance is under consideration by the owners, which if successfully accomplished will result in another big mining-camp springing into existence like a mushroom.

The town of De La Mar, Nevada, was almost unknown two years ago. It now has an output of over thirty thousand dollars a month, and new mills are going up.

Within the past year the mining-camp of Randsburg, at the edge of the Mohave Desert, in California, has blossomed into a

town of tents and pine shanties and has a full-fledged municipal government. It is confidently predicted that the present year will see it peopled with sixty thousand inhabitants.

The mining-camps are like the stars of heaven, one star differing from another star in glory, and some blaze like the meteor in darkness and disappear forever. They are all founded on chance discovery, and the life current in their veins is the fevered throb of speculation. When the ore pinches out, the cities perish utterly, and the habitations of the money-changers become the roosting places of the bats and owls.

To the brave and rugged prospector, with his cheap outfit of mining tools, his ragged garb, his empty stomach, and his hopeful heart is due the rapid development of the West. At the tap of his pick the doors of nature's treasure vaults swing open, but their wealth is not for him. The stock sharks, the speculators, and the promoters rob him of his interest, and the snow is no sooner slinking from the slopes of the foothills than the poor fellow is wending his course into new territory, singing as he goes:

The days of old, the days of gold,
The days of '49.

He disappears in the rocky fastnesses of the mountains and, with no companions but his pick and frying-pan, is lost to memory.

Suddenly comes the news of another discovery, and a city rises like a pillar of flame in the wilderness. "Lucky Bill has struck it rich," gambled away his find, and pushed on. The bones of hundreds of the advance couriers of civilization blaze the path of progress in the West, or molder in forgotten graves, while in their wake are the teeming cities they have founded and the ceaseless murmur of the money-seeking multitude whose fortunes they have builded.

WOMAN'S COUNCIL TABLE.

THE HOMES THAT KNEW THOMAS CARLYLE.

BY MRS. WILLIAM H. WAIT.

NOT more than fifteen miles made Thomas Carlyle a Scotchman instead of an Englishman, for Ecclefechan, the unromantic little town of his birth, is near the border line which separates the land of Mary from the land of Elizabeth. As prosaic as the village itself, with its stucco houses all rambling along one street, is the homely, unattractive house where this genius was born. There was nothing original in the way of architecture in the mind of James Carlyle when he, with his own hands, built the house in 1790, for it is just like its fellows in every particular but one, and that is that James and Margaret Carlyle had born here a son who is known to the world as the Sage of Chelsea.

As the years went by amid these humble surroundings, Thomas, the eldest child of the family, played with his eight brothers and sisters and learned those lessons of filial affection which went with him all through life, so that even when greatness came to him he still lovingly and tenderly remembered and wrote to his mother—that good old soul whose love for her first-born was so great that she learned to write after he left home, so that they might still have heart-to-heart talks. No wonder Carlyle loved this gentle peasant mother, for it was she who fed his early ambition with encouragement, while she talked with him of one's duty to man and God as they quietly sat smoking their evening pipes—a homely picture full of pathos, a seed-time whose harvest was gathered while the mother still lived to receive from her famous son the same love and devotion which had been given her by him in boyhood.

His first long flight from the home nest was made when he went to Edinburgh.

He entered the university there with the purpose of fitting himself for a clerical career in the Church of Scotland, but in the midst of his curriculum he changed his mind, theology becoming altogether distasteful to him, and directed his attention to teaching, which he in turn deserted about the year 1824, when he went to London with the firm determination of adopting literature as his profession. One of his first productions was the "Life of Schiller" in the *London Magazine*, a work which met with the highest praise. His next brain-child was his translation of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," which was great enough to call forth the somewhat acrid criticism of De Quincey.

By the year 1827 he had raised his name from obscurity to a place on the mount of fame; and this name he now bestowed on Miss Welch, a maiden whose family numbered among its ancestors fiery John Knox, and deserted rustling, busy London, where he had had several residences, for Craigenputtoch, a place in Dumfriesshire, the property of his wife. There, in "the loneliest nook in Britain," as he once called it in a letter to Goethe, amid granite-ribbed hills and morasses in mourning weeds, his great mind roamed in the intricate labyrinth of philosophy, literature, politics, and social life, and with a purpose as rugged as his surroundings he set himself the task of giving to the world the clew, as he saw it, to all this mystery. With a superior knowledge of German he began a series of sketches and essays concerning Germany's literature and great writers—thus bringing to the English mind for the first time the knowledge of the gold-mine of learning in the Fatherland; for he firmly believed that German literature was richer in all essential points than that of England.

Seven years were spent thus, when the

Woman's Council Table.

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THE HOMES THAT KNEW THOMAS CARLYLE.

Carlyles decided to move their Lares and Penates to Chelsea, near London, in a house which he describes in a letter to his wife, from which we may judge that Jeannie Carlyle trusted the selection of a new home to her husband. He writes:

The street runs down upon the river, which I suppose you might see by stretching out your head from the front window, at a distance of fifty yards to the left. We are called Cheyne Row (pronounced Chainie Row) and are a genteel neighborhood. The street is flag-paved, sunk-storied, iron-railed, all old-fashioned and tightly done up. The house itself is eminent, antique, wainscoted to the very ceiling, and has all been new painted and repaired; broadish stairs with massive balustrades (in the old style) corniced, and as thick as one's thigh; floors thick as a rock, wood of them here and there worm-eaten, yet capable of cleanness, and still with thrice the strength of a modern floor. And then as to rooms: Goody! Three stories besides the sunk story—in every one of them three apartments—in depth something like forty feet in all—a front dining-room (marble chimney-piece, etc.), then a back dining-room or breakfast-room, a little narrower by reason of the kitchen stairs; then out of this, and narrower still (to allow a back window, you consider) a china-room or pantry, or I know not what, all shelved and fit to hold crockery for the whole street. Such is the ground area, which, of course, continues to the top, and furnishes every bedroom with a dressing-room, or second bedroom; on the whole, a most massive, roomy, sufficient old house, with places, for example, to hang, say, three dozen hats or cloaks on, and as many curious and queer old presses and shelved closets (all tight and new painted in their way) as would gratify the most covetous goody. Rent thirty-five pounds.

We lie safe at a bend of the river, away from all the great roads, have air and quiet hardly inferior to Craigenputtoch, an outlook from the back windows into more leafy regions, with here and there a red high-peaked old roof looking through, and see nothing of London except by day the summits of St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, and by night the gleam of the great Babylon, affronting the peaceful skies. The house itself is probably the best we have ever lived in—a right old strong, roomy brick house built nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, and likely to see three races of these modern fashionables fall before it comes down.

Looking as if it intended to fulfil his prophecy, it stands now as it stood then, only that its front is now honored with a medallion of the great man whom it housed, and a tablet which tells the pilgrim to this

shrine of genius that he lived within its walls from 1834 to 1881, when he left all earthly mansions.

The front room of the fourth story, his study, is the most interesting spot in the building, for its walls witnessed the birth of his great "History of the French Revolution" and his famous "Life of Frederick the Great," a work which brought him a compliment which he considered the greatest he had ever received. In a quiet parsonage in England a young girl, the daughter of the clergyman, lay dying, consumption slowly consuming her budding life; but she daily asked her nurses to bring her Carlyle's "Life of Frederick the Great." Because she thought it too heavy and tiring for her, her mother entreated her to stop reading it, but the invalid begged for it "because it was so intensely interesting and absorbing" that it was a comfort to her. And thus they found her when earthly pain had ceased—the book grasped lovingly in the thin, pale hands. Her father wrote Carlyle about it, and never was the philosopher greater than when he declared, the letter still in his hands and the tears running down his furrowed cheeks, that this alone repaid him for all the labor he had expended on the book. Reticent, sad, indifferent, few knew the real Carlyle; but the roughest shells sometimes inclose the sweetest kernels.

In Carlyle's letters to his wife, as published by Froude, the closing paragraphs which softened and mitigated the severity of the first have been omitted. He usually ended these letters by asking his wife's forgiveness and by telling her that he loved her, but these portions Froude simply left out, thereby giving a wrong impression of the man's inner self. One could hardly blame Carlyle if at times he was out of patience with his wife, if credence be given to the story that her lack of reverence for greatness allowed her to utilize the purse sent for a present by Goethe to Carlyle as a receptacle for her poodle's milk tickets.

Yet, harsh as was often his treatment of her, when dying he gave signs of his love for his beautiful and brilliant wife, and

requested to be moved from his own room, where the book-shelves laden with well-thumbed volumes, most of them presented by the illustrious authors themselves, circled about him, into the drawing-room, where her work-box and little trifles still bore silent witness of her presence; for he had ordered them to be left in their accustomed places after the death-angel had suddenly called her from him.

In those last hours of the great man all

earthly honors, which he rated at their true worth, took their place below his boyhood affection for home and parents, and he desired to be buried not in stately Westminster, nor yet amid the goodly company including Thackeray, Leigh Hunt, Hood, Motley, and a score of others who found their last long home in Kensal Green Cemetery, but in the quiet little God's acre at Ecclefechan, where Carlyle-pilgrims can to-day find the plain gray stone above his grave.

WHERE SHAWLS ARE MADE.

BY MRS. F. G. DE FONTAINE.

FROM China round the world and from the queen down to the pauper the shawl is the symbol of woman's taste and condition. The passion for shawls among all women in every clime is remarkable. In one country it flows from the head like a veil, in others it falls from the shoulders, is knotted around the waist as a sash, or, as in Arabia, is swathed around the body like a skirt. The black eyes of the beautiful Spanish *señorita* flash out from the folds of the web-like lace shawl thrown gracefully over her head and shoulders. The Paris grisette and the London dressmaker go to their work with their little shoulder shawls pinned neatly at the waist, and the pauper hides her rags with the remnant of better days. Wherever and however worn, the shawl is a favorite article of apparel. In all oriental countries it is considered the most essential and graceful part of ornamental dress.

Eastern princes send shawls of enormous value to European sovereigns. Russian court women rate each other by the value and richness of their shawls as much as by their diamonds; the French bridegroom wins favor by a gift of this kind, and the present of a new shawl in a harem of Cairo or Damascus causes as much jealousy as the introduction of a new wife.

Whence come all these shawls? The genuine oriental cashmeres come from Asia and are manufactured from the wool of the Cashmere goat. This goat is descended from

the goat of Tibet. The wool grows slowly in the warm part of the year and more vigorously as the cold season appears, as if nature made provision for the change of temperature. The colder the region the heavier the fleece. No Tibet goat has ever been sold for less than one thousand dollars, and when we take into consideration that eight ounces of wool is a large yield for a full-sized goat, and that five pounds are required to make a full-sized shawl, the prices charged are not excessive.

The wool of the goats is of a bright ochre color, yellowish white, and entirely white. In India the black goat from the highest mountains of the Himalayas is most sought after and obtains the highest price for shawls. The wool is shorn in the spring before the warm weather, when the animal naturally seeks means of ridding itself of its superfluous covering. All the long hairs are carefully picked out, washed in a warm solution of potash, afterward in cold water, and then bleached upon the grass and carded for spinning.

It is not generally known that the Tibet goat from whose wool comes the famous cashmere shawls was successfully introduced into the United States by Dr. J. B. Davis, of Columbia, South Carolina, known as "Turkey Davis" from his having been employed by the Ottoman Porte in experimenting in the growth of cotton in the sultan's domains. Dr. Davis succeeded at

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WHERE SHAWLS ARE MADE.

vast expense in securing about a dozen of the pure breed, which he exhibited in London and Paris on his way home. Since that time the goat has been introduced from South Carolina into Tennessee, where it is said to thrive. One New York firm is said to have paid \$8.50 for every pound of wool from these imported goats, sending it to Paisley, in Scotland.

In Europe, with their many beautiful imitations, the cashmere shawl is sought and paid for at enormous prices. Even in India it is not unusual for a rajah to pay \$5,000 for one of the finest of those productions, which in all probability cost the labor of a whole family a lifetime.

Since the introduction of the Tibet goat into France the cashmere shawl has been imitated with such wonderful exactness that it is hard to detect the imitation from the original. Experts say, however, that the genuine India shawl can be detected from its having a less evenly woven web and also from its brighter colors. It is likewise said that the border of the real India cashmere shawl is invariably woven in small pieces, which are sewed together, and the whole border is afterward sewed onto the center. It is a mistake to think that the shawls are manufactured in India in the form in which they are sold here. Generally the borders and centers come out separately, and are put together in sizes and often in patterns to suit the customers.

A number of shawls sold as "real India" are actually manufactured in France. Persons familiar with both articles say that the original is softer than the imitation and that this softness arises from the way the thread is spun and partly also because the Tibet goat deteriorates when removed from its native hills.

As laces woven by hand in damp cellars bring a price five times greater than those woven by machinery, so fashion prefers the ruder work of the orientals which costs vastly more than the cleverest imitations.

In Bokhara, where the finest and most

expensive camel's-hair shawls are manufactured, the camel is watched while the fine hair on the under part of his body is growing. This is clipped so carefully that not a fiber is lost and it is put by until there is enough to spin into a yarn which is unequaled for softness. It is then dyed all manner of beautiful, bright colors, and woven in strips eight inches wide of shawl patterns of such exquisite design as with all our study of art and all our schools of design we are not able to rival. These strips are then sewed together so cunningly that it is impossible to detect where they are joined.

Russia is the principal market to which these beautiful Bokharian creations are sent. From Russia they find their way all over the world, London, Paris, Vienna, and New York being the heaviest importers.

Besides these oriental shawls there are the beautiful woven shawls of Paisley, Scotland, the printed shawls of Lyons, and the filmy Llama lace creations, which, unlike the oriental works of art, are within reach of the moderate purse. Special artists with pencil and brush are engaged in making designs for these shawls.

While years and sometimes a lifetime were and are required for the manufacture of the Bokharian and Hindu shawls, at Paisley, if the pattern requires months in its design, the weaving of the most elaborate pattern occupies only a week. The cutting of the threads from the backs of the shawls, which was formerly a process requiring the combined labor of two girls an entire day for each shawl, is now done by a French machine in a minute and a half.

Few of the grand dames who boast of costly oriental shawls, rugs, and portieres know that these same articles have probably seen service before they came into their possession; that the magnificent shawls in which they wrap themselves have enveloped the women of some harem, and the rugs and portieres have draped their luxurious apartments. It is not uncommon to find a tell-tale darn that confirms this suspicion.

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THE KRUPP FAMILY.

BY ADOLF PALM.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE GERMAN "UEBER LAND UND MEER."

ONE cannot mention the name Krupp without calling up before his auditors the mental picture of a gigantic gun whose cast-steel body is supported by hoops and from whose mouth, directed threateningly toward heaven, come shrieking its terrible missiles.

The gigantic smelting works and cast-steel factory where these guns are made, located in Essen, Germany, and to-day the foremost in the world, all are the private possession of F. A. Krupp. The name by which he is called, "King of the Cannons," was handed down to him from his father, Alfred Krupp, who during forty years in connection with his manufacture of many articles devoted to peace cherished the ideal of making his establishment produce cannons, especially breech-loading cannons, as nearly perfect as possible; *i. e.*, cannons which should cause the most fearful devastation possible.

Far be it from me to describe the technical side of the Krupp kingdom. That has been done by pen and picture too satisfactorily to need repetition. To do that I would have to begin with the very ironstone excavations and coal mining belonging to the business and proceed through the furnaces and foundries, the smelting works and steel forges, step by step to all the important mechanical stages in the preparation of the monster weapons. I would need to describe whole streets of railroad bridges, mighty conduits, and towering chimneys; I would have to touch on the cast-steel smelting, the Bessemer process, the Martin steel, and all possible new contrivances of the metallurgy of to-day, especially the cast-steel factory and the shot factory which play such an important rôle with Krupp; and finally I would have to call attention to the three wonderful laboratories where all the threads of the

manufactory meet. Furnished with really fearful appliances, these laboratories are extraordinary. Not only is everything made in the establishment here tested, but here also are contrived and put to test the improvements which advancing science and experience are continually demanding.

These great smelting works and cast-steel factories represent the labor of three generations of Krupps. The first of them, Frederick Krupp, born in 1787, had a small foundry in Altenessen at the beginning of our century, and to his widow and his oldest son, Alfred (born in 1812), he bequeathed his carefully guarded secret of smelting and manufacturing steel, along with the cares and labors of an inventor. He also "willed that the insignificant little house where the family had spent so many years of poverty before success crowned their labors should be preserved in its old-time condition as long as the factory existed, as a memorial of the origin of the great establishment. The house and its history would give courage to the faint-hearted and inspire to perseverance; it would warn people to respect the humblest workers and beware of pride."

Upon the death of Alfred Krupp on July 14, 1887, his son Frederick Alfred (born February 17, 1854) found the establishment on a sure footing, but the business had grown to such dimensions that it taxed his utmost strength to keep up to his father's ideal in the quality of his work. The two wars of 1866 and 1870-71 had proved beyond a doubt the superiority of the Krupp cast-steel firearms and had created a demand in other countries for the Krupp manufactures.

He now turned his attention to providing better accommodations for his army of workmen, which now numbers more than twenty-five thousand. In this ambition he

could not have found a better helper than the woman he married, Margaret Freiin von Ende, oldest daughter of the former head president of Hesse-Nassau. Perfectly comprehending her husband's dilemma, with loving unselfishness she devoted her energy to the wide-reaching humanitarian arrangements of this gigantic establishment, exercising her tact and practical sense in person wherever necessary; and now the homes of the Krupp employees are known in both hemispheres as model houses. Moreover schools and industrial schools, baths, libraries, hospitals, and old age pensions contribute their benefits to the working people's welfare. It is evident that in this age of social ferment the desired improvements could not be gained by compulsion or by gifts—that an example of management is required.

Bearing this in mind it is not necessary to ask whether Mrs. Krupp attends well to her own household. She is, in fact, an exceptionally good housekeeper and her family life is charming.

The Krupp home, called the Villa on the Hill, though only about half an hour's carriage ride from the factory, with its ear-rendering foundries, in Essen, is an idyl of peace. It consists of two very large square houses connected by a winter garden. Numberless additions have been made to the building, conspicuous among which are large vegetable houses, where specially fine grapes are grown. There is also a pineapple house, a peach house, an orchid house, etc. Then follow dwellings for the married servants, stalls for about thirty horses, coach houses, etc.

From the summit of the hill one has a beautiful view of the fruitful country of the river Ruhr. The first city that greets the eye is Steele, then Werder. At the foot of the long, thickly settled hill of the villa winds the railroad. The villa has a certain coldness and sobriety of appearance, but both without and within elegant simplicity of style prevails; a poet's home, where life is happy, free, and thoughtful. The calling of the "King of the Cannons" is too serious for a frivolous style of architecture;

the same seriousness distinguishes the little appointments and ornaments, the scrolls and curios, so that everywhere the rule is massive elegance.

The villa colony is surrounded by a garden, park, and wood, and there we find playthings suited to the tastes of the Krupp family. A miniature copy of the home has been built for the children's playhouse, and in it the children—there are only two, and lovely girls they are, Bertha and Barbara—can play house without making believe and there learn by actual practise how to keep a home and direct a household. The children's education is not intended to include superficialities, but it is by no means pedantic. It aims at normal physical as well as intellectual development.

Immediately on his return from the factory Mr. Krupp takes a turn in the tennis-court near the house. Equally enjoyed is the bicycle, for which the park and wood about the villa offer very beautiful paths. Two ponds in the adjoining woods furnish places for rowing, a third a place for skating.

The home of F. A. Krupp, as was that of Alfred Krupp, is noted for its hospitality. Some days there are from eight to ten guests, but the number is just as likely to be thirty or forty—men, of course, for women have little to do with cannons. The heavy steel guns seem to have started an indispensable worship that binds together all nations and causes their representatives to meet at the Krupp home. Crowned heads—every one knows how much the German emperor goes there—high officials, statesmen, congregate there, geologists, mineralogists, chemists, physicists, scientists, and specialists of all kinds, financiers, and all manner of celebrities. At Essen the company is distributed about various rooms, but those with a special mission or business to attend to find audience with the host in the library. The specially invited guests dwell in the villa on the hill; yet sometimes more room is needed and so Mr. Krupp rents a hotel in Essen the entire year in order to entertain all his guests and their suites.

As a rule several gentlemen of the direc-

tory are guests at his table. Of course one man, even the most efficient, would not be able to attend to the entire management of this establishment. For this purpose there is a board of nine directors and three confidential clerks to attend to the buying, carrying out plans, and the finances.

When one reflects how many important secrets in these cast-steel works there are to be guarded, one does not wonder that in all departments a strong system of separation is enforced. The organization works marvelously well as a whole, without one part knowing what the other part is doing. How many eyes there are employed by foreign governments and trade corporations to spy out if possible what lies behind these thick factory walls! This accounts for the repulsing inscriptions on all the doors. It is not easy to gain entrance here and for a good reason.

Thus it will be seen that neither Mr. nor

Mrs. Krupp suffers from any lack of earnest, systematic work. When the lord of the household leaves his loved hearth, on a journey perhaps to the Berlin Reichstag (for he, as was his father, is a chamber councilor and a privy member of the Prussian Council of State), the cheerful company is seen no more at the villa on the hill.

When business permits and the family wishes to be by itself and free from the cares of company, it journeys to Baden-Baden and resides in the villa Meineck, which Mr. Krupp presented to his wife as a free, unrestricted possession. It is a magnificent building in rococo style, with dome-shaped roof and broad stairs on the outside, and is located at the crossing of Werder, Beutig, and Emperor William Streets. Inside it is furnished with the greatest luxury. At the left of the villa is the wood, and the family finds great enjoyment in this pleasant home.

THE ART OF STAINED GLASS.

BY PAULINE KING.

IT is one of the most remarkable facts in history that in the lapse of many centuries, which have completely swept away perhaps cities, dynasties, and civilizations, there should have been preserved frail vessels of glass that any child could break into fragments in a second.

Some years ago there was discovered in Egypt a small glass lion's head of an opaque blue color which Egyptologists affirm was made fully twenty-three centuries B. C. This and the discovery of wall pictures over two thousand years old representing glass-blowers at work, and bottles filled with wine, fully established the fact that glass was invented by the Egyptians and not by the Phenicians as was formerly popularly supposed. Glass-blowing was one of the most important industries of Alexandria and glass was as widely used for domestic purposes as porcelain and china are to-day. The Romans, indeed, prized beautiful services of glass more than those of silver and gold.

Their window glass, however, was far inferior to that used in our commonest houses, being made in thick, heavy slabs of opaque greenish color which could have admitted scarcely any light. The window settings were of heavy marble, as can be seen in the houses at Pompeii, so that it must have been an affair requiring much strength to open and shut a window and the room must have been nearly in darkness when it was closed.

Windows of a stained or colored glass, with the wealth of color and richness of design which has made cathedrals and churches so beautiful in their "dim religious light," may therefore be considered as distinctly a Christian art, and its evolution from medieval times to the present is one of interest to all those who care to note the gradual progress by which an art has risen, waned, almost died out, and then sprung into new life almost miraculously, which is the history of stained glass, as it is that of painting, sculpture, and the other fine arts.

That the early churches and basilicas were ornamented in this way we know from writings of the times, but all traces of the windows themselves have long since vanished. Probably they were little of an improvement upon the greenish slabs of Roman days. When the emperor Justinian rebuilt St. Sophia in the sixth century it is recorded that the windows were considered so wonderful that the fame of them spread over the whole civilized world, and the cathedral builders in other countries sent to Italy for workers in glass that their own buildings might be so decorated.

With the new birth of painting in Italy by Cimabue, stained glass was one of the arts most directly influenced. The painter then was far more the man of all artistic trades than he is to-day, and in the workshops where many pupils received their artistic training there was carried on, side by side with the great painting for the altar, designs for mosaics for the walls and cartoons for the windows.

The glass was selected under the direct supervision of the artist, instead of being left to ignorant workmen as was the case later. Each piece of glass, having been selected so that it should best represent the portion of the picture to be rendered, was then cut with a glass-cutter into the exact shape required. The faces, hands, feet, and often other parts which did not admit exactly of reproduction in colored glass were painted by hand, and from this comes the name "painted windows." The whole design being completed it was then leaded together and ready to be put in its place. This method is used at the present day, and some of the medieval tools never have been improved upon, their counterparts being still used in modern glass workshops.

From Cimabue it is possible to trace the influence which the greatest artists of each generation had upon this work. Giotto, Orcagna, Fra Angelico, Andrea del Sarto, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, each left the mark of his genius and influence, even if they did not actually design the windows for the churches for which they painted their masterpieces.

A very magnificent circular window designed by Ghiberti, the famous maker of the gates of the Baptistery, is one of the wonders of Santa Croce at Florence, that city which is so full of art treasures that the lover of beautiful things is never weary of exploring its churches and galleries.

In the cathedral too, which was begun in the fourteenth century, and was more than a hundred years in building, the windows are many of them of the very best period of Italian art, and impart the richest tones to the interior. It has been complained that the church has been darkened too much by the prevailing low tones of the glass, and that many of the pictures cannot therefore be properly seen; but after all a church is not an art museum to be filled with garish light, and those who appreciate the restful solemnity of the dim aisles would not have the windows changed in any way. It is a great mistake to suppose that this old glass was as dim and harmonious when it was put in place as it is to-day; dirt, time, and weather have dulled and faded the colors, blending them more perfectly than any artist. Their attraction is as impossible to imitate as the iridescent bloom on Egyptian jars, which is no longer deplored as a lost art but is known to be simply the results of time acting upon the smooth surface.

This old glass was much thicker and rougher than that used now; modern experimenting has evolved many improvements, and has been able to combine greater transparency, which admits more light, with the greatest depth and richness of tone.

In France, owing to the revolutions and the unfortunate desire to smash things which has swept away so many interesting monuments and relics, one is continually being disappointed, finding that what one has gone out to see has been entirely destroyed. Happily some guardian spirit has protected the St. Chapelle, that exquisite chapel built by Louis XI., which rises with such graceful elegance on the right bank of the Seine. Built at the time when it was fairly said that churches were built for the windows, not windows for the churches—so great was the craze for piercing windows in every direc-

tion—it presents almost the appearance of a glass jewel-box, so slight are the arches in which the glass is set. The sides are composed of fourteen tall windows which seem almost to stand by themselves, and the great rose window at the end is celebrated for its beauty of design.

In Notre Dame, the Abbaye of St. Denis, where the French kings were buried, and through the cathedrals in provincial towns, there are scattered remains of what once made the interiors rich with glaring colors. In the clearstory of the cathedral of Chartres, well out of the way of being destroyed, are the original windows, which are surpassingly beautiful in color. In the museum at Rouen are preserved several early examples taken from churches and buildings now destroyed, and in the cathedral there are some quaint scriptural renderings which must have looked down on Joan of Arc when she went there to pray.

All this is of the best period, but when the Renaissance had passed away and the fine arts fell into the utmost decay and decadence there was no art that suffered more severely than that of stained glass. The cheapness of designs, the crudeness of coloring, and the weakness of drawing in the windows both on the Continent and in England are scarcely believable. They were patched together by workmen; the painting which had formerly been used in decoration was now used lavishly and in the most in-artistic manner, and to redeem the poorness of coloring all kinds of glazing was resorted to, which cracked and faded as such charlatan methods were sure to do.

Much of the glass used in mosaics and windows has ever since the Middle Ages been furnished by the manufactory at Murano, near Venice, where the celebrated Venetian glass is made. This industry was the crowning glory and pride of Venice; there were special laws to protect the glass-workers and in the fifteenth century the head of the establishment was not deemed unworthy of knighthood. During the degenerate period of which mention has been made this manufactory went nearly out of existence, and its ancient glory was not revived until the early

part of this century, when Salviati, returning to the old methods, brought again to life the fairylike forms in vases and ornaments which are now so world-famous. The mosaic and window glass is made after the formulas preserved since the Middle Ages.

It is the greatest mistake to imagine that because things are made in Europe they are finer than anything we have at home. Much of the modern work there is vastly inferior to what is being done by American artists. One stands quite aghast at such a poor piece of churchwarden Gothic as the great new church at Rouen, with its utterly commonplace windows, and comparing it with the beautiful old cathedral deems it strange that a people could profit so little by an example close at hand. It is an undoubted fact that at present Americans are leading the world in the art of stained glass.

Our most celebrated artist in this work, Mr. John La Farge, was decorated by the French government with the Cross of the Legion of Honor for his exhibit at the Paris Exposition in 1889. To those who have known and studied Mr. La Farge's work the honor was no surprise. He is more than a single artist; he is a school; he is American stained glass personified; his influence is felt in all that is being done to-day and his detractors unconsciously borrow from him. Mr. La Farge has revived the superintendence of the mechanical part of the art; every bit of glass passes under his direct supervision. His experiments in colors and textures have widened the palette for the glass-workers many times. Mr. La Farge has designed windows for churches all over the country, but perhaps the most celebrated are those in Trinity Church, Boston. The opalescent and gemlike quality of coloring, the richness of the blue backgrounds, the deep yet transparent greens, the strength of drawing, make them dwell long in the mind as visions of absolute beauty.

The English artists, with Sir Edward Burne-Jones at their head, divide the honors with Americans at the present day. The Pre-Raphaelite School, whatever may be the limitations of its pictures, is especially happy

in the narrower limits of glass, and has brought the art out of the degenerate condition in which it lay in early Victorian days.

Mr. Walter Crane is another celebrated English artist, of whose work we have an example in St. Peter's Church, Newark.

Among our artists whose work is well known are Frederick Crowninshield, Maitland Armstrong, Francis Lathrop, and Miss Mary Tillinghast.

The scope of stained glass is now so wide that its use can no longer be regarded as limited to churches and public buildings. Halls, dining-rooms, bedrooms, and music-rooms are all being enriched with colored windows illustrating secular subjects. This vast field of art the coming years will see filled, and, we cannot help thinking by the light of what has already been accomplished, filled most ably and artistically.

MAKING A HOME AVIARY.

BY SOPHIE ALMON HENSLEY.

IT is easy for any one to have a home aviary, where American and foreign song-birds shall vie with each other in vocal performances and add an original and profitable means of enjoyment to the household. If we cannot always go to the haunts of the birds in field and in forest we can at least bring the birds to us and have them the year round. And this can be done at so slight an expense that any enterprising boy will find it quite within his reach.

First of all prepare a home for your feathered pets. A large room will be needed, an unfinished attic of a country house, or part of the upper floor of the shed or barn or other outbuilding. In the city any loft or attic room will do. One fancier has a large studio principally given over to his birds and another has built for them an extension off the living-room of his house. But the attic room will in most cases be found the most practicable on the score of convenience and inexpensiveness.

Whatever the room, care must be taken that it is large, light, and airy. You must give your birds room to fly about, and plenty of sunlight and fresh air; the more windows the better. Then you must provide means of heating. Not a great deal of artificial warmth will be needed, but there will be winter days and nights when some of your most delicate birds might be killed by the severe cold. If the room that you have selected is high posted and with open rafters so much the better; the birds will take a

great deal of pleasure in flying about, perching on the rafters, and playing hide-and-seek in and out of the dark corners. But see to it that there are no loopholes for escape or openings where the birds might crawl under the floor or roof or within the walls and never find their way back again.

Put up several long poles for perches from one side of the room to the other and plenty of brackets and cleats for the same purpose. It will pay you to get one or more trees for your aviary. It is possible to have evergreens of good size and even other small thrifty trees growing in large tubs at very little trouble or expense. Or if you do not care to do that, the discarded Christmas tree will answer the purpose and look well for a long time. But be sure and get one or more big branches of some wide-spreading tree; an oak, birch, hickory, willow, or any other will do. Set these up with the leaves on, where the limbs can have room to spread out naturally, reaching up to the ceiling or among the rafters and giving the birds a natural perch from which they will derive the greatest pleasure. Pots and boxes of growing and blossoming flowers and running vines will add to the beauty of the aviary and the comfort of its denizens.

If your room is large enough it will pay you to start a garden in one corner. Make a big box like a window-box for flowers, eight or nine feet square if you have plenty of room, or smaller if necessary. Line it with zinc or cement that it may not leak

and have it deep enough so that you can put into it good layers of charcoal and small stones and a foot or more of earth on top. Plant this garden with seeds of any kind and let it grow weeds, flowers, and grass unhindered. Your birds will nip the green stuff, scratch the dirt, and dig up the worms to their hearts' content.

Your cages should be of wire, if possible. Wooden ones are less expensive, for any boy can make them out of refuse lumber, and besides he will take a great deal of enjoyment in the carpentering, however crude that may be. The only disadvantage that attaches to the wooden cages is that they require more care to clean and especially to keep free from vermin, against which you will need to wage an unceasing warfare. But whether of wire or of wood, have your cages large; it is impossible to have them too large. Place them in the branches of the trees, in the corners of the room, anywhere out of reach of a possible stray cat or dog and in the light and air. Fix them securely and permanently in position, for there is nothing like getting your birds accustomed to fixed homes to make them reconciled to captivity or perhaps even forgetful that they are captives.

Having thus provided for the little colony with which you hope to surround yourself, the next thing is to secure your tenants. In the city some kinds of birds may be bought in the bird stores. They are, however, few in number and are mostly foreign. Often big prices are asked for them and even when you have filled your aviary with them at considerable expense you will lack variety and will be more or less disappointed in not having many of our American song-birds, which in variety and sweetness of song are not surpassed by those of any other country in the world. An ideal collection of this kind would include among American birds the linnet, goldfinch, bobolink, fox sparrow, song sparrow, Baltimore oriole, indigo bird, bluebird, robin, brown thrasher, mocking-bird, catbird, rose-breasted grosbeak, hermit, russet, and wood thrushes; and among foreign birds the green and gray linnets, English blackbird, song thrush, canary,

South American cardinal, skylark, Russian shore lark and Norway redwing; and even others might be added.

To secure the American birds the collector will be obliged to snare them himself; and that is really half the pleasure of the aviary. You will derive a double satisfaction from your pets in the knowledge that they are all your own, both by right of capture and training. The boy who lives in the country or in a small town will have no difficulty in thus filling his cages, and for the city boy a Saturday in the near-by suburbs will never fail to bring good results if he goes well prepared for his work and is patient and thoughtful. And in these little trips he will learn more about the habits of birds than the books could ever reveal to him.

All you will need to provide yourself with is a trap cage and a cloth and perhaps a box. Get an ordinary single or double trap cage such as can be bought in any store for seventy-five cents or a dollar. The upper part of the cage is the trap and in the lower part you must place a tame bird to attract the attention of the wild ones. As a decoy it is best to use a bird that is of the same variety as the one you are after. That is not, however, absolutely necessary, and in the case of the American goldfinch, yellow-breasted chat, or other small birds a canary will answer very well indeed. As a matter of fact you will find that any caged bird will in time draw others to itself, for all birds are inquisitive creatures.

Early spring, when the birds are mating, is the best time to trap them. Some species, however, you must look after very early. The fox sparrow, the most beautiful of our sparrows, a fine singer and a valuable addition to your aviary, is three or four weeks ahead of the other birds, and remains only a week or ten days on the way to his breeding home in Labrador. But while with us he is a busy little creature, scratching industriously among the dead leaves in the thickets and making the bare woods ring with his lively song.

Find out the haunts of the bird you want. Put the cage there, with the decoy bird in

it, in a tree or on a stone wall, four feet or more from the ground. If the place chosen is far from the house it is not safe to go away and leave the trap with your decoy bird in it, as cats or hawks might get him. Better take your station quietly fifty or sixty yards off and watch your trap. If your home has a garden or a thicket near, the trap cage can be hung under a window on that side, but must be closely watched. Always set the trap lightly so that when the wild bird drops into the hopper it will immediately fall and shut him in a captive.

Different bait must be used for different species of birds. To catch seed-eating birds, first make a shallow wooden spoon out of a piece of shingle. Pour half a spoonful of molasses on this and let it spread thinly over the spoon end. Cover this with canary bird-seed. Substitute this spoon for the one that comes with the cage, notched the same way. To catch a soft-bill bird, in place of seed use meal, angleworms, grubs, crickets, or, in the autumn, poke berries.

Birdlime is often used more effectively than the trap cage. By its aid birds that will not come near a trap can be caught. It is made by boiling linseed oil until it is very sticky. When cold it is ready for use. The boiling of this oil is dangerous, as it sometimes explodes, so it is better to buy the birdlime ready for use at the bird stores.

To use birdlime, smear a small quantity on the upper sides of the twigs and branches where the birds resort and then watch the place. When the bird alights on the lime, in his struggle to escape he is likely to get badly smeared with it, unless promptly caught. To remove the lime from him use butter or kerosene; the latter is better.

If a small owl, either alive or stuffed, can be had, put him in a thicket and lime the surrounding twigs. Some bird will see him, and immediately, by a shrill cry, tell others. Soon all the birds of the neighborhood will assemble to drive him, their natural enemy, away. In this manner rare birds can often be secured.

TAHAWUS.*

BY GEORGIANNA MENDUM.

TAHAWUS has conquered the tempest;
 The storm-clouds are sundered in twain,
 His peak to the blue of the ether
 He raises in triumph again!
 As from altars secluded and secret
 See the mist, like an incense, arise;
 It ascends like a wraith from the woodland,
 Like a bird it is lost in the skies.
 O would that my spirit were like thèe,
 Tahawus, thou cleaver of clouds!—
 That my cares could be quelled like the tempest
 When thy might and thy grace it enshrouds;
 That I too could emerge from the lightnings
 As calm and as placid of brow,
 That my thought, which aspires to the heavens,
 Were majestic and lofty as thou!

* The highest peak of the Adirondacks is called "Marcy" in the guide-books. Its real name, given it by a long-vanished tribe of Indians, is Tahawus, signifying "Cloud-splitter."

CURRENT HISTORY AND OPINION.*

McKINLEY AND HOBART'S INAUGURATION.



WILLIAM MCKINLEY.
President of the United States.

the oath of office was administered to Mr. McKinley by Chief Justice Fuller, of the United States Supreme Court. An ocean of voices cheered the new president, and his address, which he delivered in a voice audible to thousands of people, was punctuated with bursts of enthusiastic applause. After expressing his reliance on the support of his countrymen and invoking the guidance of Almighty God in the performance of his new duties, he proceeded to the currency question. "Our currency," he said, "should continue under the supervision of the government. The several forms of our paper money offer, in my judgment, a constant embarrassment to the government and a safe balance in the treasury. Therefore I believe it necessary to devise a system which, without diminishing the circulating medium or offering a premium for its contraction, will present a remedy for those arrangements which, temporary in their nature, might well in the years of our prosperity have been displaced by wiser provisions. With adequate revenue secured, but not until then, we can enter upon such changes in our fiscal laws as will, while insuring safety and volume to our money, no longer impose upon the government the necessity of maintaining so large a gold reserve, with its attendant and inevitable temptations to speculations." He spoke with favor of the creation by Congress of a currency commission. Of international bimetallism he said: "It will be my constant endeavor to secure it by co-operation with the other great commercial powers of the world. Until that condition is realized, when the parity between our gold and silver money springs from and is supported by the relative value of the two metals, the value of the silver already coined, and of that which may hereafter be coined, must be kept constantly at par with gold by every resource at our command." The severest economy in all public expenditures was advocated by him, while the speedy provision for more revenue was declared imperative. "It has been our uniform practise," he announces, "to retire, not increase, our outstanding obligations, and this policy must again be resumed and vigorously enforced. Our revenues should always be large enough to meet with ease and promptness not only our current needs and the principal and interest of the public debt, but to make proper and lib-



GARRET A. HOBART.
Vice-President of the United States.

* This department, together with the book "The Growth of the French Nation," constitutes a special C. L. S. C. course, for the reading of which a seal is given.

eral provision for that most deserving body of public creditors, the soldiers and sailors and the widows and orphans who are the pensioners of the United States." He continued: "Between more loans and more revenue there ought to be but one opinion. We should have more revenue, and that without delay, hindrance, or postponement. . . . The best way for the government to maintain its credit is to pay as it goes—not by resorting to loans, but by keeping out of debt—through an adequate income secured by a system of taxation, external or internal or both." In referring to the need for tariff legislation he asserts: "The paramount duty of Congress is to stop deficiencies by the restoration of that protective legislation which has always been the firmest prop of the treasury." He recommends that in revising the tariff especial attention shall be given "to the reenactment and extension of the reciprocity principle of the law of 1890," and declares for the preservation of public law and order and the suppression of lynching and mob-law. He opposes trusts, favors the education and uplifting of our own citizens and the exclusion of illiterate and vicious immigrants, advocates civil reform, and in regard to the merchant marine asserts: "Commendable progress has been made of late years in the upbuilding of the American Navy, but we must supplement those efforts by providing as a proper consort for it a merchant marine amply sufficient for our own carrying trade to foreign countries," adding: "It has been the policy of the United States since the foundation of the government to cultivate relations of peace and amity with all the nations of the world, and this accords with my conception of our duty now. We have cherished the policy of non-interference with the affairs of foreign governments, wisely inaugurated by Washington, keeping ourselves free from entanglement either as allies or foes, content to leave undisturbed with them the settlement of their own domestic concerns. It will be our aim to pursue a firm and dignified foreign policy, which shall be just, impartial, ever watchful of our national honor, and always insisting upon the enforcement of the lawful rights of American citizens everywhere. We want no wars of conquest," he continues; "we must avoid the temptation of territorial aggression. War should never be entered upon until every agency of peace has failed; peace is preferable to war in almost any contingency. Arbitration is the true method of settlement of international as well as local or individual differences." He goes on to urge the Senate to early action on the arbitration treaty, "not merely as a matter of policy but as a duty to mankind." After announcing that he will convene Congress in extraordinary session on Monday, March 15, 1897, he congratulates the country upon the fraternal spirit of the people and the abandonment of its old party lines, concluding with a repetition of the oath administered to him by the chief justice.

COMMENT ON PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

(*Rep.*) *Baltimore American.* (Md.)

Every intelligent citizen, no matter what his political predilection, will admit that the address is sound all the way through. This is exactly the kind of gospel the country needs at this time.

(*Dem.*) *The Argus.* (Albany, N. Y.)

With the exception of his tariff views, to which Democrats cannot assent, there is very little in Mr. McKinley's inaugural address to provoke criticism. While there is nothing in it that can be said to be remarkably brilliant, it is a clear statement of principles and policies, and will be regarded as assuring the honest intent of President McKinley to give the country as wise and prudent an administration as is possible in pursuance of his party theories.

(*Ind.*) *The Chicago Record.* (Ill.)

People and parties will differ as to some of the policies thus outlined by President McKinley, and they will necessarily be subjected to careful scrutiny and discussion before adoption. But in the main it may be said that the inaugural address inspires confidence in the probable success of the new administration.

(*Rep.*) *New York Tribune.* (N. Y.)

The new era speaks in President McKinley's inaugural address—words of bright hope for Ameri-

can industry and strong encouragement for American honor. . . . It is the inaugural address of an American. It does not echo foreign theories of economics, of money, or of international relations. Moreover, it is responsive to the people's will.

(*Dem.*) *The Times.* (Kansas City, Mo.)

McKinley is going to make the country prosperous by raising the price of clothing and tools, while wages remain the same—unless they can be forced down a little lower.

(*Ind.*) *The Utica Press.* (N. Y.)

It lacks, perhaps, the rhetorical adornment and attractive phraseology of his campaign speeches, but more than makes up for it in the comprehensive and straightforward treatment of important subjects, and the outspoken expression of his own opinions.

(*Rep.*) *The Boston Journal.* (Mass.)

One conspicuous feature of President McKinley's inaugural address is the deep religious feeling which it manifests. Another is its temperate breadth—the absence of anything suggesting partisanship.

(*Ind.*) *The Philadelphia Times.* (Pa.)

President McKinley's inaugural address is in every way a highly creditable state paper. It is entirely free from ambiguity on any of the public questions. It is plain, straightforward, and manly

in giving the views of the new chief magistrate, and they will be generally accepted as in accord with the judgment of the nation as rendered at the November election.

(Rep.) *The Philadelphia Inquirer.* (Pa.)

A magnificent oration, full of the sunshine of hope and of the promise of prosperity, and running over with that patriotic love of country which makes us all feel that it is a high privilege to be able to salute the stars and stripes as our own. No mistake has been made in elevating William McKinley to the presidency of the United States.

(Rep.) *The Kansas City Journal.* (Mo.)

A dispatch from Madrid says the Spanish people are pleased with President McKinley's address. Its silence on the subject of relations with Cuba and Spain is construed to mean that the Cleveland policy is to be continued. But the Spanish people should not chuckle too loudly. The rights of American citizens will be vigorously protected.

COMMENT ON THE OUT-GOING PRESIDENT.

(Dem.) *Baltimore Sun.* (Md.)

Mr. Cleveland goes out with the respect and esteem of all loyal men, and Mr. McKinley comes in with the people's confidence and hopes, and the new holder of the office is entitled to all the good will and the same generous support which four years ago we bespoke for his predecessor.

(Ind.) *The Chicago Record.* (Ill.)

It is safe to say, however, that he will be regarded by careful students of this period as one of the most striking figures in American history.

(Dem.) *Detroit Free Press.* (Mich.)

While the retiring president takes with him, as he leaves the high office, the hearty approval of a great many of his fellow citizens, and among them those whose opinion is entitled to great weight, it cannot be ignored that he does not stand as high in the general estimate as he did eight years ago, when he completed his first term.

(Rep.) *The Kansas City Journal.* (Mo.)

Mr. Cleveland will take with him into private life an able-bodied reminder that Congress is a co-ordinate branch of the government. The vote of the House overriding his veto of the immigration bill was next door to unanimous.

(Ind.) *Providence Journal.* (R. I.)

When Mr. Cleveland cashes his last treasury warrant he will have received four hundred thousand dollars of the people's money—a larger sum than any one federal official from the beginning of the government was ever paid. He has saved the country more than that, however, by his pension vetoes alone.

(Ind.) *The Times-Democrat.* (New Orleans, La.)

Never has any administration in American annals shown less of a disposition to resent the outrage

(Ind.) *The Argonaut.* (San Francisco, Cal.)

Comprehensive in scope and straightforward in expression, it reviewed the present condition of the country, pointing out unflinchingly the evils from which we suffer and indicating with statesmanly wisdom the measures that should be taken to remedy them. It was a masterly address, and augurs well for the prosperity of the country under the administration of our new president.

(Dem.) *The Chattanooga Times.* (Tenn.)

In the main the inaugural is more pronounced in its attitude toward public questions than the public had been led to expect, and the new administration begins its work with something resembling a snap and vigor that few who had studied the political record of the new chief had hoped for. Taken as a whole, the inaugural address breathes a broad national spirit and encourages the hope that the president will rise above narrow partisanship and endeavor to faithfully represent all the people.

and avenge the insults that are heaped from day to day on Americans abroad than the administration whose exit to-morrow will be hailed with acclamation by the American people.

(Dem.) *The Times.* (Hartford, Conn.)

The name of Grover Cleveland must go down in history as one of the strongest and most forcible of our presidents. That in his efforts to serve the people he has seen the party which twice elected him to the presidential office shattered if not wrecked is equally beyond dispute. Herein lies the basis of the most serious allegation of failure that is brought against him. As a party president, Mr. Cleveland has not succeeded.

(Ind.) *The Ledger.* (Tacoma, Wash.)

The second administration of Grover Cleveland will go into history as having been a period of almost immeasurable disaster to the business of the country and as having reversed the order of the preceding quarter of a century in increasing instead of reducing the public debt.

(Dem.) *New York Times.* (N. Y.)

He takes his place as a private citizen, respected by every enlightened and unprejudiced American, with a record of public duty performed with conscience and ability that entitles him to recollection as one of the greatest of our presidents.

(Rep.) *The Republican Standard.* (Bridgeport, Conn.)

We do not believe that the outgoing administration of President Cleveland can escape all the responsibility for the unfortunate state of affairs that exists in Cuba with reference to the treatment of American citizens, and to which a great proportion of the feeling for a stronger policy is undoubtedly attributable.

KING GEORGE AGAINST TURKEY AND THE POWERS.*



PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE.

Lord Salisbury announced in Parliament on February 25 that Great Britain favored administrative autonomy for Crete, the island to remain a Turkish possession. The powers were not unanimous in this policy. However on March 3 they jointly warned Greece to withdraw from Crete within six days on pain of suffering from their united force. A statement made in an interview by King George expresses his intention of not deserting the Cretans.

The Commercial-Tribune. (Cincinnati, O.)

It appears that Greece holds the peace of Europe in her hands. Unless one or more of the powers want war, they will never unanimously agree upon and adopt such a policy toward her as will compel her, in self-preservation, to precipitate a general conflict.

The New York Press. (N. Y.)

They [the commanders of the united fleet in the Ægean Sea] could have had no insuperable difficulty in keeping the blind side toward disturbances of European peace by the sultan's "uncontrollable" subjects, the Kurds. The keenness of vision which they now display when a sort of rebels more virile than the Armenians turn the tables on the Turk and chase him to the water's edge is not edifying. The peace of Europe can in no way be kept forever in the Levant. If it can be kept only in this way, let it be broken!

The Times-Democrat. (New Orleans, La.)

Single-handed, Greece would not have the ghost of a chance with Turkey; and hence it becomes evident that the powers may not be altogether without justification in their determination to restrain the martial ardor of the Greeks.

The Argonaut. (San Francisco, Cal.)

Greece has gone as far before and has been soothed by the powers with fair promises, which were ignored as soon as the object of pacification was accomplished, and it is by no means certain that the same tactics will not be successful again.

* See President William E. Waters' article, "King George I. of Greece," on page 52 of this issue of THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

THE smoldering troubles between the Mussulmans and Christians in Crete broke forth anew at the beginning of February. The Christians' appeal to Greece brought to Canea on February 7 the Greek squadron and on February 10 the Greek government gave notice that it would intervene in behalf of the Cretan Christians. Accordingly the torpedo fleet commanded by Prince George of Greece arrived at Canea on February 12 and on February 15 Greek forces were landed at Platanias, fourteen miles from Canea. At this time the powers took possession of Retimo, Heraklion, and Canea and on February 16 notified Greece to withdraw her forces from Crete within forty-eight hours, but Greece refused to change her course. The Christians soon dominated all parts of the island not protected by the powers. On February 24 the insurgents fired on Canea. They were answered promptly by a bombardment from the war-ships of the powers. On February 23 the powers blockaded Crete and the next day ordered the Grecians to evacuate Crete at once. Still the fighting continued with steady gains for the Christians.

The Kansas City Journal. (Mo.)

There is naturally a growing suspicion that acquisition has been a stronger motive than protection in the intervention of the Greek government. It is in keeping with the present spirit of international covenant, written and unwritten, that acquisition must not be made by force of arms.

The Washington Times. (D. C.)

A close analysis of the dispatches would convey the impression that the powers did not intend so much to interfere with the Greek and insurgent occupation of the island, outside of the fortified ports already under the practical protection of the fleets, as to show that they would not tolerate any hostile demonstration against those particular places.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

If Greece, by discreet diplomacy, can get a Greek prince appointed Governor of Crete she will in course of time secure full possession of that island; and her best chance of getting such an appointment lies in her ready acquiescence in the demands of the powers. Lord Salisbury's proposal is clearly in the interest of Crete and of Greece, just as was his positive refusal last year to join in blockading the Cretan coast.

The Boston Herald. (Mass.)

In Crete there is the bitterest animosity between the Christian and Moslem elements of the population. If the Greek forces and the war-ships of the powers were to withdraw from Crete to-day, the warring elements in the native population would be at each other's throats to-morrow.

NATIONAL CONGRESS OF MOTHERS.



MRS. THEODORE W. BIRNEY.
President of the National Congress of Mothers.

DURING January 17-19 the Mothers' Congress in Washington, D. C., made that city the cynosure of those interested in the new movement for the enlightenment of mothers as to their particular needs. From its beginning the congress had identified with it such distinguished women as Mrs. Phœbe A. Hearst, Mrs. W. Adlai Stevenson, Mrs. William L. Wilson, Mrs. W. H. Fuller, Miss Morton, and Miss Janet Richards. Delegates from every section of the country were in attendance, the audience numbering five thousand, which exceeded all expectations and necessitated the holding of overflow meetings. The program was opened by Mrs. Theodore W. Birney, president of the organization, with an address of welcome, to which Mrs. Mary L. Dickinson made response, and then the entire company was received by Mrs. Grover Cleveland at the White House. The remaining sessions were devoted to the consideration of subjects bearing on the preventive and remedial measures to be taken by mothers to secure the best moral and physical welfare of their families and themselves. Among the subjects considered were "Physical Culture in Childhood," "Mothers and Schools," "Dietetics," "Day Nurseries," "The Kindergarten," "The Value of Music in Childhood," "Playgrounds," "Some Results of Child Study," "Nature Studies in the Home," "Character Building in Youth," "Parental Reverence in Hebrew Homes," "How Shall Our Nation Secure Educated Mothers?" and "Fear, and How to Overcome it in Children."

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

The National Congress of Mothers to be held in Washington in February in accordance with plans formulated by a conference of representative women in this city recently seems likely to be the starting point of one of the most important educational movements ever undertaken in this country. The enterprise is a vast one, but its mission is so beneficent and the women at the head of it are so practical and energetic that it can scarcely fail of large and wholesome results. It is one of the most humane and commendable projects thus far set in motion by the representative women of America, and its progress will be supported at every step by the sympathy and cooperation of the public.

The Tribune. (Minneapolis, Minn.)

When the mothers of the nation become thoroughly aroused to their duties, privileges, and powers they can hardly fail to become the most vital force in the development of the commonwealth.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

Oh, if all mothers were wise, dutiful, and conscientious what a splendid world they would soon make for us! Here's to the Mothers' Congress!

The Evening Star. (Washington, D. C.)

The best thought of the congress has been spread broadcast throughout the country, and the delegates will probably return to their own personal circles with accounts that will stimulate action in hundreds and thousands of home centers, and thus the effects of the congress will go on without end for the ultimate good of the race.

Ohio State Journal. (Columbus, O.)

Those who are most anxious for the prosperity of the nation and for the welfare of their children find their congresses in their own homes. They shun notoriety. . . . Nevertheless there is a field for a congress of mothers, and we wish it all the success in the world.

The Chicago Evening Post. (Ill.)

Who would question the utility and propriety of a movement aiming to spread among women rational ideas on physical and moral culture? But the all-embracing name of "Mothers' Convention" suggests such impossible claims that even the most sympathetic cannot suppress a good-natured smile.

Public Ledger. (Philadelphia, Pa.)

The Congress of Mothers is a phase of the woman question that has nothing to do with politics, and need stir up no feeling of opposition among men who think their prerogatives are being encroached on. . . . There is no doubt that its policy and operation will be instrumental to the benefit of the rising generation.

The Inter Ocean. (Chicago, Ill.)

Now that the experiment has been tried it seems strange that the holding of such a congress was delayed so long. It was a clear case of the first last. Nor was the time taken up in either discussion of or indulgence in sentimental gush. It was a thoroughly practical treatment of thoroughly practical phases of the general subject. Some of these phases were philanthropic, others scientific, but all truly practical.

INDIA'S FAMINE AND PLAGUE.

THE bubonic plague continues its ravages in India and the area affected by the famine constantly increases, being now thirteen hundred miles long and four hundred miles wide. The appearance of the plague at Candahar, Afghanistan, early in February aroused the Russian government to action and on February 10 advices from St. Petersburg announced that it had ordered the cessation of pilgrimages to Mecca through Russian territory, and had sent a guard of officers to the Russian frontiers to prevent the invasion of the plague. A conference of the powers was held in Venice on February 16 to consider measures for arresting its spread into Europe, but no concerted action was decided upon. Official reports from Bombay assert the whole number of cases in that city, since the epidemic began, to be 6,853, of which 5,447 resulted in death and the number of cases in the entire Bombay presidency to be 9,911, of which 8,006 proved fatal. On February 23 an abatement in the disease was officially announced.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

If the shocking experience of India serves to frighten the authorities of the great seaport cities all over the world into a wholesale cleaning-up policy, it will have served a purpose of supreme wisdom and usefulness.

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

The trouble in battling with famine in India is that there is never any surplus in the treasury of the Indian government, and that when the crops fail relief can only be looked for from outside help. This fact is at last dawning upon the English newspapers, and they are suggesting that a financial commission should be appointed to find out where the trouble lies. The truth is that the imperial government has always looked upon India as a country the resources of which should be drawn upon in any emergency, and the fruit of that policy is now apparent.

The Denver Republican. (Col.)

It will be impossible for the English government to escape the responsibility for the slaughter of millions of its subjects by famine and pestilence in

India. The people of that British dependency have had their taxes increased and their means of subsistence depleted to an extraordinary extent by the gold-standard policy of England, and they now find themselves, unable to cope with conditions which, under more favorable circumstances, they could easily meet.

(Socialist.) Justice. (London, England.)

If we ceased to extort so outrageous a tribute there would be no serious famine. England herself has directly caused and is now daily aggravating the famine in India.

The St. James' Gazette. (London, England.)

It is satisfactory to see that the subscription is being taken up in the colonies. This is as reasonable and just as it is creditable. Both Canada and Australia have direct relations with India. At home the subscription has already reached a figure which is large. . . . We trust it will soon surpass the figure of the last famine fund. England is richer now than it was then, and the need may well be even greater.

PRESERVING OUR NATIONAL FORESTS.

THE destruction of our national forests, against which floods and droughts alternately have made loud protest for several years, has at last received the attention of the Executive Department at Washington, D.C. On February 22 President Cleveland issued a proclamation setting aside thirteen forest reservations, located in Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, Montana, Washington, Idaho, and South Dakota, and aggregating 21,379,840 acres. This act was in accordance with a recommendation of the secretary of the interior and a forestry commission of the National Academy of Sciences, which had labored three months on the reservations mapping out the timber lands that should be preserved. In its session of February 28 the Senate adopted an amendment opening to settlement all the lands which had been thus set apart the previous week, but on March 2 a substitute was agreed upon in the Senate authorizing the president to change any order setting apart the forest lands so as to rectify any possible error in alignment or description.

Providence Journal. (R. I.)

It is asserted that the president's orders have wronged thousands. But the very reason for issuing them was to save the country from the consequences which would come to it from the cutting off of the forests on public lands by persons who were without the shadow of a right to the timber. Squatter sovereignty has not yet been declared as

good as a fee simple, and it must not prevail over all other authority in the few remaining public forests included under the government's landed property.

The Tribune. (Salt Lake City, Utah.)

We think the setting aside of the forest reserves by the president is a most wise thing. Unless the sources of our streams shall be protected we shall

have a great deal of desert country after awhile, and it will not be confined to the arid belt. We cannot judge all the places where these reserves attach, but certainly in the Rocky Mountains and the Uintah range the work is well done.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

It threatens nobody's rights, but, on the contrary, is designed and adapted to defend universal interests. If the opposition proceeds from persons claiming that their privileges and welfare are attacked, it is true and pertinent to reply that they are themselves trespassers. Under existing laws entrance upon the reserves and occupation of them, as for timber-cutting and mining, are illegal. Any plea of loss must be an acknowledgment of depredation.

The Denver Republican. (Col.)

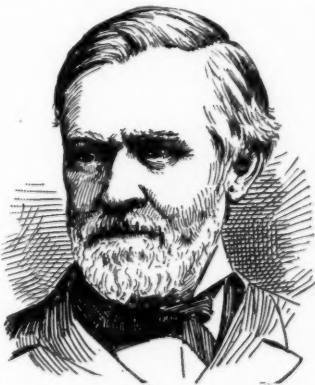
What is needed is that no restraint be placed upon prospecting for valuable mineral within the limits of such a reserve, nor upon acquiring a full title to mineral land discovered. There would be no occasion to fear that thereby the whole reservation might be destroyed. The area of mineral land transferred from the government to private individuals in this way would at best be very small.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

This reservation was proclaimed by President Cleveland on the recommendation of a singularly competent committee. If it should be nullified it should only be done after an amount of deliberation on the part of Congress which is impossible in the moments just before adjournment.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S CABINET.

All of the new president's cabinet selections were confirmed without any opposition by the Senate on March 5. The list is as follows: for secretary of state, Hon. John Sherman, of Ohio, who resigned his United States senatorship to enter the cabinet; secretary of the treasury, Lyman J. Gage, who gave up for his present duties the presidency of the First National Bank of Chicago, Ill.; secretary of war, Gen. Russell A. Alger, ex-governor of Michigan; attorney-general, Judge Joseph J. McKenna, of California; postmaster-general, James A. Gary, of Maryland; secretary of the navy, ex-Gov. John D. Long, of Massachusetts; secretary of the interior, Cornelius N. Bliss, of New York; secretary of agriculture, ex-Congressman James F. Wilson, of Iowa. Mr. Sherman's term in the United States Senate will be filled out by Hon. Marcus A. Hanna, chairman of the Republican National Committee, who was appointed to the vacancy by Governor Bushnell, of Ohio.



HON. JOHN SHERMAN.
Secretary of State.

(Rep.) New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

It is a cabinet for practical work, and not mere parade. It is also a cabinet of warm and sincere friends of the president, and much will be expected of it in making the new administration a success.

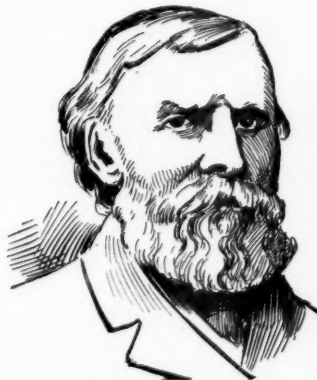
(Ind.) The Times-Democrat. (New Orleans, La.)

Without saying, therefore, that Mr. McKinley's cabinet is stronger than Cleveland's, it is certainly more independent, and there are several members

of it who would not hesitate to tell the president that he was wrong, if they thought so.

(Dem.) The Chicago Evening Post. (Ill.)

President McKinley's cabinet was approved by the Senate in executive session without any opposition whatever. The Senate is to be congratulated on its rational attitude.



LYMAN J. GAGE.
Secretary of the Treasury.

(Ind.) The Chicago Record. (Ill.)

The final announcement as to Mr. McKinley's

completed cabinet confirms *The Record's* opinion, expressed some months ago, that the body, taken in its entirety, would be more notable for conservatism, prudence, and ability than for brilliancy. It is not a youthful cabinet by any means, and is not

individually, and it is not strong politically. If it holds together through President McKinley's term and proves a source of strength and wisdom to him in the administration of national affairs and in the making of party policy it will be a surprise to everybody.

(*Dem.*) *The Chattanooga Times.* (*Tenn.*)

The last cabinet list shows a juster distribution than any cabinet for a long while. . . . As a whole the cabinet is above the average for ability, and will be well received by the country. It is better than we had expected.



GENERAL RUSSELL A. ALGER.
Secretary of War.

likely to afford any such displays of spunk and aggression as marked Mr. Olney's course when that gentleman dwarfed the reputation of Lord Salisbury.

(*Rep.*) *The Times-Herald.* (*Chicago, Ill.*)

This is a masterpiece of cabinet-making. The president elect and the country alike are to be congratulated. In individual ability, in its representative character, geographically and otherwise, and



JAMES A. GARY.
Postmaster-General.

(*Rep.*) *The Indianapolis Journal.* (*Ind.*)

Those senators and others who regret that the secretary of the interior is not a lawyer are reminded that one of the most effective occupants of that position, Zachariah Chandler, was not a lawyer. Besides, the law furnishes the secretary of the interior with first-class legal ability.



JUDGE JOSEPH J. MCKENNA.
Attorney-General.

from either a political or a business point of view it may challenge comparison with the best work of the best presidents.

(*Ind.*) *Providence Journal.* (*R. I.*)

As to its general character, it can be said without fear of contradiction that while it is not open to any very positive criticism of a hostile nature it is not a strong cabinet in any sense. It is not strong



EX-GOVERNOR JOHN D. LONG.
Secretary of the Navy.

(*Ind.*) *Harrisburg Telegraph.* (*Pa.*)

The cabinet is a good one. It is composed of

men who cannot be twisted about the fingers of the politicians.

(Dem.) *The Argus. (Albany, N. Y.)*

The business men would appear to have it on a test vote in the new cabinet. It is a pity that they have no vote on the McKinleyizing of the tariff.



CORNELIUS N. BLISS.
Secretary of the Interior.

(Rep.) *The Tribune. (Minneapolis, Minn.)*

The cabinet could not have been better distributed geographically had it been laid out by a surveyor, taking Republican states into account. Massachusetts, New York, Maryland, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa and California constitute a well-balanced octet.

(Dem.) *The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)*

If any Republican deserves the place he covets



EX-CONGRESSMAN JAMES F. WILSON.
Secretary of Agriculture.

after the coming 4th of March, it is Marcus Alonzo Hanna of Ohio. No office would be too high for him, on the merits either of his party services or of his masterfulness as a public man and politician. He has been particularly desirous of one of Ohio's

seats in the federal Senate; and he has got it, undoubtedly to the general satisfaction. Nevertheless, we are convinced that it would be a great good fortune if the program which is to send Hanna to the Senate and Sherman to the cabinet could yet be reversed, with Hanna for the cabinet and Sherman for the Senate.

(Sil. Rep.) *The Denver Republican. (Col.)*

Mark Hanna may have won recognition at the hands of his party, but his prominence in its counsels will not add to its good name. He represents the power of aggregated wealth, and he would sacrifice anything for the sake of promoting the interests of money combinations.

(Rep.) *The Hartford Courant. (Conn.)*

It will be generally agreed that Mr. Hanna has won this distinction. His services to the Republican party have been eminent and valuable, and in the Senate his counsel will be helpful to his party.

(Rep.) *The Inter Ocean. (Chicago, Ill.)*

No man could have been appointed that would



HON. MARCUS A. HANNA.
Secretary John Sherman's Successor in the United States Senate.

have given such satisfaction to the people of the nation. His remarkable campaign in 1896 made Mr. Hanna only less conspicuous than the president elect himself.

(Rep.) *Baltimore American. (Md.)*

Such men as Mr. Hanna are needed in the Senate. He is a practical man who has won success by industry and by following the well-established rules of business. There is no doubt that Mr. Hanna's work in the Senate will be as valuable as any he has ever done.

(Rep.) *The Kansas City Journal. (Mo.)*

The wisdom of appointing Mr. Hanna to succeed Mr. Sherman is clear to any unprejudiced mind. Mr. Hanna displayed an energy and a degree of executive ability that was inspiring to his party and bewildering to his opponents in the late presidential campaign.

GENERAL JOSEPH ORVILLE SHELBY.



GENERAL JOSEPH ORVILLE SHELBY.

thousand men went to Mexico bent on aiding Emperor Maximilian, who then had been reigning in Mexico a year, but that potentate was distrustful and obliged General Shelby's company to disband. The general then did business as a freight contractor in Mexico until 1867, when he returned to his farm in Missouri. Here he lived in retirement until his appointment by President Cleveland in 1893 to be United States marshal for the western district of Missouri. As a champion of the cause of Generals Palmer and Buckner, he took an active part in the recent campaign. His wife and family survive him.

Ohio State Journal. (Columbus.)

Shelby had a stormy career. A Kentuckian by birth, he was possessed of courage, courtliness, and chivalry. His brave bearing since the close of the Rebellion made him the idol of the people of Missouri, and no man will be more sincerely mourned to-day.

The Kansas City Journal. (Mo.)

The affectionate regard in which General Shelby was held during his military service by the southern people has extended to the people of the North

since the close of the war. In the Southwest no other example has been more potent in the blotting out of sectional feeling. On every occasion that an expression from him was appropriate, he gave utterance to most wholesome sentiment. One of the most eloquent tributes to General Shelby as a man is the esteem in which he has been held by the Union veterans of this city and state. As a civic official General Shelby was a faithful servant of the public, and he kept his department free from the small political bickerings so prevalent at this time.

ENGLAND'S WAR ON THE NIGER.

THE Royal Niger Company backed by England has begun a punitive war against two native potentates in the British Niger territory in West Africa. The forces sent against the king of Benin to avenge the massacre, in the middle of January, of the peaceful expedition sent to hold a trade conference with him, captured his capital, the city of Benin, and at last accounts a part of the army was pursuing the king northwards. At about the same time the company entered upon a campaign against the emir of the powerful Foulah state of Nupe, a course of action which had been under consideration for some time because of the emir's repeated breach of treaty obligations, his persistence in slave trade in its most horrible forms, and his oppression and spoliation of all the surrounding country. The company's forces consisted of some five hundred Housa natives trained and commanded by British officers. On January 26 they pitched camp about three miles from Bida, the capital of the Foulah state of Nupe. The thirty thousand natives, of whom about ten thousand were cavalry, were unable to withstand the fire of the company's cannon and sharpshooters and on January 27 the little army captured the town. The Foulah emir of Nupe was dethroned and replaced by another sultan. It is thought that this signal defeat of "the Great Foulah" will disable the league that was being formed against the Niger Company by the chiefs of the Mohammedan Foulahs and of the pagan state of Boussa, and will promote commerce between the interior and the coast.

Providence Journal. (R. I.)

It is a pity the British government, which has so readily abated this shambles, waited so long before taking proper means to exercise the authority of its protectorate over Benin. The existence of the practise of slaughtering human beings by the wholesale has long been known by the government officials. Had they acted promptly in repressing such barbarism, the massacre of the friendly expedition would not have been possible and the punitive invasion would have been unnecessary.

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

In spite of all the criticisms that have been passed upon European incursions in Africa, they have done

a service to civilization, and it is only by this means that ignorance, depression, and savagery have been deprived of their power.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

We venture to say that this war presents the difficulty that impends over all Africa's Mohammedan states from the Nile to the Niger. The territories of England, France, and Germany touch their borders, and each of these powers is eager to come into full possession of a slice of the Foulah country.

Baltimore Sun. (Md.)

Incidentally the expedition illustrates how much more efficiently and cheaply a company can carry on military operations in comparison with a government.

CUBA AND CONGRESS AGAIN.

ACTIVITY in behalf of the Cuban insurgents since last month's account has not been confined altogether to the United States Congress. The Cubans have crossed the *trochas* several times, have looted and burned towns near Havana and elsewhere to the disadvantage of the Spaniards, have actually raided Havana itself, and have engaged in many fierce battles in the various provinces, in several of which battles, especially those where Gomez figured, the Spaniards were led into a trap and suffered great slaughter. The decree granting reforms to the Cubans, published February 7, they unconditionally spurned. On February 21 United States Consul-General Lee's resignation was announced, it being conditional upon the sending to Cuba of a war-ship to enforce his demands for the instant release or speedy civil trial of all American citizens unjustly imprisoned in Cuba as political suspects. This act followed a clash with Spanish authorities over the mysterious death in prison on February 18 of the American dentist, Dr. Ricardo Ruiz. On February 23 the Senate asked President Cleveland for the facts in the Ruiz case and joint resolutions were introduced in the House practically directing the president to grant General Lee's demand. The next day joint resolutions were reported in the Senate peremptorily demanding the release of the naturalized American Sanguily. On February 25 the House Committee on Foreign Affairs asked President Cleveland for all information not previously sent to Congress concerning the arrest, imprisonment, and maltreatment of American citizens in Cuba. On the same day it was learned that Sanguily had been free for several days. Scott, also an American, was released from imprisonment *incomunicado* on February 24.

(Rep.) *The Kennebec Journal.* (Augusta, Me.)

The demand, advocated by the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the Senate for the release of Sanguily, signified that patience with paltering was at an end. Even the Spanish became panicky. The leading men of that country realize what war with the United States would mean. They hastened that pardon with all possible dispatch.

(Rep.) *The Philadelphia Inquirer.* (Pa.)

We do not expect this government to interfere with the Cubans, but if it does not proceed in short order to protect American interests there the second Cleveland administration will lose in its dying hours whatever of good will was entertained toward it by the American people.

(Dem.) *The Chicago Evening Post.* (Ill.)

That the queen was induced to sign the pardon by the bluster and fury of the Senate jingoes is in the highest degree improbable, for the antics of an irresponsible Upper House have taught Spain and every other European government to treat it with contempt and to look to the executive branch for

dignity, firmness, and appreciation of its duties under international law.

(Dem.) *The Sun.* (New York, N. Y.)

Consul-General Lee may not have resigned, but certainly he ought to resign. As a servant of the public of the United States he owes this emphatic protest against the dastardly policy of the administration.

(Ind.) *The Times-Democrat.* (New Orleans, La.)

It is right that they [the reforms for Cuba] should not be accepted, for they would leave the Cubans still in servile dependence upon Spain.

(Ind.) *The Utica Press.* (N. Y.)

There is a disposition to criticise President Cleveland for inactivity. Probably his reason for refusing to take more radical measures is that his term is drawing to a close and he prefers not to embarrass the incoming administration by any acts or ideas of his which may not be approved.

(Rep.) *The Mail and Express.* (New York, N. Y.)

If there is anything in our treaty obligations with Spain which requires this government to sit still

with cotton in its ears while American citizens are being murdered in Cuban dungeons, the sooner the people know about it the better. Then there will be an exhibition of treaty-smashing that will make Mr. Cleveland's head swim.

(Dem.) *The Argus.* (Albany, N. Y.)

Nothing can more deeply concern us than the protection of American citizens in any part of the world, wherever they may be, and . . . if the Cleveland administration fails in its duty at this crisis it will go out in disgrace.

(Dem.) *The Times.* (Hartford, Conn.)

The truth is that as the real character of Spanish

methods in Cuba comes to be better and better understood in this country there is a corresponding diminution of belief in the ability of the Spanish to govern Cuba at all.

(Ind.) *The Boston Herald.* (Mass.)

In these days of cable lines, when within twenty minutes a consul-general at Havana can place himself in communication with the president and his secretary of state, if war vessels are to be employed, it is absurd to consider it necessary to deprive the responsible head of the administration of the right of determining whether or not an exigency has come when such drastic methods can be wisely used.

WILLIAM POPE ST. JOHN.



WILLIAM POPE ST. JOHN.
Late Treasurer of the Democratic National
Committee.

THE treasurer of the National Democratic Committee, William Pope St. John, died at his home in New York on February 14. He was born February 19, 1849, in Mobile, Ala. Having studied in England and afterward in Boston, in 1867 he began work with the banking firm of J. B. Alexander & Co., and later won a fine local reputation as credit clerk for Havemeyers & Elder, sugar refiners. In 1881 he became cashier of the Mercantile National Bank in New York, of which firm he was made president in 1884. In this capacity he served until last July, when the directors of the bank asked him to resign from its presidency because of his activity in the cause of free silver. However, they retained him as bank director. The Democratic National Committee in Chicago having made him its treasurer, he it was who arranged to have the meeting for Messrs. Bryan and Sewall's official notification held in Madison Square Garden, New York. On December 30 Mr. St. John went South to his old home for his health. He returned early in January and began business as a produce broker, having failed of reelection as director in the three banks, Mercantile National, Second National, and the Hamilton. He was unmarried, and is survived

by his widowed mother, three brothers, and three sisters.

The Tribune. (Salt Lake City, Utah.)

He was a superior man intellectually. He had administrative ability of the highest order. He lacked nothing in the way of intellect except that he was arbitrary in his methods and had an inclination to domineer over those about him. Had Mr. Bryan been elected he would probably have been secretary of the treasury; at least the place would have been offered him, and had the result of the election awakened his hopes instead of crushing him to the ground he might have lived a long time yet. His bitterest enemy always admitted his stainless integrity.

The Denver Republican. (Col.)

Mr. St. John was an honest and independent student of the money question, and he possessed the courage, very rare among American bankers of the present time, to boldly advocate the cause of bimetalism, because he had become convinced, through patient research and deep study of the

subject, that the welfare of humanity requires the fullest possible use of both metals for monetary purposes.

The Outlook. (New York, N. Y.)

The death of William P. St. John in this city on February 14 removes one of the most prominent, influential, and interesting figures of the free silver movement in this country. . . . *The Outlook* differed from him politically as to issues of the late national election, but it honors his memory as that of a man honest in carrying out the convictions of conscience when such a course meant social, business, and political sacrifices in his own city. His example, coming as it did out of the money-making quarter of the greatest money-making city of the western hemisphere, is an inspiration to those who believe that intellectual and political honesty are greater than "sound money," and that contempt, suffering, and death are sometimes nobler than reputation and riches.

ALASKA BOUNDARY TREATY.

THE new Alaska boundary treaty between Great Britain and the United States utterly ignores the pan-handle portion of Alaska. The treaty was signed by Sir Julian Pauncefote, British ambassador to this country, and United States Secretary of State Olney at the State Department in Washington, D. C., on January 30, but was not published in full till February 26. Article I. reads: "Each government shall appoint one commissioner, with whom may be associated such surveyors, astronomers, and other assistants as each government may elect. The commissioners shall, at as early a period as practicable, proceed to trace and mark, under their joint directions and by joint operations in the field, so much of the 141st meridian of west longitude as is necessary to be defined for the purpose of determining the exact limits of the territory ceded to the United States by the treaty between the United States and Russia of March 30, 1867. Inasmuch as the summit of Mount St. Elias, although not ascertained to lie in fact upon the 141st meridian, is so nearly coincident therewith that it may conveniently be taken as a visible landmark whereby the initial part of said meridian shall be established, it is agreed that the commissioners, should they conclude that it is advisable so to do, may deflect the most southerly portion of said line so as to make the range with the summit of Mount St. Elias, such deflection not to extend more than twenty geographical miles northwardly from the initial point." The boundary as determined is to be marked by intervisible objects and the work is to be diligently pushed to completion. It remains to be seen what action will be taken on the treaty by the Senate.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

Settle nothing! The 141st meridian has no more to do with the Alaska boundary controversy than with the canals of Mars. There has never been the slightest dispute over that meridian, any more than over the equator or the north pole; nor over the fact that it marks the boundary between the two countries from Mount St. Elias to the Arctic Ocean. The Alaska boundary controversy relates to the other part of the divisional line, the southeastern half of it, the crooked, winding line that runs from Mount St. Elias down to Dixon Entrance, parallel with the coast, and defining the "pan handle" of the territory.

The Chicago Tribune. (Ill.)

The negotiation of a treaty for the settlement of the Alaska boundary question, which was announced in yesterday's Washington dispatches, will remove another of the disputes which have been a barrier to good will between this country and Great Britain.

Harrisburg Telegraph. (Pa.)

The British police officers who are on duty in the

gold regions take a fierce delight in driving off Americans and shutting their eyes when the English miner jumps an American's claim. With the settlement of the boundary dispute will come less of the arrogance of the paid English hirelings.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

The placing of visible marks upon the route of the 141st meridian is an important, practical measure, because that boundary runs through the Yukon gold fields, and, in some places, notably on Seven Mile Creek, the question of jurisdiction should be made so clear to the settlers that there can be no conflict among them on that ground. The placing of marks there should hardly create dispute, the determination of the meridian having been a matter of science, which, indeed, has already been acted upon. . . . Although the new convention concerns itself only with providing boundary marks along the 141st meridian, there will be an opportunity, which the Senate should improve, to inquire into the subject of the southeastern boundary of Alaska, and to find whether our present possessory rights can possibly be affected by the proposed general arbitration treaty.

BRIGHAM YOUNG IN STATUARY HALL.

THE recent efforts of United States Senator F. J. Cannon of Utah to have placed in Statuary Hall at Washington, D. C., a statue of Brigham Young, the Mormon leader, promise to meet with opposition from Congress. On February 18 communications from the senator and from Governor Wells were read in the Utah House urging Utah to avail itself of the law allowing each state to place in Statuary Hall the statue of two of its illustrious deceased citizens and advising the selection of Brigham Young for the honor. A few days later Representative Barrett of Massachusetts introduced into the House a bill making the consent of Congress a necessary preliminary to the placing of any statue or memorial from any state in Statuary Hall.

The Philadelphia Inquirer. (Pa.)

For years the organization of which he was the head defied the federal government. It trampled upon the moral and religious sentiment of the country deliberately and openly. Its practises during the time Utah was a territory were in violation of the laws enacted for the territory by Congress. It never confessed regret for its offenses. As a matter of fact it gloried in them. And while Young lived he was the inspiration of the offenders and their protector when in peril. To honor such a man in the manner desired by Senator Cannon would be to place a premium upon lawlessness. Congress has done many foolish things, but it should not be silly enough to do this.

New York Tribune. (N. Y.)

Brigham Young, set up in the Capitol in soapstone or Roman cement, among the monolithic veterans already there, would be an imposing figure, but he stands for connubial principles which do not deserve encouragement. He may find as much difficulty in getting in as Father Marquette, whose notions in that particular were precisely opposite. Let them

set the old man up in the apse or peristyle of his home temple, if he must have a place.

Providence Journal. (R. I.)

Regret must be felt that such interference on the part of the national authorities becomes necessary. The states, it would seem, should have some right to raise a memorial to their respective founders or heroes without having to encounter too much prejudice, for whatever reason the unfavorable sentiment may be exerted. On the other hand, there ought to be a supervising authority, of competence and patriotism, to pass upon the statues. Between these two considerations it seems to be necessary for the government to choose, and it should choose the latter one. If Utah wishes to memorialize Young let her people erect his statue anywhere they wish save at the capital of the nation.

The Mail and Express. (New York, N. Y.)

The Barrett bill is the only thing that will render such a freak enterprise impossible. It should be enacted if only to save coming generations from having to blush for the sublimated follies of their ancestors.

NEW ROAD TO ELECTRICITY.

The Sun. (New York, N. Y.)

Before the New York Electrical Society, at Columbia College, Mr. Willard E. Case gave a lecture [the night of February 24] on "Electricity from Carbon Without Heat." For ten years Mr. Case has been working on this subject, and his experiments showed the cumulative results of the work. He proved to the satisfaction of the electrical experts present that the potential energy in carbon can be transmitted into electricity without heat; that is, without waste, thereby establishing a fact which, when worked out to its conclusion, will mean the establishment of a new motor force in place of steam to do the world's work; a force at once much cheaper and more compact than any now in use. Incidentally, the lecturer, in a remarkable experiment, showed that his processes were precisely analogous to the process of the acquisition of energy in the human body.

To begin with, Mr. Case cited the well-known fact that the generation of energy through heat involves a waste of more than seventy-five per cent. All electricity except that produced by water power or galvanic battery is obtained ultimately from carbon.

In the case of the galvanic battery the waste through heat is done away with, but the zinc is so expensive as to make this method impracticable as a substitute for steam in general. Mr. Case has succeeded in doing with carbon what the galvanic battery does with zinc, carbon being, of course, very much cheaper. The best electric plants require about five pounds of coal per horse-power hour,

electric, delivered to the line. By Mr. Case's process two tenths of a pound of coal will achieve an equal result. The two lumps of coal formed one of the exhibits in the lecture.

The lecturer had his apparatus with him and performed the experiment before the audience. He used a cell of his own invention. Plates of tin and platinum formed the electrodes, and the carbon being oxidized by contact with chemicals, electricity was produced, as was shown by attaching the wire from the cell to a motor. A thermometer applied at various stages showed that no heat was generated; hence, practically the entire energy of the chemical charge was converted into electricity.

At the close of the lecture there was a general discussion, and after that many of the audience stayed to ask questions regarding the practical application of the experiments. To them Mr. Case was careful to explain that his experiment was without immediate commercial value.

"It is not along that line that I have been working," he said. "The chemicals used are too expensive for general use. My endeavor has been to show that we can transform the potential energy of the carbon into electricity without waste. There are many agents which can be used, and, with experiment, will come the discovery of some agent cheap enough for general use. Then the solution of the problem given here will be practically applied and steam will become a thing of the past. At present we have only crossed the boundary line. Ahead lie tremendous results."

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

HOME.

February 6. President Cleveland signs a bill to reduce the number of pension agencies from eighteen to nine, which will save the government \$150,000 a year.

February 8. The Senate overrides President Cleveland's veto on the bill creating a new judicial district in Texas.

February 9. The election for president of the Union Theological Seminary decides upon Charles C. Hall, D.D., LL.D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., for that office.

February 10. The electoral votes as counted by Congress in joint session are, for president, McKinley 271, Bryan 176; for vice-president, Hobart 271, Sewall 149, Watson 27.—Women are given full suffrage in Massachusetts by virtue of the Massachusetts Legislative Committee on Constitutional Amendments' vote to strike out the word "male."

February 15. William Lampson Leroy, New York, dying, leaves to Yale University about \$1,000,000.

February 16. The National Education Association's department of superintendence convenes in Indianapolis, Ind.

February 17. The American Newspaper Association convenes in New York.—The American Institute of Mining Engineers meets in Chicago, Ill.

February 18. Mr. Hopkins, Republican contestant tenth Kentucky district, is seated by the House.—Secretary of the Navy Herbert signs an order abolishing the Naval Steel Board; the work of inspection hereafter will fall upon the bureaus of engineering and construction.

February 20. The Missouri Supreme Court decides that women are eligible to all elective offices in the state from which they are not specifically barred by statute.

February 22. A convention of the National Reform Press Association is held in Memphis, Tenn.—Fusion Populist editors convene in Kansas City, Mo.—The Texas anti-trust law is declared unconstitutional by Judge Swayne, United States Court, Dallas, Tex.—President Cleveland signs orders establishing thirteen additional forest reservations, of which the aggregate area is 21,370,840 acres.

February 24. The organization of the United Reform Press Association (Fusion Populist) takes place at Kansas City, with J. R. Sovereign as president.—The National Sound Money League organizes in New York City.

February 25. A convention of the National Baseball League takes place in Baltimore, Md.—

1-Apr.

The sixth annual Tuskegee (Ala.) Negro Conference begins its session.

February 27. The Venezuelan Boundary Commission tenders its final report to President Cleveland and thus goes out of existence.

February 28. The world's conference of Seventh-Day Baptists takes place in Lincoln, Neb.

March 2. President Cleveland vetoes the bill to restrict immigration.

March 3. The House passes over the president's veto the bill to restrict immigration.

March 5. Major A. T. Wood, of Mount Sterling, Ky., is appointed by Governor Bradley to succeed J. C. S. Blackburn as U. S. senator from Kentucky.

March 6. President McKinley issues a proclamation calling the Fifty-fifth Congress to an extra session on March 15.—Joseph A. Iasigi, Turkish consul-general in Boston, is indicted by the Boston Grand Jury on the charge of embezzling about \$100,000.

FOREIGN.

February 6. Dr. Koch, the well-known bacteriologist, now in Africa, announces that he has discovered a serum to counteract the rinderpest.

February 8. The Royal Geographical Society gives a reception in London in honor of Dr. Nansen, the explorer, and awards him a gold medal, the Prince of Wales presenting the medal.

February 9. Serious rioting is caused in Hamburg, Germany, by discontented workmen.

February 15. Spanish authorities are informed by Señor de Lome, Spanish minister at Washington, D. C., that President Cleveland, Secretary Olney, and others consider the Cuban reforms to be ample.

February 16. Cecil Rhodes gives his testimony on the Transvaal raid, before a parliamentary committee.

February 18. Dr. Zertucha, the alleged traitor to General Maceo, is reported to have been assassinated by Cubans.

February 24. President Krüger accuses the High Court of the South African Republic of sympathy with the plots of Cecil Rhodes and asks to have it placed under control of the Volksraad.—Queen Victoria holds the first drawing-room of the season in Buckingham Palace, London.

February 27. It is reported that Russia and Japan have by treaty established their joint protectorate over Korea.

March 1. The English executive announces in the House of Commons that England will not interfere in Cuba.—An avalanche destroys one wing of the Monastery of St. Bernard, on the Alps.

C. L. S. C. OUTLINE AND PROGRAMS.

OUTLINE OF REQUIRED READING.

FOR APRIL.

First Week (ending April 8).

- "A Survey of Greek Civilization." Chapter VII.
- "A History of Greek Art." Chapter I.
- "A Study of the Sky." Page 87. "Boötes."

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Paris the Magnificent."

Sunday Reading for April 4.

Second Week (ending April 15).

- "A Survey of Greek Civilization." Chapter VIII.
- "A History of Greek Art." Chapter II.
- "A Study of the Sky." Pages 89 and 90. "Coma Berenices" and "Virgo."

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The Three Carnots."

"Mirabeau before the Revolution."

Sunday Reading for April 11.

Third Week (ending April 22).

- "A Survey of Greek Civilization." Chapter IX.
- "A History of Greek Art." Chapter III. to page 102.
- "A Study of the Sky." Pages 91 and 92. "Corvus" and "Corona Borealis."

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"The Commercial Geography of Europe."

"The Causes of Increased Juvenile Criminality in France."

Sunday Reading for April 18.

Fourth Week (ending April 29).

"A Survey of Greek Civilization." Chapter X. to page 311.

"A History of Greek Art." Chapter III. concluded.

"A Study of the Sky." Page 92. "Hydra."

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"French Cooks and Cooking."

Sunday Reading for April 25.

FOR MAY.

First Week (ending May 6).

"A Survey of Greek Civilization." Chapter X. concluded.

"A History of Greek Art." Chapters IV. and V.

"A Study of the Sky." Page 95. "Lyra."

In THE CHAUTAUQUAN:

"Victor Hugo as a Poet."

Sunday Reading for May 2.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMS FOR LOCAL CIRCLE WORK.

FOR APRIL.

FIRST WEEK.

1. Essay—Modern philosophers.
2. Historical Study—The emperor Hadrian and his reign.
3. Essay—Important periods of Egyptian history.
4. A Study in Ancient History—Babylonia and Assyria.
5. A Talk—The news of the week.

SECOND WEEK.

1. Character Sketch—Alexander the Great.
2. Geographical Study—Greece in the time of Alexander the Great.
3. A Review—France in the time of Mirabeau.
4. A Talk—The relation of prehistoric art in Greece to that in Egypt.
5. Discussion—Greece and the European powers.*

THIRD WEEK.

1. Observation Lesson—Answers to the queries on the constellations for April in "A Study of the Sky," the replies being the result of personal observation.
2. Memory Exercise—Definitions of the architectural terms used in the lesson.

* See *Current History and Opinion*.

3. Essay—The drama and dramatists of Greece.
4. A Paper—Pyrrhus and the Romans.
5. Table Talk—Boundary disputes.*

FOURTH WEEK.

EPAMINONDAS DAY—APRIL 24.

A great man is made up of qualities that meet or make great occasions.—*Lovell*.

1. Character Study—Epaminondas.
2. A Paper—The peace of Callias and the result with regard to Thebes and Sparta.
3. A Talk—The "Sacred Band."
4. Essay—The battle of Leuctra.
5. An Address—The last invasion of the Peloponnesus by Epaminondas.

FOR MAY.

FIRST WEEK.

1. A Five Minute Talk—The characteristics of Greek sculpture in the archaic period.
2. Essay—Plutarch and his works.
3. A Paper—The commercial interests of Greece.
4. General Discussion—Are genius and labor equal elements in the production of the highest works of art?
5. General Conversation—The events of the week.

* See *Current History and Opinion*.

C. L. S. C. NOTES AND WORD STUDIES.

ON REQUIRED READING FOR APRIL.

It is well known that every successful undertaking has for a foundation a system of conduct which adheres to a principle laid down by the guiding mind of the director. This is no less true in the business of acquiring an education than in commercial affairs, for the highest results are attained only by such a definite, systematic arrangement of all the subjects studied that they will fit into each other, unite, and commingle to form one broad stream, to the depth and breadth of which the various lines of investigation have contributed.

Into the channel of education opened by the C. L. S. C. THE CHAUTAUQUAN has poured one half of the contents through tributaries which reach out with many branches into the deep reservoirs of knowledge. These tributaries are represented this year by no less than eight distinct series of topics, which are made to contribute to our general and specific knowledge of the French nation and Greek social life. All the phases of the national development of France are touched upon. By a series of illustrated articles the people themselves, their costumes, and their art, with the magnificence of their capital city, are vividly presented to the reader. In the Molière and French literature numbers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN the national progress in the field of letters is revealed. Politics and French social life are shown in such articles as those on "The French Republic," "The French Army and Navy," and "The French Character in Politics." Coordinating with these and giving a very practical view of France was an article on the geographical position of the country, in which was pointed out its commercial and political development as affected by its geographical position, thus preparing the reader for the broader subject of commerce in continental Europe and its relation to environment as treated in the present impression. Another practical phase of French life is exhibited in "French Cooks and Cooking," which is also among the required readings for this month.

After having learned that the geographical position of a country influences its development, the reader is in a position to comprehend the predominant causes which produced the various periods of French history. As every cycle of years has its group of persons about whom events seem to center, biography has been chosen as a medium by which many of the important epochs of French history from Richelieu to Thiers are presented, the period of the Carnots and Mirabeau being treated in the present issue. Thus we have not only an

exposition of five different periods of French history, but we become acquainted with representative statesmen of France. The relation of France to American history is another branch of the main subject which has received attention, and French topics of general interest are treated in the series of translations.

By this brief *résumé* of the French division of the required reading in THE CHAUTAUQUAN for 1896-97 it is easy to discern the continuity of the subjects, which, though varied, so coordinate and fit into each other that were any one omitted the historical picture would be incomplete.

In the Greek division of the required reading in THE CHAUTAUQUAN the discussions on the social life in ancient and modern Grèce and on Homer as presented in the Homer number of THE CHAUTAUQUAN are to be followed by articles on Greek topics of equal interest and importance, while the religious element of the course is represented by the "Sunday Readings."

During April and the two succeeding months the members of the C. L. S. C. are to read that portion of "A Study of the Sky" which treats of the constellations for those months. The other books to be studied during April are "A Survey of Greek Civilization" and "A History of Greek Art."

"A HISTORY OF GREEK ART."

P. 18. "Cheops" [kē'ops].—"Chephren" [kē'fren].—"Mycerinus" [mis-e-rī'nus].

P. 19. "Mastaba" [mas'ta-ba].

P. 20. "Bas-relief" [bā-re-lēf']. Sculpture on a flat or curved surface, the objects represented projecting very slightly from the ground.

P. 21. "Sakkarah" [säk-kä'rā]. A town of Egypt near the ancient Memphis.

P. 21. "Ra-em-ka" [rä'em-kä'].

P. 25. "Beni-hasan" [bā'nē-hā'sän].

P. 28. "Basilica." A basilica modeled after the typical plan was in form an oblong rectangle having two side aisles separated from the broad central part by rows of columns. At the end of the building farthest from the main entrance was a raised semicircular seat, called a tribune, which was occupied by the Roman prætor and his assessors, and which probably became the chancel of the church when these Roman halls of justice were converted into Christian churches.

P. 29. "Hathor" [hä'thor]. A goddess universally worshiped in Egypt to whom were consecrated the dance, the orgies, and merriment.

P. 31. "Anubis" [a-nū'bis]. One of the principal deities of Egypt, a representative of the horizon. The images of him were made of gold, or were gilded, and a white and a yellow cock were sacrificed to him.—"Sebek" [seb'ek]. "Seemingly a double of Set, the god of evil."

P. 31. "Faiënce" [fā-e-ans']. A kind of glazed earthenware usually decorated in color, said to have been manufactured first at Faenza, Italy.

P. 36. "Gudea" [goo-dā'ā]. One of the earliest kings of Babylon. The exact date of his reign is uncertain, but it is supposed that he ruled as early as 3000 B. C.

P. 63. "*Repoussé*" [re-poo-sā'].

P. 69. "Intaglio" [in-tal'yō]. An engraving in which the design is depressed below the surface of the material.

P. 74. "Meander." A kind of ornamentation composed of lines usually so arranged that they form oblique or right angles to each other, though sometimes they are curved or twisted with interlacings. This term is applied especially to the key pattern used by the Greeks for decorating the border of their robes.

P. 76. "Euphorbus." According to Greek mythology, a Trojan warrior slain by Menelaus.

P. 78. "Acragas" [ak'ra-gas]. A town in Sicily called Agrigentum by the ancient Romans. The site contains remains of Doric temples and other Greek works of art constructed before the Carthaginian conquest.

P. 80. "Priene" [pri-ē'nē]. A town in Caria not far from Miletus.

P. 81. "Opisthodomos" [op-is-thod'ō-mos].

P. 84. "Crepidoma" [kre-pi-dō'mā].

P. 87. "Metope" [met'ō-pē].

P. 87. "Mutule" [mū'tūl].

P. 87. "Sima." A variant of cyma [sī'mā].

P. 93. "Trochili" [trōk'i-lī]. The plural form of trochilus.

P. 98. "Guilloche" [gi-lōsh'].

P. 102. "Philippeum." This building, dedicated to Philip of Macedon, was erected as a monument of his triumph at the battle of Chæronea.

P. 112. "Asclepius." In Greek mythology, the god of medicine.

"A SURVEY OF GREEK CIVILIZATION."

P. 206. "Palestræ." The plural of palestra, a public place in which Greek youths practised athletic exercises.

P. 211. "Empedocles" [ēm-ped'ō-kles]. A philosopher and poet born in Sicily about 490 B. C. He claimed to possess superhuman power and it is said that, in order to prove his deity, he suddenly disappeared from sight by throwing himself into the crater of Etna.—"Democritus." A philosopher born in Thrace about 460 B. C. His cheerful dis-

position which enabled him to treat the follies of man with calmness and even to laugh at them caused him to be called "the laughing philosopher." Little is positively known about the details of his life, but "according to tradition he put out his eyes in order to be less disturbed in his philosophical speculations."

P. 212. "Aratus." A Greek poet who lived about 270 B. C.

P. 219. "Propylæa" [prop-i-lē'a]. See page 105 of "A History of Greek Art."

P. 220. "Nike" [nī'kē]. According to Greek myths the goddess of victory. See page 247 of the text-book.

P. 221. "Apollo Belvedere." See "A History of Greek Art," page 252.—"Farnese Hercules." A noted Greek statue in a museum at Naples, representing Hercules undraped, leaning on a club. "The bearded head is somewhat small, and the muscular development prodigious."—"Venus de Medici." A Greek statue of marble which represents the goddess, undraped, "with her arms held before her body and a dolphin to her left. While without the dignity of earlier Greek work, it has long ranked as a canon of female beauty."

P. 222. "Parthenius." A Greek poet of the last half of the first century B. C.—Callimachus [ka-lim'a-kus]. An artist by this name, said to have invented the Corinthian column, lived about 396 B. C. and a poet having the same name lived about one hundred years later.—"Tauriscus." A Greek sculptor.—"Pasiteles" [pa-sit'e-lēz]. A Greek sculptor of the first century B. C.

P. 233. "Granicus" [gra-nī'kus]. A small river of Mysia, Asia Minor.

P. 235. "Saida" [sī'dā].

P. 240. "Susa" [soo'sā]. Another name for the scriptural Shushan.—"Pasargadæ" [pa-sär'ga-dē]. The earliest Persian capital and the town where Cyrus was buried.

P. 240. "Miles Gloriosus." Vainglorious soldier.

P. 244. "Seleucus" [se-lā'kus]. One of the generals of Alexander the Great and for a short time the ruler of most of his empire.

P. 244. "Diadochi" [dī-ad'ō-kī]. The Macedonian generals in the army of Alexander the Great, who made a division of his empire after his death.

P. 256. "*Gravitas*." Latin for seriousness, gravity.

P. 257. "Chremonidean War." The war undertaken by Antigonus Gonatas for the purpose of reducing Athens. It received its name from the Athenian Chremonides, who made brave attempts to defend the city.

P. 258. "Museum." See page 284 of the text-book.

P. 263. "Xenocrates" [ze-nok'ra-tēz]. A phi-

losopher.—“Theophrastus.” A Greek philosopher born about 372 B. C.

P. 265. “New Comedy.” One of the three forms into which comedy was divided. The characters in the New Comedy, as well as the subjects, were fictitious, instead of being living people satirized under their own name as was the case in the Old or under fictitious names as in the Middle Comedy.

P. 267. “Dicæarchus” [dī-sē-ār' kus].

P. 268. “*Comedia palliata*.” Comedy in which Greek characters are introduced in the Greek dress.

P. 271. “*Grex*.” The company.

P. 271. “*Fabii*.” Those belonging to the Roman *gens* Fabius, several of whose members were distinguished men.—“*Aurelii*.” Members of a Roman *gens* Aurelia, distinguished in history after 225 B. C., when the consulship was obtained by one of them.—“*Marcelli*.” The members of the Marcellus family in the plebeian *gens* Claudia.

P. 275. “*Sannazaro*” [sän-näd-zä' rō].

P. 276. “*Mime*” [mīm]. A farcical representation of real events and persons.

P. 277. “*Pydna*” [pid' nā]. The victory gained near the town in 168 B. C. by the Romans caused the overthrow of the Macedonian monarchy.

P. 278. “*Demetrius Poliorcetes*.” Sometimes called Demetrius the Besieger.

P. 279. “*Hegesias*” [he-jé' si-as].

P. 284. “*Scholia*.” The Latin plural of *scholium*; annotations.

P. 286. “*Lycophron*” [lī' kof-rōn]. A tragic poet of Alexandria who lived in the third century B. C.

P. 287. “*Baiæ*” [bā' yē]. The modern Baja [bā' yā].

P. 287. “*Boule*” [boo' lē]. In the early history of Greece, a legislative assembly or council whose members were the heads of the citizen families, the president being the king. Later in Ionian states the *boule* corresponded to what is now called the senate. The legislature of modern Greece is also termed the *boule*.—“*Demos*.” A Greek word meaning the common people; a democracy.

P. 288. “*Gracchi*.” Two brothers, Tiberius

and Caius Gracchus, who are famous for the part they took in the agitation of the Agrarian Laws. They were both tribunes of the people and were assassinated, Tiberius in 133 B. C., and Caius in 121 B. C.

P. 289. “*Villa Ludovisi*” [vēl' lā loo-dō-ve'sē]. A villa erected in Rome in the seventeenth century by Cardinal Ludovisi.

P. 290. “*Strategi*.” The *strategi* in ancient Greece were at first military officers, elected annually by the entire body of citizens. Later they not only controlled military and naval affairs but directed the foreign relations of Attica.

P. 294. “*Scipio Æmilianus*.” A Roman general and an accomplished literary man who died in 129 B. C.—“*Panætius*” [pa-nē' shi-us]. A philosopher of Rhodes. He died about 111 B. C.

P. 295. “*Cynoscephalæ*” [sin-os-sef' a-lē]. Heights located in Thessaly, a few miles southeast of Larissa.

P. 298. “*Mummius*.” A Roman consul living in the second century B. C.

P. 299. “*Social War*.” A war between the confederate Italians of central and southern Italy and Rome, caused by the refusal of the Romans to extend the privileges of citizenship.

P. 299. “*Verres*” [ver' ēz]. A Roman prætor whose administration of affairs in Sicily was signalized by extreme cruelty, and he plundered the island of many valuable articles when he was governor. The efforts of Cicero at the trial of Verres won for him his place as foremost orator of his time.

P. 306. “*Eleusinian Mysteries*.” A festival of a religious nature celebrated in honor of Demeter, the goddess of agriculture. At first these celebrations resembled thanksgiving festivals, but afterward they came to have an allegorical meaning which was understood by none but the initiated, who were bound by an oath to keep what they saw a profound secret. It is supposed by some that the doctrine of the immortality of the soul was propagated by these mysteries.

P. 308. “*Martinmas summer*.” A short period of warm weather following Martinmas, a church feast, formerly celebrated on November 11, in honor of St. Martin.

REQUIRED READING IN “THE CHAUTAUQUAN”

“PARIS THE MAGNIFICENT.”

1. “*Foyer*” [fwo-yā].
2. “*Loggia*” [loj' ā].
3. “*Rue de Rivoli*” [rü dē rē-vō-lē].
4. “*Hôtel des Invalides*” [ō-tel' dā zan-vā-lēd].

“THE THREE CARNOTS.”

1. “*Fructidor*” [French pronunciation frük-tē-dôr]. The twelfth month of the calendar of the first French Republic, extending from August 18 to September 16.

2. The “*Tribunate*” was a department of the French government under the constitution of the year VIII., promulgated December 15, 1799. It was composed of one hundred members, chosen by the conservative Senate, who could suggest and discuss measures which might or might not be considered by the government. It was suppressed in 1807.

“MIRABEAU BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.”

1. “*L'Ami des Hommes*.” The Friend of Men.
2. “*Wilkes*” (1727-97). An English politician

and political agitator who was imprisoned for criticisms of the government published in a paper of which he was the head.

3. "Sanglante." Cutting, bitter.
4. "Ré" [rā]. An island in the Bay of Biscay opposite the city of La Rochelle.
5. "Pyrrhic victory." A victory won at too great a cost; a reference to the exclamation "Another such victory and I must return to Epirus alone," said to have been made by Pyrrhus, the King of Epirus, after a battle with the Romans in which he lost a large number of his best troops.
6. "Manosque" [mä-nōsk']. A town a few miles northeast of Marseilles.
7. "Château d'If" [shā-tō dēf']. A fortress on the island of If a few miles southwest of Marseilles.
8. "Joux" [zhoo].
9. "Pontarlier" [pōn-tär-lyā'].

"FRENCH COOKS AND COOKING."

1. "Cordon bleu." An excellent cook. "The commandeur de Souvé, comte d'Olonne, and some others, who were *cordons bleus* (i. e. knights of the Holy Ghost) met together as a sort of club, and were noted for their well-appointed dinners. Hence, when any one had dined well he said, 'Indeed, this is a veritable *cordons bleus* repast'; and a superior cook was one of the *cordons bleus* type or, briefly, a '*cordons bleus*.'"—Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable."
2. "Fond de cuisine." The foundation of cookery or basis of anything cooked.
3. "Farmers-general." A name given to associations in France to whose members upon payment of a certain sum the privilege of levying taxes

was farmed out. This method of raising the public revenue was begun in France during the reign of Philip the Fair and continued with various modifications until the revolutionary period in the eighteenth century, when it was abolished by the constitution of 1791. Twenty-eight of the farmers-general were executed in 1794.

4. "Maitre d'hôtel." Steward.
5. "Lucullus." A Roman general who died about 57 B. C. After being deprived of his command he retired to his rural villas, where he entertained his friends, spending fabulous sums on his table. It is said that he spent about \$8,500 on a single supper given to some of his friends.
6. "Restaurateurs." Restaurant keepers.
7. "Physiologie du Goût." Physiology of taste.
8. "Brillat-Savarin" [brē-yā'sā-vā-ran'].
9. "Cour de cassation." Court of appeal.
10. "Pâtissier." Pastry cook.
11. "Chef de bouche." The queen's cook.
12. "Déjeuner." [dā-zhē-nā']. Breakfast. It is a midday meal in France. Instead of eating a breakfast in the English and American sense it is quite customary to take a cup of coffee or chocolate and a roll upon awakening in the morning.
13. "Cercle Agricole." Agricultural club.—"Pommes de Terre." French meaning literally, apples of earth: potatoes.
14. "Carte du jour." Bill of fare for the day.
15. "Chambre Syndicale," etc. Syndic of the pastry-cooks.—"Société de Secours," etc. Mutual aid society of the cooks of Paris.
16. "Cuisinières du curé." The curate's cooks.
17. "Exposition du concours culinaire." Exposition for culinary competition.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

ON THE C. L. S. C. TEXT-BOOKS.

"A HISTORY OF GREEK ART."

1. Q. What is one of the earliest Egyptian sculptures now existing? A. The great Sphinx at Gizeh.
2. Q. Of what was the Sphinx a representation? A. A solar deity.
3. Q. By whom were the three great pyramids of Gizeh built? A. By three kings of the Fourth Dynasty.
4. Q. For what purpose were these pyramids used? A. Tombs into which were placed the mummies of the kings who built them.
5. Q. Which was the largest of these pyramids? A. The pyramid of Cheops.
6. Q. In what fact lies the chief interest of the *mastabas*? A. They have preserved to us most of what we possess of early Egyptian sculpture.
7. Q. In Egyptian sculpture what did the artist

strive to do? A. To make a counterfeit presentment of his subject.

8. Q. What does the Egyptian sculptor fail to attain? A. Freedom in the posing of his figures.
9. Q. Of what are the tombs of the Middle Empire constructed? A. Either of sun-dried brick in the form of a block capped by a pyramid or they are excavated in the rock.
10. Q. What special feature is exhibited in the rock-cut tombs? A. The pillars of living rock standing at the entrance and in the chapel.
11. Q. What style of column continued in favor under the New Empire? A. The proto-Doric.
12. Q. Of what material were ancient Babylonian buildings constructed? A. Of bricks, some of them merely sun-dried, others kiln-baked.
13. Q. What is the character of the early Baby-

Ionian reliefs and sculptures? A. The reliefs are extremely rude but the statues are much better.

14. Q. In what does Assyrian art attain to its highest level? A. In the rendering of animals.

15. Q. What two places were the seats of an important indigenous art, antedating that of Greece? A. Egypt and Mesopotamia.

16. Q. In the walls of fortification discovered in prehistoric Greek remains what styles of masonry have been found? A. The corbelled vault, and the cyclopean, polygonal, and ashlar masonry.

17. Q. Next to the walls of fortification what are the most numerous early remains of the builder's art in Greece? A. The bee-hive tombs.

18. Q. On what system was the bee-hive chamber in the "Treasury of Atreus" constructed? A. On the corbelling system.

19. Q. What branch of art was unimportant in prehistoric Greece? A. Sculpture.

20. Q. Of sculpture on a large scale what remains have been found? A. The gravestones found at Mycenæ and the relief which has given the name to the Lion Gate.

21. Q. What arts were in great requisition in the Mycenæan age? A. The arts of the goldsmith, silversmith, gem-engraver, and ivory-carver.

22. Q. By what is shown the greatest triumph of the goldsmith's art in this period? A. The two gold cups found in a bee-hive tomb at Vaphio.

23. Q. What was the characteristic ware of the Mycenæan civilization? A. The Mycenæan pottery.

24. Q. What were the favorite elements of design used in the decoration of the Mycenæan pottery? A. Bands and spirals and a variety of animal and vegetable forms, chiefly marine.

25. Q. By what was the Mycenæan pottery superseded? A. Geometric pottery.

26. Q. What was the supreme achievement of Greek architecture? A. The temple.

27. Q. What are the two principal orders in Greek architecture? A. The Doric and the Ionic.

28. Q. In these orders what are the points of agreement? A. In each the columns rest on a stepped base; the shaft of the column tapers from the lower to the upper end, is channeled or fluted vertically, and is surmounted by a capital; the entablature consists of architrave, frieze, and cornice.

29. Q. Where was the Ionic order much used? A. In the Greek cities of Asia Minor for peripteral temples.

30. Q. What is the only peculiar feature of the so-called Corinthian order? A. The capital.

31. Q. What are the great features of Greek columnar architecture? A. Simplicity in general form, harmony of proportion, and refinement of line.

the most important for the cultivation of the human race? A. The century 435-335 B. C.

2. Q. By what is the poverty of art instincts of the present age illustrated? A. By the architecture.

3. Q. What feature is common to every department of art in which the Greeks excelled? A. Chastity of style.

4. Q. What is the first thing that meets the modern reader when he studies the history of the Golden Age of Greece? A. The cruelty of the Greeks to slaves and prisoners.

5. Q. What characteristic of the Greek nature is shown in their politics? A. Greed and jealousy.

6. Q. What was one of the most powerful features of the Greek people? A. The power of accommodation.

7. Q. What had been the growing feeling in Greece in regard to the form of government? A. Against hegemony and in favor of autonomy.

8. Q. What formed the only bar to a Persian invasion? A. Philip and his Macedonians.

9. Q. How was soldiering, even as mercenaries, regarded by aristocrats? A. As more respectable than any peaceable trade.

10. Q. What was the effect of Alexander's mission? A. It caused an expansion and unification of the Greek language.

11. Q. What does the discovery of the treasure of Greek art at Sidon show? A. The condition of Hellenic art, and so Hellenic culture, in the period when Alexander spread it over a part of Asia.

12. Q. For the Greeks what was the result of the Macedonian conquest? A. It opened all the world to their talents.

13. Q. In what way were commerce and trade stimulated? A. By the opening up of Asia and Egypt to the western world and the freeing from the Persian treasure-houses at Susa and Pasargadæ of the hoards of gold which had accumulated there.

14. Q. Before the year 300 B. C. what had every Hellenistic king begun to assert concerning himself? A. His own descent from Heracles, or Apollo, or Dionysus.

15. Q. What was the effect of this claim on morals? A. It was disastrous.

16. Q. What was the general effect upon society of warfare with mercenary armies? A. It was demoralizing.

17. Q. What is considered the most serious and permanent feature of the best period of Hellenism? A. The Stoic philosophy.

18. Q. Why has the Stoic creed lasted to this day as a symbol of a certain lofty type of human nature? A. Because it was a noble creed in itself; also because it set itself against the opposite theory of Epicurus, and fought hard for the dignity of the human soul.

19. Q. To whom do we owe our information

"A SURVEY OF GREEK CIVILIZATION."

1. Q. What century may be said to have been

concerning the trivial side of Athenian life in the period 250-150 B. C.? A. To the writers of genteel comedy.

20. Q. By what characteristics were the early Rhodians distinguished? A. By their caution, diplomacy, and magnanimity.

21. Q. What other cities were great centers of civilization? A. Antioch, Alexandria, and Pergamum.

22. Q. In the kingdom of Egypt what feature of Greek life was lacking? A. Greek politics.

23. Q. According to Polybius what was a fact concerning the standard of honesty throughout the Hellenistic world? A. It was very low both in politics and society.

24. Q. To what was the degradation of the Romans due? A. To contact with the Greeks.

25. Q. In what is the influence of Greece upon Rome to be observed? A. In the constitution of the Roman Empire, in the worship of the emperors, and in poetry and art.

THE QUESTION TABLE.

ANSWERS IN NEXT NUMBER.

FRENCH LITERATURE AND ART.—VII.

1. Who was France's greatest historian?
2. Wherein lies the charm of his writing?
3. Of what class of writers is Saint-Beuve the master.
4. From what classic writers did Leconte de Lisle derive most of his culture?
5. Name the author of the following quotation:
Religion is a fire to which example furnishes the fuel, and which goes out if it does not spread.
6. Who wrote the following:
The chains which bind us the closest are those which weigh on us the least.
7. Notre Dame at Paris is an example of what kind of architecture?
8. Name three famous French fresco-painters.
9. What historic character is the subject of several of Meissonier's paintings?
10. Who was the founder of the French Classical School of painting?

FRENCH HISTORY.—VII.

1. By what administrative acts did Louis XVI. open his reign?
2. What was one cause of Malesherbe's popularity among men of letters?
3. By whom was Turgot's influence with the king undermined?
4. What title was given Necker when he had charge of the finances of the government?
5. Beside the financial reforms what two honorable acts marked Necker's administration?
6. What treaty was signed between France and England in 1786?
7. How did Brienne gain credit among the Notables?
8. Why did Brienne promise a convocation of the States-General?
9. Who was called "Madame Deficit"?
10. What was the first act of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette when they learned that the sovereignty of France descended to them?

ASTRONOMY.—VII.

1. By what name was Mercury known among the early Greeks?
2. When Mercury is a morning star at what time of the year is it best seen?
3. In what ways is Mercury exceptional in the solar system?
4. Near what dates do transits of Mercury occur?
5. Why do they occur near these dates?
6. According to computations when will the next transit of Mercury occur?
7. At what time in the year is Mars in favorable opposition? When does the least favorable occur?
8. What is meant by the synodical period of a planet?
9. What is the length of the synodical period of Mars?
10. What is the sidereal period of a planet?

CURRENT EVENTS.—VII.

1. What legal qualifications are necessary in order that a man may become vice-president of the United States?
2. How many members are there in the president's cabinet, and what is the salary of each?
3. What two cabinet positions were created last?
4. By whom are the members of the cabinet appointed?
5. On what date did the presidential electors meet to vote for president and vice-president?
6. What date and place have been fixed by law for opening and counting the certified electoral votes?
7. What is the origin of March 4 as inauguration day?
8. Which member of the cabinet has charge of the signal service and weather bureau?
9. When and by whom was the first treaty between the United States and Japan negotiated?
10. What right is recognized by the Japanese-American treaty of 1894?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN "THE CHAUTAUQUAN"
FOR MARCH.

FRENCH LITERATURE AND ART.—VI.

1. His historical novels are similar to those of Walter Scott. 2. That his most celebrated works are the productions of writers paid to write under his name. 3. Although it is true that he had assistants who aided him in the unimportant parts of some of his works, yet that Dumas was the moving spirit in all his works is proved by the fact that none of his assistants, whose names are in many cases known, have equaled or even resembled his peculiar style. 4. "Count of Monte Cristo," "The Three Guardsmen," "Twenty Years After," "Margaret of Anjou," "The Life and Adventures of Alexander Dumas." 5. Honoré de Balzac. 6. "This school took nature just as it found it in the forest of Fontainebleau on the plains of Barbizon and elsewhere and gave it the light, shadow, atmosphere, and color that resulted in the best landscape painting known to us." 7. Corot, Rousseau, Daubigny, and Jules Dupré. 8. Jean François Millet. 9. Jean François Millet. 10. Rosa Bonheur.

FRENCH HISTORY.—VI.

1. At the close of the Seven Years' War by Prussia and Austria. 2. The treaty of Paris signed by Great Britain, France, Spain, and Portugal. 3. In 1768. 4. It showed the inability of the French generals, the want of discipline among the soldiers, and the weakening of the military attributes of the nation. 5. The clergy, nobility, and the plebeians. 6. The "nobility of the sword," which held the military positions, the highest offices of the church, court, and representation, and the "nobility of the robe," which held the judicial offices and those of the higher administration. 7. During the reign of Louis XV., and the state assumed the expense of laying them out and of the constructive designs.

8. By corporations, wardenships, and masterships, which limited the number of patrons and allowed only those to follow a trade who paid for the apprenticeship. 9. Arthur Lee, Silas Deane, and Benjamin Franklin. 10. By sending indirect aid consisting of money, arms, and ammunition to be delivered by Beaumarchais.

ASTRONOMY.—VI.

1. Terminator. 2. A rough, jagged appearance. 3. The sun lights the summits of the lunar peaks first, while the adjacent valleys are in shade. 4. More than a thousand. 5. They are crater mountains. 6. To that of a circle. 7. The full moon which falls nearest to the autumnal equinox. 8. About 12°. 9. About 50 minutes. 10. In the winter, because the nights are longer and the moon being highest when the sun is lowest is at this season best situated for lighting up the northern hemisphere.

CURRENT EVENTS.—VI.

1. Soon after Dr. Jameson's raid, early in January, 1896. 2. Sir J. Gordon Sprigg. 3. The confederation of the Europeans of South Africa into a single colonial nationality. 4. In South Africa between Transvaal and 20° east longitude and north of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, to 22° south latitude; England. 5. In Western Africa, extending west from the delta of the Niger to Dahomey. 6. To the president "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate." 7. Practically, for six years. 8. After it has been tried for five years either party may withdraw after having given 12 months' notice of a desire to do so. 9. The New York State Bar Association; a memorial in the form of a petition was prepared and presented to President Cleveland. 10. The International Arbitration Congress; Washington.

THE C. L. S. C. CLASSES.

1882-1900.

CLASS OF 1897.—"THE ROMANS."

"Veni, Vidi, Vici."

OFFICERS.

President—Judge C. H. Noyes, Warren, Pa.

Vice Presidents—Rev. W. P. Varner, Bolivar, Pa.; Mrs. A. E. Barber, Bethel, Conn.; Miss Jessie Scott, Miss.; Mrs. G. B. Driscoll, Sidney, Ohio; Prof. Wm. E. Waters, Wells College, Aurora, N. Y.; A. A. Stagg, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Carrie V. Shaw-Rice, Tacoma, Wash.; Rev. James Ellsworth Coombs, Victoria, B. C.; Miss Emily Green, South Wales, N. Y.

Secretary—Miss Eva M. Martin, Chautauqua, N. Y.*Treasurer and Trustee*—Shirley P. Austin, Pittsburg, Pa.

CLASS EMBLEM.—IVY.

THE following from a successful clergyman indicates the value of the Chautauqua readings to educated men. He says: "I expect to go through the golden gates at Chautauqua next summer, but have resolved to continue right along with the Chautauqua readers, for I am of the firm opinion that any minister who will keep in touch with local circles will thereby be enabled to keep pace with the times and avoid the dead-line in ministerial service."

ANOTHER member of the Class of '97 writes: "I am glad to say that the Chautauqua work has never been a burden to me but always a pleasure. It has helped me through many hours which other-

wise might have been lonely and unprofitably occupied. It has given me a taste for solid reading which will be valuable throughout life."

A WORTHY member of this class sends her fourth fee and says: "I am sixty years old and am an individual reader. I cannot express to you the pleasure I have had in reading the Chautauqua course, which lies very near my heart."

A FEW more weeks and the goal is reached and the "Romans" are a conquering host. It is no time to falter now. Send in the memoranda as early as possible. Be sure your record is clear on the books at the central office. "*Veni, vidi, vici.*"

CLASS OF 1898.—"THE LANIERS."

"*The humblest life that lives may be divine.*"

OFFICERS.

President—Dr. W. G. Anderson, New Haven, Conn.
Vice Presidents—Mrs. Frances R. Ford, Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. W. V. Hazeltine, Jamestown, N. Y.; Mrs. W. T. Gardner; S. H. Clark, Chicago, Ill.; Dr. J. M. Buckley, New York, N. Y.
Secretary and Treasurer—Mrs. H. S. Anderson, Cleveland, Ohio.

CLASS FLOWER—VIOLET.

A MEMBER of the Class of '98, living on a ranch in Montana, writes her appreciation of the readings in the following: "The C. L. S. C. course is a boon for which I am very thankful, for through it I can keep in touch with the literary world. As we 'ranch it,' I have not the advantages of a circle, but am an individual reader; the long evenings are pleasantly and profitably spent in reading the Chautauqua books. Through them I find that new beauties are ever unfolding, and they help to make my little every-day vexations less, for they give me something better to think about."

CLASS OF 1899.—"THE PATRIOTS."

"*Fidelity, Fraternity.*"

OFFICERS.

President—John C. Martin, New York, N. Y.
Vice Presidents—The Rev. Cyrus B. Hatch, McKeesport, Pa.; Charles Barnard, New York, N. Y.; Frank G. Carpenter, Washington, D. C.; John Brown, Chicago, Ill.; Charles A. Carlisle, South Bend, Ind.; Edward Marsden, Alaska; William Ashton, Uxbridge, Eng.; Miss Alice P. Haworth, Osaka, Japan; Miss Frances O. Wilson, Tien-Tsin, China; Mrs. Katharine L. Stevenson, Chicago, Ill.
Secretary—Miss Isabella F. Smart, Brielle, N. J.
Treasurer and Building Trustee—John C. Whiteford, Mexico, N. Y.

CLASS EMBLEMS—THE FLAG AND THE FERN LEAF.
 CLASS COLOR—BLUE.

IN an interesting letter from a member of the Class of '99 we quote the following: "I wish to say in reference to my Chautauqua reading that I am enjoying it very much and especially this year's work. I have not the privilege of reading in a circle but am doing the best I can under the circumstances, with the determination to continue and graduate with my class. I have come to realize

that I cannot afford to do without the benefit derived from such books, which give me not only a taste for good reading but increase my acquaintance with the history of France and Greece."

CLASS OF 1900.—"THE NINETEENTH CENTURY CLASS."

"*Faith in the God of truth; hope for the unfolding centuries; charity toward all endeavor.*"

OFFICERS.

President—Rev. Dr. Nathaniel I. Rubinkam, Chicago, Ill.
Vice Presidents—J. F. Hunt, Chautauqua, N. Y.; Morris A. Green, Pittsburg, Pa.; Rev. John A. McKamy, Louisville, Ky.; Rev. Duncan Cameron, Canisteo, N. Y.
Secretary—Miss Mabel Campbell, Cohoes, N. Y.
Trustee—Rev. Dr. Nathaniel I. Rubinkam, Chicago, Ill.

CLASS EMBLEM—EVERGREEN.

ENROLLMENTS are yet being received for members of the last class of this century. Any who have done the reading or purpose to do it can be enrolled and receive their Membership Books at any time from the central office at Buffalo.

AN enthusiastic member of this class living in Illinois says: "Our circle enjoys the work and we are deriving great benefit from it."

ANOTHER writes: "I graduated from the high school last year and as I could not go further in my studies this year I did not know what work to take up that might serve the same purpose, but have found that the C. L. S. C. is just what I wanted."

THE spirit of fellowship engendered through the enrollment in the larger Chautauqua circle is indicated in the following extract from a letter recently received from a member in southern Illinois: "Although only an individual reader, away out here in what many people are pleased to term 'Egypt,' yet I can lay claim to the good will of hundreds of fellow workers who are endeavoring to better their condition by the systematic reading of good literature. I am enjoying the work very much."

GRADUATE CLASSES.

THE Society of the Hall in the Grove at Lincoln, Nebraska, recently held its annual gathering, where an excellent program was carried out and the evening greatly enjoyed by old and new members.

PEOPLE as a rule are likely to appreciate any attainment by the amount of labor and sacrifice it costs them. A member of the Class of '96, living in Oklahoma, in writing about her well-earned diploma says: "I am now over fifty years of age. The money for the books read in the first two years of the course was obtained by washing and ironing, and my reading was often done before six o'clock in the morning while other people were asleep." This woman completes the Chautauqua course, a conqueror. The pretext that the lack of time and money is the only reason for not taking up the course is often an excuse for idleness.

LOCAL CIRCLES.

C. L. S. C. MOTTOES.

"We Study the Word and the Works of God."

"Let us Keep our Heavenly Father in the Midst."

"Never be Discouraged."

C. L. S. C. MEMORIAL DAYS.

OPENING DAY—October 1.
BRYANT DAY—November, second Sunday.
MILTON DAY—December 9.
COLLEGE DAY—January, last Thursday.
LANIER DAY—February 3.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—February, second Sunday.
LONGFELLOW DAY—February 27.

SHAKESPEARE DAY—April 23.
ADDISON DAY—May 1.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—May, second Sunday.
SPECIAL SUNDAY—July, second Sunday.
INAUGURATION DAY—August, first Saturday after first Tuesday.
ST. PAUL'S DAY—August, second Saturday after first Tuesday.

SPECIAL MEMORIAL DAYS FOR 1896-97.

CHARLEMAGNE DAY—October 30.
"SAINT LOUIS" DAY—November 30.
JOAN OF ARC DAY—December 4.
RICHELIEU DAY—January 4.

HOMER DAY—February 12.
SOCRATES DAY—March 5.
EPAMINONDAS DAY—April 24.
PHIDIAS DAY—May 24.

NEW CIRCLES.

VERMONT.—Fortunate are the Chautauquans at Burlington, first in having such a large membership, numbering between thirty and forty, and second in having enlisted the interest of the faculty of the University of Vermont, who have provided a course of semi-monthly lectures on subjects pertaining to the readings. These lectures are very popular and bring the Chautauqua work before the people, and it is hoped will aid in the establishment of a summer Assembly near Burlington, on the banks of Lake Champlain.

MASSACHUSETTS.—On July 29, in Alumni Hall, at Framingham, a circle was organized for the Class of 1900. At the close of the session of the Assembly the number had increased to twenty-seven and on Recognition Day this class led the march, bearing their hastily improvised banner, a fringed towel decorated with sumac leaves. They received many congratulations on their display and also on their successful organization.

NEW YORK.—The circle organized at East Bloomfield is in a flourishing condition.

PENNSYLVANIA.—"Established on such a firm foundation as to assure its permanency," is the confident report from the Hawthorne Circle at Bernville, organized in the early part of November. They have a reading-room in which all the leading magazines and papers are placed at the disposal of the members, several of whom are associate members and merely take advantage of the reading-room. The outlined programs are followed to some extent but often original ones are arranged. Each member takes an interest in the work and all the meetings are instructive.—A circle was organized at Covington on January 5, and with extra effort the work will be completed at the end of the year.

VIRGINIA.—The Class of 1900 is constantly re-

ceiving new recruits and among them are the fifteen who organized at Marion on January 15.

KENTUCKY.—A dauntless band of thirteen organized at McAfee in October have been remarkably successful in their work.

OHIO.—C. L. S. C. work in this state is meeting with marked success. At Portsmouth a circle started out with thirty members and has increased to fifty-three, six of whom are associate members, paying the fee but not reading the course; the meetings are held semi-monthly in the Bigelow Church Sunday-school room. This circle furnishes a valuable hint to leaders who find it difficult to hold the attention of all present during the meeting; a critical examiner is appointed who questions the class at the close of the program concerning the points brought out in the lesson, thus compelling attentive listening. The programs carried out are of excellent merit, always interspersed with good music; an important feature of one of the meetings was a debate, "Resolved that women have played a more important part in the history of France than men." On the whole this circle is thoroughly alive and prosperous.—The Bible Course is taken up by a class of nine at Forest.—The membership at Dayton numbers twenty-four, all with the true Chautauqua spirit.—Three names are enrolled from Hownestine.—The Nineteenth Century Circle is at work at Celina.

WISCONSIN.—The Vesper Service is used for the second year by the pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church of Green Bay.

IOWA.—The Vincent Circle at Grundy City has been duly organized and christened. They have nine members, including two graduates of '86 who will graduate in June for the second time and will take up the course again next year. Thus is the work appreciated.—A class of ten busy people,

several of whom have not enrolled at the central office, are reading at Sheffield.

MISSOURI.—A small but persevering circle is studying at Carrollton.

KANSAS.—The Quindaquest Circle at Kansas City is reading the course and sends six names for enrollment.—Early in the fall a Chautauqua class was formed at Newton and the reading has been kept up with excellent results.—A member from Leavenworth says: "We have been organized for several months and have named our class the Salon; we are doing nicely and enjoy the course very much."

NEBRASKA.—Through the untiring efforts of Mrs. L. S. Corey, secretary of this state, space has been secured in a newspaper and a monthly magazine where the workings of the C. L. S. C. will be reported; she also reports energetic circles at Petersburg, Atromsburg, Odell, Plymouth, Liberty, and Bromfield.

COLORADO.—Seven names are enrolled from a circle at Denver.

OLD CIRCLES.

HAWAII.—A correspondent from Honolulu reports great interest in "A Study of the Sky" and relates an incident in her own experience concerning a possible meteorite. One night during a storm she was awakened by feeling the house shake. Next morning the cause was evident when she saw about three feet from the house a hole, round as though a cannon ball had entered, and so deep that nothing at hand could measure it. It is still a mystery what the visitor was.

ALABAMA.—The Sidney Lanier Circle of Shelby derives much benefit and pleasure from the Talladega Assembly, which all attended last year and expect to attend again this summer.

NEW YORK.—From Osceola comes the following report: "Last year we had a thriving circle of ten members and this year we have a membership of fourteen, with interest increasing at each meeting. Our circle is called the Lincoln Circle and we feel that we gain fresh knowledge with each meeting."—"Alive from center to circumference" is the C. L. S. C. of Tabernacle Church, Utica. That this class of seventy has succeeded in cultivating a taste for things Frenchy is proved by the promising menu of a banquet given to the victors by the vanquished of the first term contest. Among the delectable dishes may be mentioned, "*Sauce de Volaille Chautauque*," "*Gelée Canneberge Française*," and "*Oranges de Passadena*." The toast list also shows the fruits of the year's work: "Woman in the Constellations," "French Authors," "The French Woman of To-day," "The Amateur Astronomer," "France Personified in the *Grand Monarch*," and "The French Revolution in Rhyme."

Four names are enrolled in the Class of '98 from Park Circle.—Two new members have been initiated in the Ad Astra Circle, of Brooklyn, where the books are giving good satisfaction. Vincent Circle, with seventeen members, reports profitable meetings.

NEW JERSEY.—A book social, given recently by the Watchung Circle of Dunellen, formed an enjoyable evening's entertainment; each person represented a book and the ones guessing the most and the least received appropriate prizes. Refreshments were served, and every one voted the entertainment a success.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The second year of the Paxinosa Circle at Easton finds six new names added to the class; during the year lectures on Irving and Emerson were given by able speakers and Holmes will be the next subject. The work is progressing and little groups of Chautauquans may be seen any starry night observing the sky.—A notable increase is seen in the membership of the class at Parnassus.—Names are enrolled from Reading, Steelton, Philadelphia, and Ebensburg.

INDIAN TERRITORY.—The subjects of the course and other topics as well are handled exhaustively by Chickasaw Circle at Ardmore; among the subjects of papers read at one of the meetings are "Copernicus," "Hipparchus," "The Chaldeans," "The Koran," and the "History and Description of the Telescope."

OHIO.—An energetic class of '99's at Columbus is making rapid progress; special interest is taken in the study of "The Growth of the French Nation."—Seven members compose the circle at Youngstown.

INDIANA.—A Chautauquan from Warsaw writes: "We now have nine members of the C. L. S. C., all doing faithful, conscientious work. We all unite in voting the Chautauqua course not only very profitable but exceedingly interesting."—Crescent Circle of Warren retains all its members of last year and has initiated two for the Class of 1900.

ILLINOIS.—Lanier Day was appropriately celebrated by Chautauquans at Danville; papers were read on "Lanier as a Writer," "Lanier as a Man"; a poem by Lanier was read, and an original class poem; good music was also an enjoyable feature.—Moline Circle recently listened to an interesting description of stars and planets and afterward took personal observations of the larger planets with the aid of a telescope.—A class of eight enthusiastic members compose the Bryant Circle at Oak Park.—Names are enrolled from Griggsville and Harvard.

WISCONSIN.—Madison C. L. S. C. regards the Chautauqua work with favor.—Students at Oshkosh are continuing the work.

MINNESOTA.—A large number of interested

Chautauquans at Albert Lea have read seal courses and a circle is now reading which will send out several graduates this year. The people of the place are unusually interested.

IOWA.—Sixteen readers at Cedar Rapids are found always at the place of duty; "A Study of the Sky" is of especial satisfaction to the members; they are already planning for next year's work, when they will increase their membership.—Names are enrolled in the circles at Des Moines and Humboldt.

KANSAS.—The correspondent from Centralia says: "This is the eighth year we have had a class here and the thorough plan of Chautauqua work is fully appreciated by the educated people."—The F. W. Gunsaulus Circle, of Kansas City, is not large but is good in quality and working capacity.

NEBRASKA.—The secretary of Wymore Circle writes: "We are pursuing the course under great difficulties. Our teachers, of which our circle is mostly composed, find themselves greatly embarrassed by the failure of the bank in which their money and that of the school district was deposited. Some have been obliged to give up the reading for this year."—Bif and Columbia Circles of Lincoln hold very interesting meetings; Bif Circle meets in the morning and thinks great good has been done in this plan of work.—Good work is reported from Beatrice, Fremont, Fairbury, Wayne, Scribner, Ainsworth, Syracuse, Louisville, and Grand Island.—A circle of nineteen is organized at Beaver City.—

A dozen thorough readers at Lyons never fail to meet, and the programs are well carried out.

CALIFORNIA.—Seven out of a class of fifteen at Downey will graduate this year.

OREGON.—One very stormy night, only six members of Harmony Circle, Portland, being present at the meeting, these "faithful six," as they termed themselves, adopted a set of humorous resolutions, the chief feature of which was special mention, good or otherwise, of the absent members. This clever paper, which space will not permit to be given in full, was read at the next session, and the meetings have since been marked by prompt attendance. "The Willamette Chautauqua Circle, of Portland, can boast of having one of the most successful classes in the state, being well organized and well attended. It has a large membership and enthusiasm and love of the work are felt and manifested by all. The president is untiring in his efforts to promote the interests of the circle, and it is due in a measure to his zeal and labor that the class has kept up so bravely. It is predicted that some few of its members will some day attain no small amount of fame, as literary work has already been produced showing marked ability and talent of a rare order. This of course throws a certain degree of luster upon the class, and causes the members to feel duly proud of having such bright intellects among them."

NEW MEXICO.—Vincent Circle of Albuquerque has initiated one new member.

TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

The fifth volume of "Social England" fully sustains the high reputation attained by its predecessors in this series. It covers the period from the accession of George I. to the battle of Waterloo. Notwithstanding that the work has been performed by various writers in combination, the continuity of the narrative is fairly well preserved and as a whole the results are satisfactory. The present volume is characterized even more than those preceding by the able character of its contributors. Thus far the social history of England has been described authoritatively and in a manner calculated to engage the interest of persons whose thought is concerned with this subject. The difficult task set by Mr. Traill, the editor of the series, for himself and his colleagues has been marvelously well worked out, and the result is an exhaustive, painstaking, and reliable story of English social history. The Messrs. Putnam are to be congratulated upon making the work so readily accessible to

American readers. The publication of the last volume will be awaited with much interest.

History and Travel.

A delightful surprise to the casual reader is bound up within the sober brown covers of "Travel and Talk."*

The book may be opened with a mental interrogation as to the author's identity; but if so it is speedily displaced by regret that so clever and genial a writer has been known so late, and by the determination to hold him hereafter as a reserve mine of keen and original thought.

Decidedly an eye-opener is the little "Handbook of Arctic Discoveries"† prepared by Gen. A. W. Greely, U. S. A. One may well read and ponder on the unguessed possibilities of our great frozen North.

*Travel and Talk. By the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M.A. Illustrated. Two vols. 340 + 331 pp. \$5.00. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

† Handbook of Arctic Discoveries, No. 3. Columbian Knowledge Series. By A. W. Greely, Brigadier-General United States Army. 257 pp. \$1.00. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

*Social England. By various writers. Edited by H. D. Traill, D. C. L. \$3.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Vol. V.

"A Cycle of Cathay"* is not so poetical as it sounds, but is a serious record of the important movements in Chinese affairs since 1850, interspersed with much pleasant anecdote and valuable description. It is amply illustrated, and lands well within the popular bourne of combined instruction and entertainment.

A very comfortable little jaunt through Egypt and Palestine† is that to which Lee S. Smith invites us—one in which we gain many true and vivid impressions of the cradle-land of our religion.

A book well deserving its long survival is "Transcaucasia and Ararat,"‡ first published and cordially accepted some twenty years ago, but which with the supplementary data and authoritative revisions now supplied by its distinguished author is a far more important work than were the former editions.

Deliciously quaint in language and sentiment are some of the quoted passages in "Old Colony Days,"§ and thoroughly absorbing is the book throughout, being a graceful narrative presentment of some of the most interesting phases of colonial history.

A weighty tome of six hundred solid pages is devoted to "The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians,"§ and then not to its *ensemble* but only to its religious side. Ponderously learned it seems, but the chance browser who turns its pages finds with pleasant surprise his attention constantly held by some strong, meaningful sentence surcharged with interesting fact.

Our great bustling Gotham is such a maelstrom of American life that any preservation of its early traditions becomes a national benefaction. "Last Days of Knickerbocker Life in New York"¶ confers such a benefit, in its fund of authentic reminiscence recorded by a vigorous and appreciative intellect.

Social and Economic Studies. "Outlines of Economic Theory"*** is one of the latest economic textbooks to invite the attention of students. The orderly treatment of the subject,

*A Cycle of Cathay, or China, South and North. By W. A. P. Martin, D.D., LL.D. With Illustrations and Map. 264 pp. \$2.00.—†Through Egypt to Palestine. By Lee S. Smith. Fifteen full-page Illustrations from Photographs taken by the Author. 223 pp. \$1.25. Chicago and New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

‡Transcaucasia and Ararat. Being Notes of a Vacation Tour in the Autumn of 1876. By James Bryce. With Engraving and Colored Map. 326 pp. \$3.00. New York: The Macmillan Company.

§Old Colony Days. By May Alden Ward. 280 pp. \$1.25. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

§The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians. By Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, Member of the Institute of France. Translated by Zénaïde A. Ragozin. Part III. The Religion. 601 pp.—¶Last Days of Knickerbocker Life in New York. By Abram C. Dayton. Illustrated Edition. 386 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

***Outlines of Economic Theory. By H. J. Davenport. 381 pp. \$2.00. New York: The Macmillan Company.

the timely interpretation of economic theory, and in the main the soundness of the conclusions will commend the volume to the increasing number of persons interested in this branch of learning.

The exposition* of the principles of sociology as set forth by Professor Giddings is important and interesting. Sociology is described with deliberation as a "science" the inclusiveness of which we may believe to be almost infinite. "It tries to conceive of society in its unity, and attempts to explain it in terms of cosmic cause and law." "It is an attempt to account for the origin, growth, structure, and activities of society by the operation of physical, vital, and psychical causes, working together in a process of evolution." The author inveighs against what he terms "the overworked biological analogy" in sociology and finds for the new "science" a psychological basis. The publication of this book emphasizes another development in the field of sociology and it is to be accounted a valuable addition to the growing literature of an important subject.

Professor Plehn's "Introduction to Public Finance"† was prepared especially for use as an elementary text-book for schools and colleges, but its popular character is likely to win for it much wider circulation. Public expenditure, public revenues, public indebtedness, and financial administration are the general subjects embraced in the discussion. Taxation in its different forms occupies the largest part of the author's attention, and the financial history of England, France, Germany, and the United States has been briefly but comprehensively described and analyzed.

In a small, handy volume‡ Mr. W. H. Mallock has brought together a number of detached essays dealing with wealth, wages, and welfare in the United Kingdom. In these days of social interest and agitation it is in a sense refreshing to follow the discussion of a writer which partakes of rationality, as in the present case. But it is nevertheless true that Mr. Mallock views the evolution of social conditions with an optimism that cannot be shared by those who have an appreciation of the hard processes which have led up to the present status of social life in England. The reading of these pages may conduce to one's comfortable feeling with relation to the state of society to-day and the outlook for the future, but it is bound to be more or less disturbed by an intimate acquaintance with the realities of social history.

Mr. McPherson in his businesslike discussion || of

*The Principles of Sociology. By Franklin H. Giddings, M.A. 476 pp. \$3.00.—†Introduction to Public Finance. By Carl C. Plehn, Ph.D., of the University of California. 364 pp. \$1.60.—‡Classes and the Masses. By W. H. Mallock. 139 pp. \$1.25. New York: The Macmillan Company.

||The Monetary and Banking Problem. By Logan G. McPherson. 135 pp. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

the monetary and banking problem commends the gold standard as being for the present the best standard of value. But he concludes: "As political economists of high authority have admitted the inadequacy of either gold or silver as a just and absolute standard of value; as there is reason to believe that in the future gold will be less fitted for this purpose than at present, the means by which a just and absolute standard may be attained should become a matter for earnest consideration, even although such consideration result but in the theoretical demonstration of a standard the adoption of which may be practicable only in the remote future." The author's thesis is suggestive of certain practical reforms, but in the main it is idealistic and looks to the establishment of a monetary standard which shall rest for its foundation directly upon the results of human effort.

"The Present Distribution of Wealth in the United States"* is the title of the twelfth volume in Crowell's Library of Economics and Politics. The subject is treated under three heads: "The Distribution of Property," "Distribution of Incomes," and "Distribution of Taxes." The concentration of property in cities, an obvious result of the centralization of population, is emphasized by statistics relating to the city of New York. Here it is asserted that in 1893 two thirds of the 330,000 families were propertyless. As to incomes, it is set down that one per cent of our families receive nearly one fourth of the whole income of the country and fifty per cent receive barely one fifth. In the matter of taxation it is stated that the "wealthy class" pays less than one tenth of the indirect taxes, the "well-to-do class" less than one quarter, and the "relatively poorer classes" more than two thirds. While the methods employed by the author in reaching these conclusions are apparently conscientious and painstaking, the lack of sufficient reliable statistical data bearing upon these subjects in this country justifies the hope that there is a brighter side to the picture. Dr. Spahr commits himself to a progressive income tax, for which he argues at length. A valuable appendix completes the volume.

An economic treatise† which must take high rank for practical character, logical conception, and judicial temperament is that by Professor Hadley. For a work which deals in so large a measure with economic theory it is gratifying to find the discussion practical as well as scientific. "An account of the relations between private property and public welfare" is the subtitle of the book, which, as the author well says, is "an attempt to apply the methods of modern science to the problems of

modern business." The familiar classification of economic science into the departments of production, distribution, exchange, and consumption has been discarded. In its stead the author follows a line of discussion which admits of no division upon hard and fast lines, but which nevertheless contributes much of facility to the work as a whole. The practical application of economic theory to the problems of modern business life is ably described, and the book deserves a wide reading for its real worth.

Stories for Boys and Girls.

A pure, healthy story for young people is "We Ten, or The Story of the Roses."* The Roses were, with one exception, strong, fun-loving children, and the incidents, pranks, and adventures of their daily lives as described by different members of the family make a story full of life and excitement. Each one of the Roses has his own peculiar individuality, and in spite of the naughtinesses and boisterous outbursts of passion we love every one of them for the real goodness and nobility of heart which shine forth even in their most daring escapades. It is a charming story and will delight youthful readers of both sexes.

A young girl of fourteen surrounded by wealth and luxury and gifted with a particular genius for writing novels, drawing, playing a violin, and singing, is the character whom Mary A. Denison calls an "every-day heroine."† The complete development of her womanly traits is brought about by the trials she endures after the loss of wealth and luxury through the supposed wrong-doing of her father. After following the course of events for several years the reader is glad that one who lives so rigidly up to what is the highest and best in her nature is rewarded by happiness in this life.

How much uneasiness and consequent unhappiness may be caused by a thoughtless speech is brought out in "Her College Days,"‡ which portrays the powerful influence of the deep devotion of mother and daughter and the innocent pleasures to be enjoyed in college society. The heroine is bright, thoroughly good, and attractive, and the little trouble that comes to her but makes the sunshine of life the brighter. It is a story every girl will enjoy reading.

A collection of eleven tales|| tending to arouse in the young a high moral sentiment is the work of

* *We Ten, or The Story of the Roses.* By Barbara Yechton. Illustrated by Minna Brown. 383 pp. \$1.50. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

† *An Every-day Heroine. A Story for Girls.* By Mary A. Denison. Illustrated by Ida Waugh. 329 pp.—‡ *Her College Days.* By Mrs. Clarke Johnson. Illustrated by Ida Waugh. 336 pp. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company.

|| *Compound Interest and Other Stories.* By Mrs. O. W. Scott. 193 pp. 75 cts. Cincinnati: Cranston and Curtis. New York: Hunt and Eaton.

* *An Essay on the Present Distribution of Wealth in the United States.* By Charles B. Spahr. 184 pp. \$1.50. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

† *Economics.* By Arthur Twining Hadley. 496 pp. \$2.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mrs. O. W. Scott. The stories on the whole are well written and entertaining, and touch the serious side of life without being in the least gloomy. Each has its lesson of duty and moral obligation which is presented in an attractive way.

It is a lively crowd of young people with whom Anna Chapin Ray makes us acquainted in her story entitled "Half a Dozen Girls."* They are mischievous but not vicious and know how to enjoy themselves thoroughly. The new illustrated edition of this story appears in handsome covers of green and gold, with eighteen excellent illustrations in which the realistic portrayals by the author are artistically reflected.

The humor and tender sentiment which are combined in a story called "Dick"† invests it with attractive power for every lover of good stories. The hero, a western boy living in the East with a maiden cousin who does not understand a boy's nature, is a noble, roguish, but lovable lad. The friction which this condition brings about, and the innocent fun and frolics with school friends, are worked into an interesting plot the conclusion of which is most satisfactory.

Camp Chicopee,‡ with its score of boys learning self control and practising manly virtues, must have been an ideal place for a summer vacation, judging from the bright picture which Myra Sawyer Hamlin has drawn. The one girl who took part in all the sports of camp life was Nan, a whole-souled girl of fifteen to whom the boys showed great respect and loyalty. The sport she enjoyed with the boys and the influence she wielded make a very pleasing story of a summer season.

There was nothing monotonous about the camp life of three young men of the Tamarack Tower|| on one of the islands or the St. Lawrence. During the summer of which Elbridge S. Brooks writes the boys made the acquaintance of General Grant, who gave them excellent advice for the conduct of their war with two unscrupulous people in the neighborhood. The stirring events of that season make an exciting story which one will read with keen enjoyment.

Every acquaintance of the Chilhowee boys will be glad to meet them again during their college days. Three of them, Kenneth, Hugh, and Alan,

* *Half a Dozen Girls*. By Anna Chapin Ray. Illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. 369 pp. \$1.50.—† *Dick*. By Anna Chapin Ray. 280 pp. \$1.25. New York and Boston: T. Y. Crowell & Company.

‡ *Nan at Camp Chicopee*; or, *Nan's Summer with the Boys*. 265 pp. \$1.25. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

|| *Under the Tamaracks*. By Elbridge S. Brooks. 336 pp. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company.

are the principal actors in this story,* and their experiences at a Tennessee college in the early days succeeding the late war furnish the greater part of the incidents. New characters are introduced and they, as our old acquaintances, are real living personages whom we will be glad to meet again.

A story of the Seminole War is entitled "Through Swamp and Glade."† The principal incidents, as the author says in the preface, are historical facts. The scene of the story is Florida and the time at which it begins is "the evening of a perfect April day." It closes with a double wedding and the emigration of the Indians to their western territory. This story furnishes much food for thought on the Indian question.

"The Lost Gold Mine"‡ is a tale of exciting adventure in the Southwest. Counterfeiters and the most lawless desperadoes figure in a most remarkable series of events, but the results of many of their schemes are the reverse of what they expect, owing to the pluck of two lads, who finally discover the lost mine. It is really the story of the life of a young boy abducted for the purpose of obtaining a large sum of money, but the author has adroitly concealed this fact until near the close.

"In the Days of Washington"§ is an historical tale into the plot of which have been deftly woven many stirring events connected with one year of the American Revolution. It reveals in an impressive way which no mere matter-of-fact historical account could do the dangers and hardships of those early years of struggle. It is an excellent story, well-written and cleverly conceived.

With his usual skill Frank Stockton has constructed an exciting tale full of rapidly occurring adventures of a very thrilling nature, to which he has given the title, "Captain Chap."§ Three boys are permitted to take a trip on a tug, an accident happens, the tug's crew with the boys are taken on board a south-bound vessel, and the lads, accompanied by one sailor, are put ashore in Florida. What happened before they found their friends supplies the material for this story, which will easily hold the attention of the reader to its close.

* *Chilhowee Boys at College*. By Sarah E. Morrison. 447 pp. \$1.50. New York and Boston: Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

† *Through Swamp and Glade*. By Kirk Monroe. Illustrated by Victor Perard. 360 pp. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

‡ *The Lost Gold Mine*. By Frank H. Converse. 354 pp.—§ *In the Days of Washington*. By William Murray Graydon. 319 pp. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company.

§ *Captain Chap, or the Rolling Stones*. By Frank R. Stockton. Illustrated by Charles H. Stephens. 298 pp. \$1.50 Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.



VICTOR HUGO AT TWENTY-EIGHT.